

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1888.

## CHARACTERS IN FEET.

THE use of feet is more characteristic than the feet themselves. Of course, there is some character even in the shape: there is the common and careless flat foot, and the neat foot, and the vain foot, and the quick foot. In Herrick's old poem the whole portrait of a dainty, white-slippered girl is suggested by the words—

"Like mice, beneath her petticoat,  
Her little feet went in and out."

But the distinctions of character are not seen, really, in the feet themselves, but it what their owner does with them. Sometimes it is significant that their owner does not know *what* to do with them. He is vulgarly, defiantly self-sufficient, and despises ceremony, so when he smokes a cigar he puts his feet on the mantel-piece, out of the way. Or he is a country bumpkin, painfully self-conscious, so he stands on one foot and then on the other,

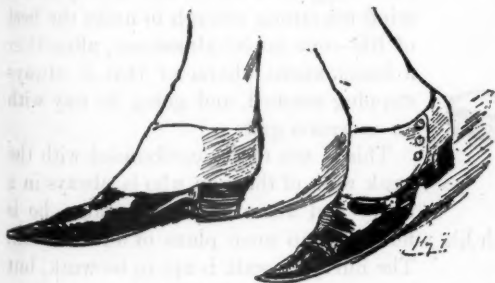
trary, the fop—whose feet are clad without spot or speck, and regardless of expense—knows very well what to do with them; they are part of the exhibition



PHILANTHROPIC.

which is his constant care. In general, it is a sign of vanity to thrust forward habitually a neat foot when one is at rest. A conceited man nurses a leg and admires a foot, which he twitches and twirls beneath his delighted eyes—quite unconsciously, and in a different manner from the fop; for the vain man thinks of the effect produced upon other people, but the conceited man is satisfied with himself without any regard to the world of ordinary mortals who may chance to be observing him.

Very different is the generous mind of the the philanthropist, who thinks constantly of the rest of the world, and not of himself. There is nothing cramped about any of his ideas or of his possessions. He forgets such small matters as fashion and details of appearance.



THE FOP.

and shifts them about, perplexed what to do with them, as ill-bred folks, when they sit idle and sociable, are perplexed by possessing a pair of hands. On the con-

Except on state occasions, he considers neatness to be a hindrance; everything about him is large, from his benevolent schemes down to his well-worn shoes.

His stand is not alert, but patient, well set on the ground; he is ready and steady; he waits to give what he can, and to do what he can, and while he thinks of



HOBNAILED.

weighty matters, personal details are forgotten. He may walk flat-footed in old shoes; insteps and heels are infinitely beneath his consideration. So his foot is not of the type that the dancing-master believes to be the one thing necessary for a gentleman; but he has already flattened injustice under his feet, and the horror of



FIRM.

the dancing-master shall never reach his ears.

This philanthropic man has done a great deal to widen and smooth life's roads for crowds of feet of another type. On the roads he has improved, the hobnailed boots go more contentedly.

They (the "hobnails") are strong and rather defiant: for instance, they have a defiant way of turning up. They stand straight together, just as their owners as a class stand shoulder to shoulder. Their size and weight are suggestive of possible bad kicks; but their bulk and hard-worn bend are also suggestive of work done; and the country could not thrive nor the community exist without the feet that wear hobnailed shoes.

The firm foot is the ordinary type in men. A firm walk is a sign of self-control as well as of power. When the shoe thickens so obstinately that the foot cannot bend it, and when the walker does not care what noise he makes, the firmness and power are developing to a degree that



THE WEAK.

may inconvenience weaker or more sensitive folk.

The weak foot is very common. The stand suggests a knock-kneed body and a mind not strong enough to make the best of life—one might almost say, altogether a knock-kneed character that is always stepping crooked, and going its way with an uncertain gait.

This is not to be confounded with the weak walk of the man who is always in a hurry and absent-minded, because he is hurrying up some plans of future work. The hurrying walk is apt to be weak, but it does not betoken a weak character. On the contrary, hurrying feet, whether they walk firmly or irregularly, are always a sign of strong character. The weak-footed hurry often belongs to the man



whose work is mental; the hurrying man whose calling demands physical activity is more likely to be firm as well as brisk.

An indolent walk is frequently a sign of empty mind and weak character. A gliding, pausing, foot-bending, stealthy gait betrays finesse or strategy or calculation or cunning or—as the last degree—the sneak.

In conclusion, it is remarkable that modern habits of dress have altered the shape of the foot. The feet of savages are mostly flat; the heel of the shoe seems to have formed the instep. Of course, the arch is over-developed and the foot destroyed by the too high heel—against which the doctors have long protested. Again, in the antique the front of the foot is loose and broad, and the great toe parts from the others with a division as decided (though, of course, not as broad) as the parting of the thumb from the fingers of the hand. This division was used for the strap of the sandal. If we take the antique for our type of beauty, a pointed shoe is utterly unnatural. Very rare is the fine form of a foot that has

kept straight on the inner side—not bent by efforts to be cramped to a point. Perhaps this straight foot that never has been distorted ought to be taken as a sign of common sense. For if one judges rightly, the distortion caused by a craze for pointed



THE SNEAK.

toes is as bad in kind—though not in degree—as the malformation of the foot which Chinese ladies allow their children to suffer in infancy, so that they may grow up to have a proper Chinese deportment—supported by a maid or a stick or a friendly wall.

## JARED THORN'S REVENGE.

WHEN Philip Gray's widow died, there was no one to look after the daughter but Cousin Jared. One or two people remembered that Cousin Jared had been a suitor of Mrs. Gray's in her early life, that report once said she jilted him in favor of Gray, a much younger man. However that might be, the little girl was friendless but for her one relative. Jared refused to see her.

"Send her to school," he said.

So to school she went, and at school she remained, until one day he received a letter from the principal informing him that the education of Miss Miriam Gray being finished, she was in doubt as to what disposition should be made of that young person.

Miriam! that had been her mother's name.

"Send her to me," wrote Jared.

He interviewed his housekeeper.

"I won't be bossed by her," said that autocrat.

"Don't be a fool," returned her employer. "A little girl to rule you!"

"Little girl!" scoffed she. "She was twelve when her mother died. Her mother has been dead nigh on to seven years." He had forgotten the flight of time.

He decided that the sentiment of the girl's name had actuated him when he wrote to the principal to send her to him. But he never recalled a word when he had once said it, and he had said that Miriam Gray should be sent to him.

"I won't stay if she comes," said Mrs. Crutch.

"Then go," said Jared Thorn.

The housekeeper left the day the young lady was expected.

It was autumn; the sun was warm here in the large, old-fashioned garden. Jared would not have owned that he was a good deal wrought upon as he sat in the arbor and watched the bees. The gate-latch clicked, there was a step on the gravel-walk. Before him stood a fair young woman with melting brown eyes. "This must be Cousin Jared," said she.

"It is," he returned. "Go into the house and take off your bonnet."

When she had left him he wiped his forehead. She was the image of her mother as he remembered her.

Pretty soon she came out to him. In his usual cold voice he informed her what would be her duties here.

"I am not a Croesus," he said; "and this is the best I can do. If the arrangement does not suit you, you can go away; I will allow you the amount per year which your education cost me in that case."

She flushed as he had seen her mother flush.

"I will stay," she replied; "but not as a pauper. I could go into the world and earn my living; but I owe you something—I can earn my living here in caring for the house." She was not to be treated as though she had no will of her own.

"You had better stay," he said, and thought he had never seen anything so like her mother before.

At the same time the young girl was thinking not at all of him, but of the sanctuary this retired home promised her—sanctuary from much sadness. For in the city from which she had come was a certain young man who was going to Europe for years, and she would not meet him and say good-bye to him for fear that she should show him what he was to her—and he had never shown much preference for her. She had accepted her cousin's bidding as a god-send, and here she was, and in a day or so the unresponsive man would be making his adieux to a dozen girls of whom he thought as much as he did of her. But she was here and he was there.

For days she saw Jared only at meals. This did not distress her. In those days she had a hard time of it; the unresponsive man's face was ever starting up before her, and she was glad enough to be alone.

Then she had the housekeeping, which should in time make her forget him entirely.

It is probable that Jared Thorn's housekeeping had never before been conducted on such a novel scale. Mrs. Crutch had been for years molding him into her ways; Miriam was molding herself into ways she had not yet decided upon, and he suffered along with her in consequence of her indecision, yet he never complained, which shows his strength or weakness.

And if she had been thankful for a few days of absence from her cousin and humanity except at meal time, she had scarcely stipulated for months of such ostracism. Such had been her fate.

One day she broke down.

Winter was here, and the wood-fire in the parlor found Jared before it day after day, as he pored over his musty books, making marginal notes which neither he nor any one after him would ever read.

She thought that his being in the house all the time, coupled with his surly quietness, made her nervous. She would not have owned that the unresponsive man had anything to do with her condition at this late date, although she had begun to wonder if she had not apparently been as unresponsive herself, and if she had stayed where he might have seen her if he would not have discovered her loveliness when he bade her farewell and realized the parting might be for years, might be forever. That was what it amounted to, though she would not for the world have acknowledged such an unmaidenly thought. But now it was all over; he was in Europe and she was here, the hysterical maid-of-all-work to a grumpy old man who hardly ever looked up long enough from his book to address her. Must her life be always like this?

The day she broke down the snow was falling, and out in the village was the merry jingle of sleigh-bells. She caught glimpses of ruddy, happy faces as cutter and harbuck dashed along the road. She was in the kitchen, sitting at the table before the window facing the road, her head upon her hand. Some one entered the room. There was her cousin, his finger between the pages of a book to keep the place.

"The bread is burning," he said. "I cannot bear the odor of burning bread—the parlor's full of it."

She started up and faced him, her eyes flashing. Then she was blaming him right and left.

He did not answer a word. How often had he seen her mother just like this when she was displeased with him. But the climax came when he went to the oven and drew forth the carbonized loaves.

"I cannot stand it," she cried. "I shall go mad. You treat me shamefully; you act as though I were here from charity; you lock things up from me as though I were dishonest—"

"I am a gentleman," he interrupted; "what do I lock up from you?"

"The second-story front room has never been opened since I have been here."

"You have tried the door, then?"

"The room should be dusted."

"It requires no attention from you," he said.

Many a time had she tried the door of that room, only to find that it was fastened. Looking through the key-hole, she beheld blackness within. From the garden she saw the shutters closed over the windows of the room. She supposed it held a lot of moldy books, such as Jared was always reading, and such as a book-worm holds more precious than gold, and she had often thought they had better be dusted.

Her cousin came close to her, his eyes a little kinder than they had been. Did her likeness to her mother in tears touch him?

"There is something else ails you," he said. "Can I help you in any way?"

"Yes, you can," she answered, "by not interfering with my housekeeping."

"Have I ever interfered?"

"You took the burnt bread out of the oven."

You did not offer to take it out, and I spoke the truth when I said that the odor of it was unpleasant to me."

"I didn't mean that, exactly."

"Then what did you mean? If I can relieve you in any way—"

"You cannot," she interrupted, and he walked away.

She dropped into the chair again, her head going down to the bare table.

"O Charlie! Charlie!" she mourned, "how could you treat me so? I would have gone to the end of the world with you. I think of you all the time. I love you, O Charlie Doone!" A heavy hand fell on the table beside her head. Jared had come into the kitchen again. He looked like a ghost. He had heard her mother speak of another

Charlie Doone with whom she declared she would have gone to the end of the world. Another Charlie Doone it was who had come between that other Miriam and Jared Thorn, had waked the jealous ire of Jared when he was on the eve of marriage with her, and was the cause of the quarrel which separated them. Jared's word had ever been his law; once given, it was never recalled. He had told that other Miriam that he would not marry her, and he never did. She had not married the man he had thought she would, not Doone, whom she turned from with loathing when she realized what he had done for her, but Philip Gray, an honest, lumbering fellow, who made her an excellent husband as long as he lived, and died and left her penniless.

"Tell me about Charlie Doone," said Jared in the kitchen to-day.

At that moment Miriam believed that she hated Charlie Doone—had he not made failure hers? So she up and told Jared everything. When her tale was ended his eyes glowed. He asked her a few questions and found out what he wished to know. Then he went into the parlor and left her sitting there wondering if she had not been a little hasty in her confidences.

But her new confidence in him seemed to attract Jared to her. He had her to come to the parlor day after day now, would not let her go to her room of evenings, but insisted that she should sit with him before the fire of singing logs. He was shy in his talk with her, questioned her so subtly that she did not know her answers told him more than she knew herself. For he found out through her that Charlie Doone cared for her even more than she cared for him. She loved Charlie Doone! She should hate him!

But he would like to make the man suffer for his father's fault—he blamed the elder Doone for the wreck of his own happiness, not the other Miriam, foolish as she had been.

He had long spells of thought while Miriam was at her household duties.

In another month he began the writing of numerous letters. The answers to those letters told him that Charlie Doone had not gone to Europe after all, but lingered in the city in a rather crestfallen state of mind.

Jared knew that Miriam was responsible for the young man's giving up Europe. The poor fool thought the girl had been playing with him, and had run away when her sport ceased to amuse her. Jared knew this as well as if the young man had told him such was the case, and it delighted him.

Then he had another source of delight. He found out that young Doone had an intimate friend, and that this young fellow had also admired Miriam. His sisters had been parlor-boarders at Miriam's school, and she had visited them at their home. This young man was the son of Jared's solicitor. Here was revenge! he would invite the young man to the cottage, he should see Miriam; Miriam was in a frame of mind to desire to spite the man she thought had treated her unfairly!

Jared engaged a maid to assist Miriam. He bought some beautiful gowns for his young cousin. He went to town, called on his solicitor, and met the son. He mentioned Miriam, and saw the young man's face light up. He invited the young man to the cottage.

But Miriam had not come up to his idea of the eternal fitness of things; she was pale, distrait. She gave up her duties to the maid, she accepted the rich gowns, yet there was no exuberant pleasure in her. But wait till John Day came!

One morning he told Miriam that the young man would come down the following Sunday. She started and smiled. Ah, ha! She was rather more nervous than usual till Sunday came.

The day was faultless; it was early

March, and sparrows twittered in the garden where a crocus here and there lifted its golden head to the sun. Miriam robed herself in her most becoming gown.

"Why, Miriam!" cried John Day, when he entered the parlor and saw her.

"Good!" thought Jared; "on the impulse of the moment he calls her by the name in which he thinks of her." There was timidity in Miriam's manner, and all she could do was to ask John about his sisters. This timidity pleased Jared more than all. When it was grown a little dull in the parlor, Jared proposed that the young couple should walk in the sunny garden. How tenderly John Day placed the fleecy shawl about her shoulders! Jared chuckled. From the parlor window he watched the two. How interested Miriam was in what John Day said to her. See! she was looking down. By all that was propitious, she was blushing.

The truth was, John Day was espousing the cause of his chum, Charlie Doone, who had suffered so much from Miriam's treatment of him. It was news to Miriam, this suffering, her harsh treatment of the man. But she was not a girl for nothing; herein lay her power, these accusations of coldness; in this way she need not make one confession; she might thus ward off any suspicion as to the true state of her heart.

When John Day left she almost felt like kissing him for his sisters. She hoped to see him married sometime, and to a real nice girl.

"Well," said Cousin Jared, "you have enjoyed this visit?"

"Very much," answered she, "and now I think I will go up to my room."

In her room she wondered if she had been too obdurate; if John Day carried with him to town the notion that she cared nothing whatever for his friend?

But Jared had a secret from Miriam. His revenge was close at hand. Charlie Doone has not deputed his friend to act in the matter, though it was kind in John



Day, all the same. No; so soon as Charlie heard from John that Miriam was with her cousin, in sheer desperation he wrote to Jared stating that he would on the Wednesday following wait upon Mr. Thorn and request that gentleman's permission to pay his addresses to Miss Gray, unless Mr. Thorn knew of an insurmountable impediment to those addresses. By this note it is seen that Charlie Doone did *not* consider himself entirely cut off from the thought of the lady of his choice.

Would Jared see the young man when he called? Jared would have sworn that Miriam cared nothing for Charlie Doone—her confession to her cousin was conclusive evidence to that effect. Miriam should not know a word about that letter, though. How he would enjoy having the young man all alone in the parlor and there telling him that the girl he loved did not care a pin for him!

All the past rose up before him—all the bitter past—and strengthened him in the resolve to have his revenge at last. It would be but a poor revenge—vicarious, so to speak; but Miriam's daughter should make Doone's son suffer, as Doone had made to suffer the only man who had ever loved Miriam as she should have been loved.

So Jared's dreams were pleasant the night after the day when John Day had come to the cottage.

The next morning the effect of John Day's visit was visible in Miriam.

"What a rosy color you have," said Jared.

"Really?" cried Miriam, and flew in the vainest manner to the glass to see if it were so.

At dinner Jared said: "John Day seems to be a very sensible young man."

"Sensible!" echoed Miriam. "Oh! I don't know that he impressed me as being sensible."

"Surely," said Jared, aghast, "you would not call him stupid or silly?"

"Oh! no," answered she, thinking of

John's offices in his friend's behalf. "I fear I cannot explain myself."

Jared thought he could explain her, though; John was not sensible because she appreciated his evident admiration of her, rather than his intellectual endowments.

It was thus for two days, Miriam, happy, with a look of expectancy about her, which Jared interpreted as a desire for an early repetition of John Day's visit. Once he caught her humming a tune. In fact, she was in all ways just as he would have her to be.

And there was that visit of Wednesday! He must get rid of Miriam; Mrs. Crutch needed money, and Miriam should take it to her on Wednesday. He would not mention Charley Doone's name to her in the interim—there really was no need of doing so.

He wondered if his dislike to mention the fellow's name to her proved a doubt as to Miriam's hatred of him? He put the suggestion out of his mind as veriest trash, unworthy a serious thought.

Tuesday night the wind blew a hurricane. As Jared and Miriam sat in the parlor there came a terrific clatter over head.

"Your books in the second-story front must be having a frolic," said Miriam, "or else the furniture up in that room is behaving as I have heard it suggested that chairs and tables behave when they are alone at night."

Jared looked at her.

Just then the maid put her head in the parlor.

"A shutter's tumbled off up-stairs," she said, "and it's smashed the dreen-pipe on the porch."

"Oh!" lightly spoke up Miriam—she was very light to-night—"there is another illusion gone. I thought it was the animated furniture, and it turns out to be a prosaic tumbling off of a shutter."

Jared turned his eyes to the fire, and fell into such a reverie as no fire under

the sun, unless it be built of wood, could have provoked.

He was thinking of the room up-stairs from whose window a shutter had been torn by the storm. Miriam thought that room held moldy books. It held mold indeed, but not that of books. He had not been in that room for more years than Miriam counted as her age—he had not been in it since long before her mother had wedded her father. In it he had stored all the pretty things he designed for the woman he loved. He was the wealthy member of the family; the Miriam of old and her parents had been the poor ones. In that room were beautiful furnishings, now tarnished and faded. There were even boxes there in which were handsome gowns meant for his bride. Among others, one of white, crinkly satin, in which she was to have been arrayed when she stood beside him at the altar. There was a white veil there too, and tiny white boots and a long spray of orange-blossoms. And none of them had ever been worn. He could not destroy them, so he packed them away, never to look at them again, and to let time and moth fret them to pieces.

His mind wandered to this room now, and he thought of the man who had caused it to be so like a tomb to him.

Yet he rested very peacefully in the glow of the wood-fire—so peacefully that Miriam thought he must be sleeping, and arose and went on to her own chamber and to thoughts which the storm outside could not make unhappy or lonely.

Wednesday dawned without a trace of the gale of the night before, except for the shutter lying in the garden and a few twigs through the walks.

Jared went down early and got the shutter and carried it up the stairs. He paused at the door of the room which he had not entered for so many years. Then he put the key in the lock, overcame the impeding rust, and entered. It was not fairly light yet; he did not glance about

him, but he could see that the floor was covered with dust, in which his feet made marks as in gray snow. He went to the window. He had forgotten that in the old time he had nailed down the sash; it would be easier to put on the shutter from the outside rather than to remove all those fastenings, and maybe have Miriam and the maid wonder at the secrecy and security of the room. So he shouldered the shutter again and left the room, closing the door softly after him. He had gone but a little way, when he remembered that he had left the key in the lock. He went back, took it out, and put it in his pocket.

When he had placed the shutter in the garden, resolving to get a ladder and nail it up after the day's visitor was gone, he went to the parlor and taking up a book awaited the call to breakfast.

Here Miriam found him.

"What a color you have," he said. "It is plain to be seen you have enjoyed your beauty-sleep," still desirous to keep her charms to the fore in her mind.

"I might return the compliment," she returned, blithely, "by saying how pale *you* are."

He was pale indeed; he had not with impunity, even for a minute, been amongst those mute reminders in the room up-stairs.

"By the way," he said, ingenuously, "Mrs. Crutch is out of a situation these several months. She has no means of her own, and her temper will keep her from another housekeeper's position. I wish you would go and take her a little present to-day. You can go in the noon train, get to her place and back before sunset."

Miriam fell into the trap.

He knew that no train would reach their village before noon, so Doone's son could not get to the cottage until Miriam was out of it.

He looked after his young cousin as she started for the station. She was the double of her mother, as her mother had

been at her age. And Doone's father had separated him from her mother!

He locked himself in the parlor, telling Kitty not to disturb him, as the storm had interfered with his repose the night before and he wished to rest now.

But he sat in the parlor waiting for young Doone. When he heard a step on the gravel he would himself admit the man.

He had a cabinet photograph of Miriam, and this he arranged so that any one entering the parlor might see it the first thing. How it would torture young Doone to see her smiling in the picture and be told that she cared nothing for him! He would not say no to young Doone at first; he would draw him out, get from him a sentimental confession of the state of his heart, and then would begin the humiliation. "All things come to him who will but wait," and he had waited all these years for revenge. As a parting shaft he would tell the young man to say to his father that he, Jared Thorn, regretted that Miriam Gray could not bring it to her mind to become Mrs. Doone. Old Doone would understand.

He sat down and waited for the step on the gravel.

But all his plans had not prospered. Before Miriam reached the station, she met an old woman whom she recognized from descriptions of her to be Mrs. Crutch. Mrs. Crutch was on her way to upbraid her former employer for bringing her to beggary. Miriam gave her Jared's gift, and Mrs. Crutch, after ventilating her mind as to her opinion of chits of girls keeping houses for their idiots of old cousins, caught the train Miriam had started out to take.

The young girl retraced her steps to the cottage. She went in through the back way. Kitty told her that Jared was sleeping in the parlor and did not wish to be disturbed. Miriam went up to her own room.

As she passed along the entry an arrow of light shot across the carpet. It came from the key-hole of the second-story front room whose shutter had fallen off.

Had she not been so happy she might not have done what she did; humming softly, she stooped and applied her eye to the key-hole. What a surprise! So far as she could see, there was not a book in that room. Instead, there were masses of drapery, furniture, bric-a-brac, and over there—her head was pressed too firmly against the door, which Jared had neglected to fasten when he took the key from the lock, the knob was turned by her hand, and the door flew open amid a little cloud of dust.

She jumped back; she thought there was a woman in the room. But no, it was only her own reflection in a misty pier-glass opposite the door. In a few minutes she had read the secret of her cousin's life—he had loved once upon a time, had buried her he loved. His loss had been too great to speak about. Poor Jared! Now she knew what made him so gruff at times. She looked tenderly at the mementos of years before, lifting with reverent hands little old-fashioned articles of feminine apparel, thinking of the woman to whom they had once belonged. And this was the room she had reproached old Cousin Jared for locking against her! How her heart flew out to the lonely man! How dreary it all was, how dusty, dry, and moldy! There was a long box; she raised the lid and saw a shimmering satin gown that had once been white; on top of it were a veil, a long spray of orange-blossoms, and a fan.

The tears sprang to her eyes, and she thought of poor Jared and of Charlie Doone. Her cousin's dead happiness brought Charlie Doone fonder than ever to her thought.

She was in the room a full hour, looking at everything, thawing more and more, when she took up the old wedding-gown that had never been worn, and

shook out its folds. She held it from her, looking at its unmodish cut, smiling a little, sadly. Then she held it up before her, and stood in front of the pier-glass. Why, whoever had worn the gown must have been her height, and how quaintly the thing was fashioned! She wondered how she would look in it; then blushed, remembering that it was a wedding-gown and that Charlie Doone was in her mind. And then the veil and orange-blossoms! Poor, poor Jared! Yet she *would* like to see how she looked in white satin—it would not be disrespectful to the dead love of her cousin. Jared was asleep; Kitty was making pies; if she left the door open she could hear if any one stirred down-stairs, and if she stood just back of the door, the pier-glass would reflect her form in the best possible way, and—

Jared in the parlor wished that young Doone would come. There was a train in by this time, and he should have come on that if he were any kind of a lover. He looked out into the garden over and over again. He arranged and re-arranged the photograph of Miriam so that it might follow the sun. What a joke that was to send Miriam to Mrs. Crutch! And what would Doone think when his son gave him Jared's message—for, of course, the young fool would deliver the message if only to ascertain its meaning! There! the clock was striking one; he must soon be here. And a good idea! Why not make the parlor more suggestive of Miriam? Why not go up to her room and bring down some of her jimeracks—that fleecy shawl which John Day had been so careful to place around her shoulders, some fancy work she was making, a handkerchief of hers? He could take the things up again before Miriam got back, and their presence in the parlor would make Miriam so near to, yet so far from, young Doone.

He ascended the stairs cautiously, lest Kitty should hear him, and thinking it was some one else, might come out in time

to find him with a lot of Miriam's things in his arms.

He reached the entry up-stairs, he was near Miriam's room, when he found himself in light where there had been shadow for years. The door of the second-story front room was wide open! His heart thumped—what did this mean? Something like awe crept over him. Slowly, slowly he went toward the door—he could not have told why that open door was so uncanny to him. Slowly—slowly; he was only a foot away; he reached the door and heard a low murmuring within. He was in the presence of a ghost. He saw the old misty pier-glass that had been meant for his love's parlor; in it he saw the Miriam of his youth, and she wore the wedding gown she had never worn in life, veil, orange-blossoms, fan, and all. She looked out at him from the silver surface, her melting brown eyes sorrowful, loving, pleading, her voice softly murmuring, in sweet compassion and tenderness, "Poor Jared! poor Jared!" And then, strangely enough, there came to him the words young Miriam had said that time in the kitchen, "I would have gone to the end of the world with you. I think of you all the time. I love you, O Charlie Doone!" The Miriam of the old days, in the gown he had provided for the wedding that had never been, was pleading for the Miriam of the new, whose happiness he was about to destroy. "I love you, O Charlie Doone!" The figure in the bridal-robes raised its hand as though to wipe away a tear, then glided away, and the old mirror reflected only the open doorway, though, like a far-off strain of music, once more he heard the words, "Poor Jared." He rushed through the entry, down to the parlor, dropped upon the chair in front of the fire, weeping bitterly.

He did not, of course, know how young Miriam took off the robes and put them away, resolving, shamefacedly, that Jared should never know what she had done. "Poor Jared!" she said, as, habited in her



usual garb she went from the room drawing the door gently to after her, "Poor Jared!" for the hundredth time. Jared's sadness had saddened her; she would walk in the sunny garden to restore her equanimity of mind. Jared in the parlor did not hear, though Miriam in the garden did, the step on the gravel. When next Jared had raised his head Miriam had shrieked. In a bewildered way he glanced from the window, only to see Miriam, still wrought upon by the tenderness of that up-stairs room, folded in the arms of a young man whom he knew to be the visitor he had expected.

"Her mother knew my love at last," he murmured. "She came to me pleading for the happiness of her child—or else it was my conscience that made me seem to see her in the satin gown, when the door I neglected to lock this morning flew open. It shall be as Miriam wishes—I will never oppose the son of Charlie Doone," and he placed his hand before his eyes and thought of the happiness of the days that might have been, while the happiness of the days to be was ripening out in the sunny garden.

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

## LETTERS.

WHEN our hearts are sad at parting,  
Comes a gleam of comfort bright  
In the mutual promise given:  
"We will not forget to write."

Plans and doings of the absent,  
Scraps of news we like to hear,  
All remind us, e'en though distant,  
Kind remembrance keeps us near.

Yet sometimes a single letter  
Turns the sunshine into shade;  
Chills our efforts, clouds our prospects,  
Blights our hopes, and makes them fade.

Messengers of joy or sorrow,  
Life or death, success, despair,  
Bearers of affection's wishes,  
Greeting kind or loving prayer.

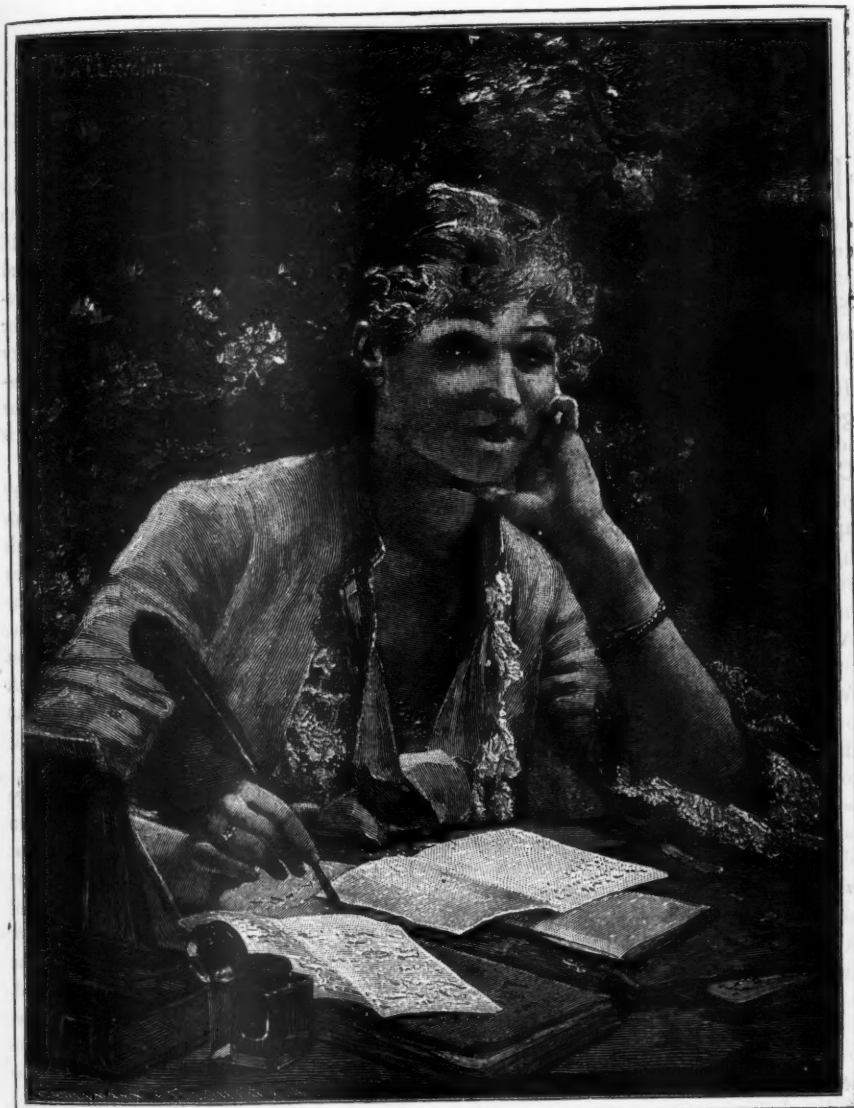
Prayer or greeting, were we present,  
Would be felt but half-unsaid;  
We can write, because our letters—  
Not our faces—will be read.

Who has not some treasured letters,  
Fragments choice of others' lives;  
Relics, some, of friends departed,  
Friends whose memory still survives?

Touched by neither time nor distance,  
Will these words unspoken last;  
Voiceless whispers of the present,  
Silent echoes of the past.

IRIS.





"KIND REMEMBRANCE KEEPS US NEAR."



## MILTON'S HOUSE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES.

IT is a very curious fact that though the poet Milton is known to have occupied more houses than most men during his lifetime, only one of them still stands, and that is the cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, to which he fled with his family when London was ravaged by the plague. He was born, as every one knows, in Bread Street, Cheapside, but the house is gone, and even its site can no longer be identified. The lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard and the house where he took pupils in Aldersgate Street have also disappeared, and those he occupied in Whitehall and near St. James's Park have been swept away, the site of the latter being now occupied by the green lawn of Queen Anne's Mansions; the Old Vicarage at Stowmarket, where he used to visit his friend, Dr. Thomas Young, has been improved off the face of the earth; and the three houses in which his brother Christopher lived at Ipswich, and received the poet as his guest, are unknown, though it is possible that one of them was a quaint old house near St. Clement's Church, in which to this day the front door opens into a long passage, which runs down to an octagonal space occupied by the staircase and a gallery, while behind there is quite a lovely old garden.

He also lived in Barbican, Holborn, and Red Lion Square, and at the Restoration he concealed himself in an old edifice in Bartholomew Close, till an Act of Oblivion was passed which secured his person and property. After this, he moved to Jewin Street, and finally took up his abode in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, where

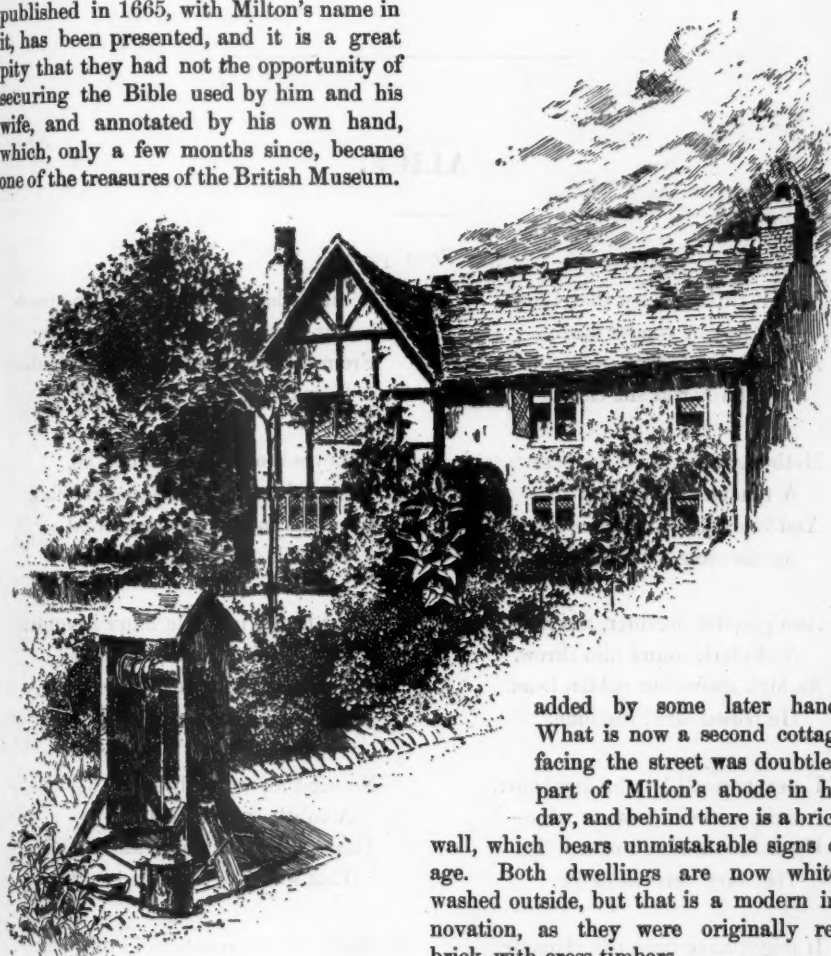
he died. All have vanished before the besom of change, but the small cottage to which he retired from Jewin Street, still stands at one end of the Chalfont Street, and in honor to his memory this has recently been bought by a committee for the small sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, though that, considering the present value of houses and land in the neighborhood, is quite as much as it is worth.

It is probable that during Milton's stay in Chalfont his family consisted of his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and his daughter Deborah, the one who acted as her father's amanuensis. Whether the other two daughters, Mary and Anne, were there is uncertain; they did not get on well with their stepmother, and left home to learn the art of embroidery in tinsel or gold and silver, so as to be able to earn their own living.

Our illustration shows Milton's cottage precisely as it now stands, and is taken from the garden front. The well is at least as old as the dwelling, and the borders were very gay during the latter part of last summer with sunflowers and asters of every hue. The room on the right of the doorway, low-ceilinged and oak-raftered, and not very brilliantly lighted by the casement window, is supposed to be the one in which the poet wrote *Paradise Regained*, and added the finishing touches to *Paradise Lost*. It is thought that an open cupboard and the chimney-piece may be the originals, and the Committee think of taking out the modern stove, and replacing it by a hearth and dogs of the

seventeenth century. They would also like to make it a little museum of Milton portraits and relics, if they had the funds. A curious old *Flora*, by John Rea, published in 1665, with Milton's name in it, has been presented, and it is a great pity that they had not the opportunity of securing the Bible used by him and his wife, and annotated by his own hand, which, only a few months since, became one of the treasures of the British Museum.

and whose property the cottage may have been in the first instance. The name of John Milton underneath it was probably



MILTON'S COTTAGE AS IT NOW STANDS.

After Milton's time a porch was built over the cottage door, but it dropped to pieces from sheer old age some years ago. When William Howitt paid a visit to Chalfont the front was covered with a vine, which partially hid the old coat-of-arms of the Fleetwood family, who owned a residence and estate called the Vache,

added by some later hand. What is now a second cottage facing the street was doubtless part of Milton's abode in his day, and behind there is a brick wall, which bears unmistakable signs of age. Both dwellings are now white-washed outside, but that is a modern innovation, as they were originally red brick, with cross timbers.

No railway touches Chalfont St. Giles, but it is within an easy drive of Uxbridge, and about the same distance from Rickmansworth. The country round, with its miles of beech-wood, its clumps and avenues of lime trees, and its general old-world air, is as peaceful as if it were a couple of hundred miles from London. There are many picturesque "bits" within half an hour's walk of the village, and the region

is so rich in wild flowers that we can imagine the poet buying eagerly the very latest *Flora* that had issued from the

press as soon as he found himself on the eve of spending a few months in it.

E. CLARKE.

---

## ALICE.

---

(See Frontispiece.)

THE little maiden that I love,  
I met in yonder lane;  
A flood of sunshine seemed to fall  
Around her as she came.

Methought the very hedgerows took  
A tenderer, livelier green,  
And blossoms burst from every bud  
As she passed on between!

And gladder, madder, merrier notes  
A skylark round him threw,  
As high above her golden head  
He poised amid the blue.

I meant to tell her all my heart,  
And yet—I know not why—  
Upon the threshold of my lips  
The story seemed to die.

It might have been the glamour  
Or the magic of her smile,  
That in a spell held all my soul,  
And kept me dumb the while!

It might have been that all too pure  
For earth-born love seemed she;  
From her white height of maidenhood  
How could she stoop to me?

But eyes more eloquent can be,  
And though the tongue may fail,  
In potent language they reveal  
The old, old tender tale.

For, placing her slim hand in mine,  
Methought I heard my name  
So softly, murmurously breathed,  
I scarce knew whence it came!

No need for words between us now;  
A subtle sweetness stole  
Through all our being, and we felt  
That soul had answered soul.

And with the sunshine in our hearts,  
The birds sang in our ears—  
We left the lane, my love and I,  
To meet the coming years.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

the

od

1.

19

19

19

XUM





## CHAMP.\*

BY

M. G. McCLELLAND.

### CHAPTER XI.

FOR days I brooded over my task, elaborating scheme after scheme only to cast them aside as cumbrous, melodramatic, or impossible. In desperation, I finally decided that the most simple and straightforward course would also be the best, dressed Champ in her prettiest garments, and repaired with her to the house of Madame Gavonsky, determined to trust to the sequence of events, and my woman's wit to turn them to the best account.

My courage began to weaken when I left the car at the corner, and ebbed so fast that by the time I had reached Madame Gavonsky's steps, I would have given everything I possessed to have snatched up Champ and fled with her to the uttermost parts of the earth. On the top step I paused, the feeling growing strong that I was about to intermeddle in that which in no way concerned me, and to arrange the procession for people who would be justified in bidding me to attend to my own business.

Then a remark of my husband's came back to me: "Everything is a man's business that lies next his hand," he used to say. "Doubt and hesitation only clog the wheels of life." My hand closed on the handle of the bell.

"*Lemme! lemme!*" shouted Champ, who was dancing on the door-mat.

I lifted her, and she grasped the bell-

pull with both hands and sturdily drew it toward her.

The servant ushered us to the room in which I had before waited. On the card I gave him I had written. "For Mrs. Chalmers" beneath my name. Annie's illness must serve as justification for the intrusion, since excuse of some sort would be necessary. To sustain me, I had brought a note, received the day before, from Captain Chalmers, informing me of increase of feebleness in his wife's condition, and hinting that the possible results of the experiment began to fill him with dread.

The quiet room, with its suggestive adornments, instead of soothing my trepidation, increased it. The clear, cold, passionless voice of Madame Gavonsky seemed to fill my ears, and I shuddered in anticipation of her entrance. Suppose the child should be refused, as the father had been. These women claimed occult powers: my reason denied their claim, but my feeling suggested that they might be gifted with sufficient acumen to penetrate my design; the more readily that they would be perfectly aware of Champ's identity. Should they choose to be resentful, I was fain to admit that my position offered latitude for verbal unpleasantness.

Champ trotted about the room and made investigations, paying dutiful heed at first to my "look, but don't touch" caution. I kept my eye on her, knowing that obedience would be hard for the little

\* Copyright, 1887, by M. G. McCLELLAND.

maid. Presently she paused before a low shelf on which stood a tiny pair of Chinese slippers curled up at the toe and embroidered with green and gold and crimson. Champ glanced down at her bronze boots, holding aside her little skirts and regarding her feet with disfavor. Her shoes were not pretty, like those on the shelf. One chubby hand went out, touched the shining embroidery, was withdrawn, and again advanced more boldly.

"Take care!" I spoke, gently, and held out my hand to her.

She shook her head willfully.

"Baby's shoes ugly. Have zose?" interrogatively, and pointed to the shelf.

"No, no!"

Her face clouded, then cleared: she bent swiftly and started to unbutton her shoe.

"Baby *fwop!*" she announced, aglow with delight at this solution.

An idea came to me. "Wait," I suggested. "A lady is coming. The pretty shoes are hers. When she comes kiss her sweetly and ask her to let you play with them."

The portiere was drawn aside and Madame Silva entered. She was a tall woman, slight, but graceful and statuesque. Now that I could see her face, I could understand the fascination she must have had for the man who had married her. Fair, pale, far-off, there was about her an attraction, a mystery, an aloofness that allured and fascinated. And yet she was cold—cold as a snowy landscape under a winter moon, and hand in hand with her beauty and nameless, subtle attraction, went inexorable, changeless, death-in-life suggestions that were at once pathetic and terrible. From the woman my glance wandered to the child with a growing sense of wonder at the connection between them; it was as though, by some occult juggling with natural laws, ice had been made to generate fire. Then the warm heart and deep, intense nature of the

other parent returned to my mind, and the equilibrium of things was restored.

Madame Silva advanced in what, to my excited imagination, appeared a series of undulations. My card was in her hand and she twisted it slowly between her fingers.

"Madame Gavonsky is out," she observed. "The servant should have told you. She attends to these things."

A throb of thankfulness that there would be only one of the women to face pulsed through me. I murmured something about my business being with her, and, as she seated herself on a divan, began to talk nervously, the sentences making an unintelligible babble in my ears, and the consciousness growing that if silence should fall I would never have courage to break it. The woman sat passive, with her restless hands folded together in her lap, and seemed to listen, but did not; and the weird influence she had always exercised over me increased until I felt suffocated and longed to scream, to weep, to run away, to evince violent emotion of some sort, if only to prove to my petrifying faculties that capacity for emotion still existed. And all the while those strange eyes looked through, above, beyond me, anywhere but at me, and pupil and iris, beautiful in size and color, showed no more change or feeling than those of an animal at rest. My heart sank, and I seemed to be about to attempt to warm a winter palace with a single taper.

Soon that singular, unseeing contemplation produced in me a reflex of discomfort, and the feeling that about, and particularly behind, me denizens of the unseen world stood thick and close, invisible to all save her, and a desire was born to glance hastily and timorously over my shoulder and to push my chair back against the wall. Then the humor of the situation touched me and my soul fell alauding in hysterical snatches, in which my body durst take no part—so absurd

did it appear for me to undertake to play providence to a creature who could terrify me half out of my senses just by looking toward me.

Champ relieved the situation before the tension grew unendurable. She had coolly divested herself of shoes and socks, and now advanced with her little boots in one hand and the coveted Chinese slippers in the other. She was a fearless child, and had been so petted that the possibility of repulse was beyond her reckoning. Assuring herself by a side-glance that I was close at hand, Champ went to Madame Silva and stood beside her knee. Her hat was pushed far back on her curls and formed a nimbus for the bright face; the blue eyes looked out confidently from the lifted curtains of her lashes; on the dark green of the rug the tiny pink feet lay like rosebuds on moss.

The woman's glance came back from the infinite and settled on the child: over her face drifted the shadows of far-off emotions. My words trailed away into silence.

Champ lifted eager eyes.

"Baby's shoes ugly," she suggested, pushing them aside. "You have 'em. Baby want pitty shoes. Baby say—if you please, lady! Lady say—yes, er-darlin'." She paused, holding up the treasure and awaiting the customary reply.

The watching eyes dilated, then contracted, the iris darkened; the muscles of the face moved, as though a creature buried beneath snow should stir itself; her hands began to move, twisting and untwisting, with the old restless gesture.

Bewilderment settled on the child's face. She was used to instant response. Then she bethought herself and lifted her arms and sweet lips. Again the woman's face stirred, but there was no other sign. The little arms sank, the lips trembled, and the blue eyes filled; two heavy tears splashed down on the gay embroidery, and the troubled look sought mine. "Baby did say please! Baby wanted to tiss her!"

and the little face, all overcast, was hidden in my lap.

I rose, lifted the child, and bent over Madame Silva. My dread of her, for the time, was gone, and in its place was a great pity. It was as though a living creature should struggle for birth, as though a prisoned creature should struggle for liberty. And with compassion came understanding. I must be gentle, patient, skillful, as a wise physician is skillful: the spark of life was faintly a-glow; it must be fostered, shielded from sudden gusts of passion, nourished slowly, in accordance with its strength. Whispering a word to Champ, I held her so that, for an instant, her cheek might rest against Madame Silva's, then, at my suggestion, the little one bestowed an unwilling kiss. It was grudgingly done, for the child felt baffled and sore over the check she had received, and resentful, because of her incapacity to understand. Still it was done, and, with the touch of the sweet lips, a shiver ran through the mother's frame, and her breath grew hurried.

I seated myself on the divan close beside her with the child in my lap, and let her reach over and possess herself of the slippers and fit them to her feet, talking to her softly and taking no notice. And Champ, forgetful of her trouble, moved about restlessly, like a young kitten. She had one of the Chinese shoes in her hands and was trying to turn it wrong-side out. One of her rosy feet lay beside her mother's hand: the hand turned, stirred, moved nearer, until it pressed the tiny sole with its palm, and then caressed it with its fingers.

Suddenly she spoke, "Is she yours?" The voice was tense, and held suggestions of knowledge, and defiance, and of effort to fathom my design.

The impulse came to transpose her words and give them back to her with a different inflection; but I restrained it, and said over for her the child's name—speaking softly, not to startle her.



My confidence in ultimate success grew stronger, and my heart began to sink and sink, with a hard pain, as though a gauntleted hand should clutch it and press slowly, with iron fingers. My pity and my aversion locked in combat.

The reflex of my mood touched the strange being at my side. Again her eyes changed—they widened, the iris grew lighter, an expression struggled in their depths, as a creature, half suffocated, might struggle in a dark pool.

It was the nebula of the look an animal will wear when a strange hand touches its young. She turned, as though to snatch the child from me, and the decision as to whether I should resist or yield to her impulse presented itself with swift insistence. Then, strangely, incomprehensibly, as a door is suddenly closed, shutting out a vista, her face became as it had been when she first entered the room; the aloofness, the isolation, settled around her once more. She rose, and without a glance at the child passed silently into the inner room.

As we left the house, the child's hand in mine, we encountered Madame Gavonsky. She glanced at us, and I felt, rather than saw, that her eyes, as they rested on the little one, were aglow with a strange expression.

## CHAPTER XII.

WEEK followed week, and as they passed, I saw more and more of Mr. Morris. Our common interest drew us together, and, in unavailing bitterness, in unavailing yearning, I learned the depth, the nobility, the manly strength of his nature.

Sometimes I would think, whimsically, of Indian warriors, bound hand and foot, and required to hold an unmoved front, and to taunt their enemies and recount their own deeds while tomahawks glanced and arrows pinned their quivering flesh to the tree. With dreary humor, born of pain, I would mock and gibe at my own

power of endurance, trying how far I could go without breaking down or screaming out, and testing my strength, half in horror, half in exultation. And underneath it all was the consciousness that the man suffered likewise, and, at times, a feeling of resentment that he never lost command of himself, and, at other times, the knowledge that if he should he would evermore be lowered in my eyes.

Looking back I can perceive that much extravagance, much morbidity, mingled with my emotions, arising partly, no doubt, from nervous impetuosity, partly from the tendencies and conditions of the race from which I sprang. I am not a woman of stern self-control; but I did my best, and my primitive belief in the fixity of institutions was a safeguard. Then, too, out of his abundant strength Mr. Morris helped me, by letting me help him.

Together we fought the unnatural influences surrounding his wife, inch by inch, foot by foot, sometimes advancing with good hope, sometimes thrown back, apparently, to the very trenches. It was a toilsome task, but sufficiently touched by hope to cause us to persevere, to feel that a soul was in the birth-throes, and that, having undertaken the case, the responsibility must, in a measure, forever rest with us.

If Champ could have understood and seconded our efforts it would have been better; but she was too young, and a child's heart, though intense, is fickle, and must be wooed and held with omnipresent love. And Champ had grown shy, and half afraid of the strange, pale woman who seemed to cross her little path at every turn.

Of the strength of the counter-influence we had little accurate knowledge, only feeling convinced that its force was considerable, and that it would be exerted to its utmost working capacity. Our greatest encouragement was an indirect report, which reached us through Guy Chalmers, that Madame Gavonsky was solicitous to



return immediately to the East, and that her niece would in no wise consent. In the light of this information the battle between nature and the habit of years seemed more equal.

"If we could only separate them," I fretted, "could only get your wife out of that pernicious atmosphere, away into some lonesome place—down to her old home in Virginia, for instance—and leave her alone with the child, some headway might be made."

Mr. Morris drew in his breath impatiently. "That's been my trouble all along," he said. "I tried to separate them at first, but Silvia would not second me. In fact, she gave her aunt the preference. They've been like tree and sapling, both dependent on a common root."

"One should be cut down. The stronger draws all the sap from the other; it should go." The words escaped me involuntarily, without a thought of the verity they covered.

The man's face gloomed over.

"If the dispensation of life and death were in the hands of mortals—" he commenced, then paused abruptly, and drew a letter from his pocket—"we'd make strange work of it perhaps," he continued, "worse blunders even than now. See here! Part of your prediction is being verified."

The letter was from Madame Gavonsky. It was calm and cold and logical, and it contained the request that he would surrender the child to Madame Silva for the time allowed by the law to the mother. She, Madame Gavonsky, deplored the necessity which this retrogression toward materiality, this outbreak of carnal emotion in a nearly sublimated nature, should have brought for the disturbance of the existing order of things. This belated maternal yearning might be the flickering of the final essence of the material ere it merged into the spiritual, or it might indicate a weakness which would prove fatal to hopes and aspirations godlike in their

proportions. Her mind was swayed by the adverse influences, and she could only watch the developments in Silva with anxiety. For these developments the presence of the child would be essential, since it would be impossible to remove Silva from her vicinity, and equally impossible to remove or conceal the child, since Silva possessed the mysterious power of annihilating space, and projecting herself into the secret thoughts of those whose movements were of interest to her. In proof of this, she would explain that it was in consequence of divination on Silva's part of the approach of feminine influence—influence which would antagonize any which, in the future, she might choose to bring into the life of her child, which had caused their return to New York. Since their return, Silva's restlessness and suffering had constantly increased, while her power of divination had weakened; this latter due entirely to the domination, for the time, of human emotion. The letter went on to state that it would be quite easy for them to disappear with the child, and that, too, in a manner which would defy detection and baffle pursuit; but that, living still in the world, she—Madame Gavonsky—felt herself constrained to yield due regard to its amenities, and therefore she had done him the courtesy of requesting his co-operation in the matter, feeling that, in fostering Silva's yearning for the child, as he had undoubtedly done for weeks past, he stood committed to gratify it. Should, as she sincerely hoped, Silva's present condition prove but the expiring phase of an exhausted materiality, she would pledge her word that the child should be restored to him.

I was aghast! The epistle struck me as the most bloodless, unnatural, transcendent piece of fanaticism I had ever encountered. This utter ignoring of natural affection, this treating as a thing of naught a father's feeling, this proposal for the reunion of mother and child, not

because it was right and natural, but as a factor in psychical development, this arrogant assumption of supernatural powers, appeared to me monstrous and horrible. I flung the letter from me, as though it had been a viper, and turned indignant eyes on Mr. Morris.

"The woman is possessed!" I flashed, hotly. "Much learning hath made *her* mad! She's a brute!—no," amending the phrase, "she isn't even *that*. I'd scorn to insult brutes by evening them with her. She's a stone!—a flint!—a senseless piece of granite!"

Mr. Morris smiled.

"One can strike fire from flint though," he averred. "My reply to that precious document you can easily imagine. There had been so little consideration shown, by them, for the feelings of a husband, I told her, that it would be idle to suppose them capable of understanding or appreciating those of a father. My home was open to the mother of my child—had always been open to her. Reunion with her child was within Silvia's power by simply returning to her duty. To give up possession of my daughter was utterly foreign to my intention, and, considering their neglect of her since the hour of her birth, the present proposal savored of audacity. Should Silvia consent to conduct herself for the future in a manner becoming a woman with a heart in her bosom, I would constrain myself to condone the past, for the child's sake. But that it must be distinctly understood, from the outset, that if Silvia should return to her home, I would require that she should turn her back forever on all this mesmeric tomfoolery, and that Madame Gavonsky should cease to intermeddle in her life in any way whatsoever."

"And her answer?"

"Was short and sharp enough. As I expected Silva to feel for *her* child, Madame Gavonsky wrote, so *she* felt for Silva. She would return me my own answer—to give up her niece, or separate

herself from her niece's life, was foreign to her intention."

And so the matter stood, for Silva, only half aroused as yet, spoke not for herself at all.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE interest of the experiment proved so absorbing that several weeks passed without my hearing from Annie Chalmers. That the improvement supposed to have been inaugurated by the treatment of the "adepts" had been merely a flash in the pan I more than half suspected. Imaginative cures, like imaginative complaints, having no foundation in reality, need constant stimulus to keep them going, and, like any other system of inflation, are prone to collapse at any moment. Poor Annie's malady was so intensely, horribly *real* that, from the first, the application of an imaginative cure had seemed to me as futile as would be mesmeric passes made over a mangled limb.

The memory of her husband's dread of a reaction came to me one day, with a keen sense of my own neglect of her, and I sent over a note of inquiry at once. It was responded to by Captain Chalmers in person. He looked worried and unhappy, and the account he gave of his wife was far from satisfactory. The hope which had seemed so blessed had proved no better than a candle set in a draughty place, flaring and flickering and wasting the wax.

"The worst of it is," the poor fellow groaned, "that I've got nobody but myself to blame. Annie was averse to this cursed experiment at first, and I over-persuaded her, or rather I let Burton over-persuade her. She had accepted the inevitable like a soldier, poor girl, and had made up her mind to face it gallantly before I put the idea into her head that a flank movement might be possible."

"Does she hope still?" I inquired, feel-

ing more sorry for him than I could express.

"She fluctuates: one hour hopeful, the next despondent, and that's terribly bad for her. She's lost her serenity, and that has all along been the force which has modified the disease. She's just as bright and sunny-tempered as ever—don't think that she's changed in any way," in hasty extenuation, "but it's less spontaneous, more of an effort. It costs her more to keep brave than it did formerly."

"What do the women—the 'adepts'—say?" I ventured.

The troubled expression deepened in the Captain's eyes, and his brows gathered into a frown.

"Nothing," he answered, shortly; "they've thrown up the case."

"What?"

"They stopped coming to see my wife over a month ago, and when I inquired into the cause Madame Gavonsky informed me that her niece, who was the principal agent, was in a perturbed and transition state, and had need of all her vitality to meet the requirements of her own life."

I gazed at him, open-eyed and indignant. To me it appeared wanton cruelty to arouse hopes and then turn away and allow them to dwindle and die.

"I explained Annie's state as well as I could," pursued the Captain, "and suggested that the experiment shouldn't be broken short off. It seemed to me that if they would consent to taper the thing down, to let their inability to meet the issue become apparent by degrees, it would be better for Annie. I suggested all this as delicately as I could, making, as I thought, due allowance for vanity and all that; but the case was, to me, of supreme consequence, and Annie the person most to be considered. Perhaps I bungled—no doubt I did, for Madame Gavonsky grew formal and courteous and refused either to continue the experiment or to admit incapacity. She said that the reflex of emotion from medium to subject would make

the former abortive, as Madame Silva's perturbation would affect Annie, and do more harm than good. Madame Silva's state arose, she affirmed, not from inability to cope with *any* conditions, whether spiritual or material; but from a temporary diminution of occult power, due to emotional causes. Then she talked a lot of rubbish, with less sense in my ears than the crackling of thorns under the pot."

He pushed his hair back from his brow with an impatient gesture and moved restlessly in his chair.

"The upshot of the whole thing is that the women don't care a rap about the case. They don't understand it, and can't cope with it, and consequently take no interest. They've made a lot of pretensions, though, and are too vain and presumptuous to admit failure."

"In other words, are impostors?"

"Not exactly that," his natural fairness getting the better of his irritation. "They are self-deceived, as Annie and I have been; the dupes of their own imaginations, as we have been the dupes of ours. These women have claimed supernatural powers so long and so positively that they actually *believe* they possess them. The force of their self-delusion is so great, moreover, as to impose itself on any fool they may come in contact with who is in a state of tension. I don't blame the women most in this matter, God knows! If they can't verify their pretensions they *can't*, and there's the end of it. What enrages me is that I should ever have been besotted enough to think that they might. That I should have let my morbidness about Annie cause me to overrate chances and underrate risks in the way I have done."

"Lieutenant Burton glammed you," I suggested, willing, in my sympathy, to help him to a scapegoat.

He refused to avail himself of the opening.

"Burton never duped me half as much as I duped myself," he protested, sturdily.

"Burton is like the women. It's all gospel to him. He believes in the stuff so absolutely that when it miscarries he can explain away the accident and hold his faith unimpaired. To me the thing was necromancy, but I hoped 'twas going to be successful, and forgot to estimate risks. I deliberately erected a marsh-light into a beacon and followed it despite an undertow of consciousness of its delusive character. And the consequences are that I've landed Annie and myself in the most infernal bog that ever people were mired in!"

He sprang to his feet and tramped about the room. I followed him with my eyes, mutely, feeling downcast and unequal to the situation. Self-accusation is so unusual in a man that I was at a loss how to meet it. Presently he terminated his walk abruptly and stood in front of me.

"Why don't you say something?" he demanded. "Why don't you call me the most consummate ass that ever chewed thistles? Why don't you tell me that I deserve to be kicked from the Penobscot to the Gulf? You think so: you are *obliged* to think so. Put the thought into words!"

"I can't," I half-sobbed; "I'm too sorry for you both. Can't something be done?"

"What?"

The pertinence of the monosyllable disconcerted me. I glanced vaguely around, seeking inspiration.

"Those women—" I hesitated, helplessly.

"Are not in my employ, and never have been. I've got no pull over them. They've never taken a cent of money from me. They took up the experiment to please Burton, and put it down to please themselves."

My look suggested a further appeal to the Lieutenant's influence; Captain Chalmers caught and replied to it before I could put the thought into words.

"Burton's resignation was sent in and accepted six weeks ago. He's left the Fort, and some say has sailed, or is about to sail, for Europe, *en route* for the East, to surrender himself, body and soul, to this

occult business. If I could get my hand on him this moment, however, I wouldn't try to have the experiment go on. That woman spoke the truth, for once in her life, I honestly believe, when she said that to continue it would only make bad worse. I've done harm enough already."

"Don't take it so to heart," I urged, "you exaggerate the harm, I'm sure. One can't help doing that when one is in pain. You are suffering from a reaction just as Annie is. I see what you want—just to get back to where you were before all this folly commenced. Is it not so?"

He nodded gloomily.

"Well," I continued, "my advice is to apply for leave at once and take Annie away somewhere. Take her to Southern California to see my sisters. Mildred would be delighted. She's nearly as fond of Annie as I am. It will all be new to you both and bring in new influences. It will be the best thing possible."

The clouds on the Captain's brow began to lift a little. Nothing comforts a man of action so much as being given something to do. We talked over the idea and made plans and smoothed away difficulties. I dragged out all the salient points and set them off to the best advantage, and heartened him up until I had the pleasure of receiving at parting one of his old, buoyant smiles, and of hearing a hopeful ring in his step as he walked away.

Association of ideas suggested that the action which I had recommended as likely to prove beneficial in the Chalmers's case might be healthily introduced into the present stagnation of Mr. Morris's affairs. The game had been holding even so long that I resolved to grasp the cards, to shuffle, cut, and deal, on the certainty of a new hand and the chance of a stronger one. I would cease to wait on events and with my own hand bring them about.

These women made claims inordinate in their presumption. I would put them to the proof. They professed superiority to the limitations of time and space. I would



see how the limitations of time and space, as I intended to employ them, would be multiplied.

A plan crystallized in my brain which would, I thought, furnish a key to the situation. It was to disappear with Champ as quietly and completely as the nature of things would allow. I knew of an isolated spot away on the coast of Maine where a fishing hamlet nestled under granite cliffs and the long swell of the ocean broke on a horseshoe of golden sand. My husband had discovered it once in a yachting excursion, and had been so pleased with its quaintness and seclusion that he had taken me there for a couple of weeks the following summer. We had boarded with a prim, harsh-voiced woman, who lived in a queer stone house apart from the village, and whose heart and conscience were as clean and precise as the snowy cap and apron that adorned her person. The village could be reached by a small steam transport which touched at the tiny pier once a week. The little town from which the boat plied was accessible by rail, and, provided Mr. Morris would consent to the scheme, our flitting could be managed easily and dextrously.

When, later in the evening, Mr. Morris came, in reply to my summons, I laid the plan before him, insisting on it with eagerness and demonstrating to the best of my ability that action of some sort would be necessary to bring about a crisis.

"We might shilly-shally this way forever," I declared; "gaining or losing by fractions of an inch, until we drop dead of worry and hope deferred. Your wife has grown accustomed to seeing the child; she likes it; is dependent on it. This much we're sure of; but her heart is ossified and she hasn't the power by herself to slough off the crust. There must be an influx of love or pain, powerful enough to cause an upheaval that will burst all bonds. If she should discover the child's whereabouts and follow her it would prove that the maternal instinct had grown

strong enough to make her want to take Champ to herself, and away from me. My having carried the child off will excite her, don't you see? Jealousy is an ugly passion; but it's human, and it's a goad in the side of love."

Mr. Morris regarded my proposal with disfavor at first; but, after canvassing possibilities and going into details, he came gradually around to my way of thinking.

"Perhaps you're right," he admitted. "The dash-ahead policy is the woman's policy always. A waiting game isn't always a winning one, and God knows this matter ought to be settled one way or another, and that speedily. The strain is getting unendurable. Do you think that Silvia will find you out and follow?"

It was noticeable that he never called his wife by her rather theatrical alias.

My heart grew heavy as lead because of the conviction that was in me.

"I am sure she will." My face was turned from him as I spoke. "I think the maternity in her will cry out and struggle, as in any other creature deprived of its young. I think the pain, the rage, the *love*, will sweep over her like a cyclone, and that the passing will tear up the jungle of false ideas and theories that shut in nature. I am sure that by some means, occult or material, she will track us out, and that when that shall be accomplished Champ's mother will be restored to her."

Silence fell between us like a curtain: we forbore to look at one another, but waited, speechless, as watchers wait beside a death-bed for the passing of the spirit.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MR. MORRIS went himself to Maine to perfect the arrangements for putting my plan into execution. My whilom landlady was still living, and the impression made upon her by my previous sojourn had been sufficiently lasting and favorable to induce her to consent to receive



me once more as an inmate of her house. To ward off intrusive and ubiquitous curiosity, Mr. Morris had taken the precaution to speak of me as his sister, and it was furthermore decided that I should dispense with the services of a New York nurse and trust to obtaining one among the girls of the village. Champ was getting large enough to be self-helpful, and was, moreover, a friendly little creature and not at all afraid of strangers.

Fortunately for my peace of mind during all these happenings, Myra Yorke was away from the city. Almost immediately after the lecture at which we had seen Madame Silva, she had gone with her step-sister down to Washington on a long visit among the latter's kindred. Her absence was a relief, for it saved me from the deluge of uncompromising common sense and conventionality, of which no woman could stand more in need, or receive with less appreciation.

Mr. Morris went with us as far as the small town already mentioned, and placed us safely on board of the little steamer and under the charge of the captain. He would return to New York, and there remain to watch the movements of the women, for if they should follow us—and of that there seemed little doubt—he must follow them, in order to be at hand in event of emergencies. The suggestion of the plan had been all mine, but the responsibility of the outcome must be shared between us.

We stood on the after-deck of the boat as it left the wharf, and Champ, mounted on a stool beside the rail, waved kisses to her father and called aloud, her little voice sounding over the water like the shrill chirping of young birds. He took off his hat and waved it in response, and moved nearer the edge of the wharf to watch us. The sunlight of the glad spring day made a track on the water, widening between us, and touched the child's curls; but the place where the man stood was dark with shadow.

The little village of Brinkley—so called in honor of its founder, the captain of a whaling schooner that had been wrecked hereabouts in the long ago—was nestled into a little cove which formed an indenture in the side of a great estuary that swept inland many miles. Behind it, the hills rose and rolled away to the horizon, and on either hand were cliffs which made a frame for the tiny bay with its horse-shoe beach and the rising ground beyond to which the village clung. It was a sheltered nook with good anchorage for fishing-smacks, and during the mackerel season it teemed with life and purpose. At one side of the bay was the wooden pier with the salting and packing sheds near at hand, and from this *nuclei* the village spread up the hill and around the bend a little. It was a thrifty place and well-to-do, and had an air of repose and leisureliness and old-world content rarely seen in an American village, and due, perhaps, to the fact that, except during the fishing season, its sole connection with the outside world was the weekly visit of the little steamer, and the additional fact that, as yet, the place was *terra incognita* to those house flies, "summer boarders."

The house to which we were bound stood a good way around the bend, quite apart from the other houses. It was a long, low building of roughly cemented stone, and had a gabled roof and quaint, peaked dormer-windows, from which the eye could follow the sweep of the bay to the cliffs at its entrance, and away out across the estuary, and on, and on to where sky and water kiss amid a shimmer of blue haze. In front of the house was a trimly kept yard, reclaimed from the beach, and planted with grass and old-fashioned shrubs and flowers; and outside of the neat palings was the stretch of the beach to the water's edge, where Mr. Turner—our landlady's "good man"—kept a couple of small boats, fastened to a post sunk in the sand, for convenience in bay fishing.

We nighed easily into the new life, and Champ was soon on terms of intimacy with our buckram landlady, her lank, and rather shambling better-half, the old house dog, and every pig and chicken about the premises. Mrs. Turner secured for me the services of a girl of twelve to look after Champ during the day, and under her administration the little maid acquired a retinue among the infant unwashed of the village sufficiently strong to make her walks abroad resemble the progress of a Highland chief in all the glory of feudal following.

The days came and went in peaceful succession, and the child grew plump, rosy, and brown with exposure to sunshine and ocean breezes. The spring, which at our coming was still held by winter's fingers, waxed strong enough to stand alone, and then to go a-Maying. Flowers illuminated the pages of nature's missal, the birds held conventions everywhere to discuss sentiment and domestic architecture, and even the gulls flew low, with softened notes, and instincts turning nestward. From the infinite the sun smiled down and fostered germination, and men bestirred themselves and mended nets, and overhauled boats and tackle, and boasted of former exploits, and made prophecies about the fishing.

For me, the days were filled with peace and the music of the child's voice, and the dancing of her busy feet; and the nights with the tenderness of her breathing. And, for the time, my heart was restful, for a month had swiftly passed away, and there was, as yet, no sign of Madame Silva.

That the calm could not last I knew full well; but I reveled in it, and drew long breaths, and moved my shoulders, so as to feel that, for a space, the burden was light to carry. The better to avoid remark, it had been agreed that there should be no communication between Mr. Morris and myself save in event of emergency, when, of course, the one to whom it first be-

came apparent would instantly notify the other. The old adage, "no news is good news," was to stand at full value.

After the psychical conundrums, the efforts to obtain a grip on emotions apparently as illusive as gases, the constant gauging of imagined substance to find it delusive shadow, the struggle of the real with the unreal, the fog and mist and general becloudment, that had filled the past months, the routine of commonplace, the actuality and prosiness of life among the fisher-folk, was solid comfort to me. I sat on the sand with a book, and watched Champ dig, or fed the chickens, or talked mackerel with my host, unabashed by his comments on my ignorance, or satisfied the ambitions of the little nurse on the subject of crochet patterns with a degree of enjoyment that proved that *my* mission, at least, lay not among those who spurned the actual and the present.

Each week, as the boat neared shore, I would scan it anxiously with my glass, saying within my soul, "Behold! thine enemy approacheth." And when each week the boat would deliver boxes, barrels, crates, and mail-bag, but no disaster-bringing female, my heart would leap exultant, and my foolish joy be great. This showed lack of both philosophy and courage, for if one must be hanged it were doubtless better to adjust the noose, let fall the drop, and get the dangling done with. Only that in human nature dwells persistent clinging to reprieve, and deep conviction that pain is more endurable when in the keeping of the future.

A fourth reprieve had been, apparently, insured by the coming and departure of the little vessel which, away in the offing, puffed and steamed around a bend of the estuary. All connection with the outside world, save by fishing boats, was severed for another week, and a blissful sense of security, of being walled in and protected, took possession of me. I wandered away with Champ and Martha—the nurse—along the beach toward its further end,

where the hills drew near the water, and the sands narrowed to a spit that sharpened to a fine point at the base of the granite cliff, like a needle held against a grindstone.

We paused where the rocks began to jut through the sand and obstruct our course, and Martha collected an armful of dried sea-weed and made a seat for me at the foot of a gray boulder. The beach about us was fine and smooth, and presented a good field for Champ and her spade, which she proceeded to utilize. Martha established herself on the sand close by, keeping one eye on her charge and the other on a red worsted comfort she had credulously undertaken to crochet. The needle wobbled in her unaccustomed grasp and described eccentric circles, and jabbed through in wrong places, and perversely refused to submit to guidance, and the big red ball, like a thing of life, incessantly sprang from her lap and sped away, and had to be reclaimed by jerks on the worsted which would draw it a little way on the return, and then come off in swathes, only half justifying the confidence reposed in it. But Martha was a girl of pluck and refused to be baffled or eluded; the third desertion of the ball caused her to cross her feet tailor-wise, and make a well of her lap for its imprisonment. Then she set herself to circumvent the independence of her needle, grappling it as though it had been a harpoon, and following its every movement with her lips.

After awhile aimless excavation palled on Champ and she clamored for amusement. Martha drew from her pocket a dilapidated Noah's Ark, and the pair proceeded to re-enact the story of the deluge. Champ, who allowed no digging save her own, erected an Ararat and flattened it on top for the reception of the ark, with sounding whacks of her little spade. But when she wished to distribute Noah and his wife, and his sons and his sons' wives, and their four-footed fellow-voyagers, pas-

torally about the mound, Martha would in no wise consent, holding out for Scriptural accuracy and a literal deluge of seawater scooped up with an empty tomato can.

My book fell to my knee, and I let my eyes wander away to where the sky-line touched the water. It was a soft, gray day, with a tender haze and aerial currents vaguely tremulous. The surface of the bay was still and the waves stole to the shore, caressed it, and stole back with a gentle, wooing murmur. The tide was out, and the beach firm and smooth as a well-scrubbed floor. The post to which Turner fastened his boats stood up tall and dark, the rough horse's head carved at the top outlined against an atmospheric background; close beside it the boats lay beached, and everywhere there was stillness and the sense that it was ebb-tide and the world was waiting.

My eyelids drooped, uplifted, drooped again. I roused myself to glance at the children and to tell Martha to button Champ's flannel coat, for a breeze was springing up. Then I passed softly into a half-waking, half-sleeping dream, in which was mingled pictures of the long ago, my Southern home, the children there, and my old colored mammy.

I was brought back to realities at last by a consciousness of increased silence; the breeze had freshened and blew off shore, and the sound of the waves' low wash was carried out across the bay. The children's voices were still. I glanced around, but could see nothing of them. Martha's work, secured in her sun-bonnet, lay on a ledge of rock, above the reach of marauding little fingers. The ark had slipped half-way down the side of Ararat and upset, spilling Noah's family and following into a slushy puddle left from the deluge. I was not alarmed. Martha was a careful girl, and the tide was still out. My watch informed me that it was later than I had imagined, and deciding that Martha had taken the baby back to the

house, I picked up my book and prepared to follow.

A sound arrested my attention—a thud, with a vibrant ring, as though metal struck on stone. It was followed by a note of anger from a voice I knew. Passing swiftly behind the bowlder, I came on Champ alone in a little amphitheatre of rocks. Her hat was off, her curls tossed back, her little face pale, and her great eyes blazing with excitement. Her uplifted hands held her little spade, and, as I sped toward her, she brought it down, with a repetition of that inarticulate cry of rage or terror.

Then, through a mist, I seemed to hear an answering sound, sharp and sibilant, and to see a dark, sinuous object uprear itself and strike forward, and to be conscious of no movement, but of a lapse of what seemed ages before I could get to the child and seize with my hands the writhing, struggling serpent that hung to her garments and wrench it off and hurl it away. Then I caught her in my arms and sped along the beach, knowing vaguely that my darling was safe and unharmed, and that the snake's fangs had been rendered innocuous by the quilted lining of her coat.

When my faculties cleared I was sitting on the sand in front of the gate, which my trembling fingers had been powerless to open. Martha hovered near with mouth agape, and the slice of bread for which Champ had sent her held futilely between her thumb and forefinger. Mrs. Turner stood over me with curiosity and

concern in her face, and devitalized the air with questions.

Champ, very much elated, hopped gleefully about and brandished her spade, and showed how she had discovered a snake and smitten him, just as she had seen Joe Blake in the village do the week before, and would have smitten him again, but that he “wriggled in a lump and jumped” at her.

Then Mrs. Turner, making a clucking noise with her tongue, opined that the ways of Providence were past all finding out, and that it was written that the seed of woman should bruise the serpent's head. She took off Champ's cloak with solemnity and examined it, discovering the snake's fangs fastened in the silk and padding of the lining, and broken off when I had torn the beast away.

The fame of the adventure went abroad among the village children and created such a stir that Champ became vainglorious, and so athirst for other monsters to destroy that I was obliged to keep her in the yard for several days, and to taboo the subject of snakes until the excitement of her exploit should fade.

For myself, owing to my old idiosyncrasy, the matter was more serious. My nerves had sustained a shock which reacted on my imagination and caused my sleep to be broken, and haunted by harbingers of misfortune. My reason rose hotly against the stirring of superstition, but my intuitions, in mysterious undercurrent, whispered dimly of coming evil.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





## GRAY FUR:

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A POOR GOVERNESS.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER VI.

IN less than an hour the sledge was at the door, a rough concern of unpainted boards, but able to hold half a dozen people very comfortably. Hugo handed in Clara, and then got in opposite her. She feigned a little surprise, for they had not exchanged a word since her decision.

"Oh! are you coming too, after all? I thought you had made up your mind to travel by the *diligence*."

"Of course I am going if you are," he said, gravely, and it seemed to her almost a little severely. "You did not surely think I was going to let you go through the forest alone with strangers?"

He himself had been a stranger to her only two days ago, but he did not seem to remember this, nor did she. A great many things can happen in two days, and a journey of this kind is sometimes equal to weeks or even months of conventional intercourse.

There were two other passengers besides themselves, a small, highly-colored man with a great deal of fur about him, and a lanky, red-nosed individual wearing a shabby green overcoat. The ill-favored Jew took the reins, and they drove away.

The snow had now ceased falling, probably because there was not any more to fall, and the sun was now free to shine out again, relieving the monotony of the snow-clad landscape by diamond and crystal touches.

Leaving the highroad soon after passing the village, the sledge struck into a side track over a desolate plain leading in the direction of the large pine forest which loomed black in the distance. A rough cart-track at other times, but to-day the road was smooth and even, as though carpeted by the richest velvet. The air was keen but pleasant, for there was not a breath of wind, and after the confined traveling of the two past days the change was welcome.

Clara enjoyed it as she leant back in the sledge, and thought over the events of the last two days. She felt so sure and safe near this tall, grave man, who from the first moment had assumed such a tone of protecting authority over her, and she was fain to confess that it was very sweet to be cared for and protected in this manner, she who had never yet had any one to care for and protect her. Her childish assumption of independence had been no more than an innocent piece of coquetry, for no delicate-minded girl likes to surrender to a man after so short an acquaintance. Now that she had leisure to think, she felt no doubt that her answer to that question, interrupted just now in the stage-coach, would be Yes; but yet she preferred that this all-important Yes should be spoken rather to-morrow than to-day, and was not sorry for the presence of those two other passengers, which rendered impossible all intimate conversation.



Hugo on his part did not seem to appreciate so highly the society of his fellow-travelers; more especially the red-nosed man in the green coat he eyed suspiciously, receiving his efforts at conversation with icy politeness, and failing even to be touched by his evident solicitude for the comfort and warmth of his companion, forever fidgeting with the rugs and blankets, and inquiring a dozen times in the first half hour whether the lady were quite comfortably seated, or if the gentleman were not in danger of freezing.

Soon the forest was reached, and they were speeding along between rows of sombre fir-trees, standing straight and close together like soldiers drawn up for battle. Every branch was piled up thick with furry snow, and now and then a twig discharged its contents on their heads as they drove along. Clara had to shake her fur cap repeatedly to free it from the snowy burden. Sometimes as she did so, her eyes sought Hugo's gaze with a confidential expression.

"See! my head is oppressed with the weight of diamonds," she said once, as brushing against a low overhanging branch the clustering fringe of icicles detached itself with a crisp sound as of broken glass, and came raining down thickly over her head and shoulders.

Despite his ill-humor, Hugo Weyprecht was betrayed into a genuine laugh as she thus appealed to him with irresistible merriment.

"And now your fortune is all gone," he said, bending forward and helping her to brush away the broken diamonds that were clinging all over the gray Astrachan fur.

Then Clara laughed, delighted at feeling that she had a secret in common with him, and her laugh rang out so clear and joyous through the frosty air, that the little fur-clad man laughed also without knowing why, which made Clara and Hugo laugh again, because they alone had the clue to all this merriment. Only the

red-nosed man did not laugh, perhaps because he failed to perceive any point in the joke, but went on fidgeting with the blankets as before.

All the undergrowth of little fir-bushes was buried many inches deep in snow, their outlines totally effaced, or only barely indicated by a slight excrescence in the ermine carpet. Of a sudden the sledge made a violent lurch out of the track, there was a bound, a scuffle, and then the four passengers found themselves struggling in the snow. The driver had apparently mistaken the track, and driven them right over one of the buried bushes, which had thus caused the overthrow.

Hugo's first care was to disentangle Clara from her position; the next was to feel for his revolver.

"It is gone!" he exclaimed, in dismay, drawing out his hand from the empty pocket. "It must have fallen out here. It cannot be far off," and together with the red-nosed and obliging fellow-passenger he proceeded to search the premises. But in vain. The revolver was not to be found, not in the snow, not in the sledge, nor in the surrounding bushes.

"You villain!" now exclaimed Hugo, addressing the squinting coachman. "I do believe this is your doing. You upset us on purpose. Where is my revolver?"

"Wai! Wai!" moaned the Hebrew, who was sitting on a tree stump rocking his body to and fro with an agonized expression. "Can the noble gentleman suspect poor old Isaac of upsetting the sledge on purpose, when he has nearly killed himself in wishing to serve the noble Pan\* and the beautiful lady? Wai! Wai! May I never scent garlic again if my poor old bones are not broken! all for serving the noble gentleman!"

Neither threats nor persuasion could extract anything further from the man, and no amount of search produced the

---

\* Gentleman.

missing revolver. With a moody brow Hugo at last ordered the Jew to drive on, warning him severely against any repetition of the like tricks.

It seemed, however, as if his suspicions had been without foundation, as for upward of three hours they drove on without further interruption. There was no more laughing and joking, but unconsciously Hugo relaxed his vigilant attitude. In less than two hours they might hope to reach the town.

The forest had now become very dark, for here the stems were of gigantic size, and the afternoon was already well advanced. Nothing was there to be seen on either side but the pine stems retreating in endless vista.

Hugo had turned his head to gaze at the blood-red glory of the winter sun, showing at one point between the trunks, when suddenly the sledge came again to a standstill, but without overturning this time. The driver began to descend from his seat very slowly.

"What is the matter?"

"Gacious gentleman, I think the left horse has got a stone in his hoof!"

"Not very likely, in this deep snow," objected Hugo.

"Then, perhaps, it may be a twig," Isaac admitted, "but lame he assuredly is. May my only daughter never know happiness again if there is not something inside the hoof."

"Make sharp about it, then."

But the Jew did not seem inclined to make sharp. He moved as if cramped by rheumatism in every limb, probably on account of his late mishap, and then feebly set to work, alternately scraping and hammering at the horse's hoof, all the while loudly lamenting that he had ruined a good horse as well as breaking his own bones in the service of the gentleman.

"If you do not drive on at once I shall beat you to a jelly," at last roared Hugo, losing all patience; so, trembling sorely,

the Jew remounted the driver's seat. He took another two minutes, however, to get fairly settled in his place, and was still fumbling with the reins when the passengers became aware that the sledge was surrounded by half a dozen men, who had silently emerged from behind the giant stems.

"Wai! Wai!" shrieked the Jew, throwing down the reins. "We shall be murdered and robbed. Wai! Wai!"

"Drive on, in God's name!" roared Hugo, with stentorian voice, but the luckless coachman, apparently paralyzed by terror, could do nothing but rock his body and moan "Wai! Wai!"

"Give us your money, good gentlemen, and we shall do you no harm," said the foremost of the band, advancing to the side of the sledge, while two others had planted themselves in front of the horses, and two others were busying themselves in cutting through the ropes by which Clara's trunk was secured behind the sledge. "We are poor devils who are dying of hunger and have no other way of getting our bread."

Clara, trembling like an aspen leaf, had now clutched hold of Hugo's arm.

"I am frightened," she murmured into his ear. "Take care of me now—and always!"

"I will," he answered, very low.

"Give me your money," now repeated the foremost robber, addressing himself more particularly to Hugo, and putting out his hand as though to assist him in unbuttoning his coat.

Hugo had grown rather pale, but did not for a moment lose his presence of mind. Clara's little hand was still clasping his arm.

"My fine fellows," he said, addressing the robbers in fluent Russian, "we are in your power, it seems, and resistance would be foolish. It is your good luck and our bad luck which has brought us here to-day. The only one among us who has any money is this young lady, and she

will give it to you, I am sure, if you will not molest her further, and let us drive on quietly. Permit me," he said to Clara, gently disengaging his arm from her clinging grasp, and to her stupefaction he now proceeded to take the fur cap off her head. "Here is the cap; you will find the money sewed into the lining. You do not believe me?" as the robber shook his head suspiciously. "See if I do not speak the truth," and he ripped up a portion of the lining, disclosing the rainbow-colored bank-notes to the amount of seven hundred roubles.

The man now eagerly grasped the cap, and his companions bent over him examining the booty; the two men holding the horses relaxed their grasp for a moment, afraid of coming too short in the *partage*.

Hugo saw his opportunity, and quick as lightning he had swung himself on to the driver's seat, and snatched the reins from the moaning Jew. One stroke of the whip had caused the horses to plunge violently, and then start off at a headlong pace, which soon left the robbers far behind, quarreling loudly over the contents of Clara's fur cap.

Not for full ten minutes did Hugo relax his speed. He urged on the beasts to their utmost strength, lashing them unmercifully till their sides were streaked with bloody foam.

The four other occupants of the sledge had been paralyzed at the rapidity of his movement. The Jew did not attempt either excuse or explanation, nor did he try to regain hold of the reins; the red-nosed man sat staring open-mouthed before him, having even forgotten to button up his coat; and the fur-clad man was shaking as though with a fit of ague.

As to Clara, stupefaction is far too weak a word to express her sensations. Utterly terrified as she had been at sight of the bandits, her annihilation had been complete at Hugo's unexpected and inexplicable treachery. To think that a man, who had all but acknowledged his

love for her only a few hours previously, should thus coolly have sacrificed her at the first danger, was incredible. On the part of any man to act so toward a helpless young girl would be vile, on his part it was simply monstrous. The mariner who in calm weather feels his trusty ship go down without warning, or the man who beholds a faithful dog suddenly metamorphosed into a roaring lion, could not be more dumfounded than was Clara, as with blanched face and wild, dilated eyes she gazed unseeing before her. Her hair, loosened from its hold as Hugo had removed the cap, had fallen in long untidy coils over her shoulders; the little curls on her forehead were lifted by the air as they flew through the gloomy forest.

At last the furious driver relaxed his speed and drew up the panting horses.

"Shame, shame!" now ejaculated the tall and the short stranger as with one breath, while the latter added:

"So to betray a young lady, a beautiful young lady, and after she had concealed her money so cleverly that no robber on earth could ever have found it!"

Hugo Weyprecht was apparently a very hardened ruffian indeed, for he betrayed absolutely no sign of remorse or embarrassment; rather his face assumed a shade of extra *hauteur* as he said, shrugging his shoulders:

"Every one must shift for himself in such cases, and charity begins at home. I have done nothing illegal; if the robbers had not got money they might have used violence." Then, turning to the Jew beside him, he added, "Get down; I can dispense with your further services, and shall drive myself."

The Jew after a feeble resistance obeyed, but not without much plaintive wailing. "And how should poor old Isaac find his way home with his broken bones at this hour of day? And who would ever restore to him his precious sledge and his valuable horses, which were all he had to live upon?"

"The sledge and horses will be deposited with the town authorities," explained Hugo, "where you can fetch them tomorrow. As to you, sir," he continued, turning to the tall, red-nosed stranger, "be likewise good enough to relieve us of your company."

"May I ask by what right?" said the man, beginning to bluster. "I have paid my place in the sledge as well as you."

"Very well," said Hugo, unmoved, "you may remain if you are prepared to accompany me to the police office the moment we reach K——."

The man looked crestfallen, and, muttering imprecations, he began to get out.

"I thought so," said Hugo, grimly. His eye now rested for a moment on the fur-clad man, with an expression of doubt.

"Perhaps the noble gentleman would be glad to get rid of me as well?" he said, with a sneer. "It would be pleasanter to drive all alone with the beautiful young lady whom you have just robbed, would it not? Sorry I cannot oblige you, and I am not to be scared away by the threat of the police office. Why should I be? My passport is all in order; here it is at your service. Gregor Dimitroff, *commis voyageur*, traveling to K——, with specimens of plated watch-chains."

"You can remain," said Hugo, with a frown; then turning to Clara, in the same commanding tone of voice, "Take this handkerchief and tie it about your head. You will catch cold with your head uncovered."

Mechanically she obeyed him, far too much terrified to resist this terrible man, who somehow compelled obedience by the mere sound of his voice.

In a minute the sledge, lightened of two occupants, was speeding on again, and only when emerging from the forest shades on to an open space, with the lights of the town shining before him, did Hugo somewhat slacken the pace.

Not a word more had been exchanged between the three inmates of the sledge

when they drew up in the courtyard of a large hotel, in the suburbs of the town.

Hugo now sprang from the box with a long-drawn sigh of relief, and eagerly held out his hand to assist Clara in getting out; but affecting not to see his movement, she stepped out at the opposite side and hurried past him without vouchsafing one glance.

Her limbs were cramped from the long sitting posture, so that was, perhaps, the reason why she twice stumbled on entering the broad, lighted corridor. Clara frowned a little and shook her head as though impatient of her own weakness. She would walk quite straight and quietly till she reached a room, she told herself, and then she would sit down for a little. Her head was whirling so strangely, and large fiery globes seemed to be dancing before her eyes; but he must not be allowed to guess how her knees were shaking, and she tightly closed her mouth to prevent her teeth from chattering against each other. Oh! yes, she could walk up-stairs, she answered to an obsequious waiter who approached her with a question. No help, thank you; she felt quite strong, and then Clara clutched at the banister and fell senseless in a fainting fit.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Clara recovered consciousness she was lying in bed in a strange room, and a good-natured chambermaid was standing over her.

"Thank Heaven, my dear young lady, that you are coming to again," she said in German. Then, as Clara sat up in bed wildly, and clutched her hand with a scared expression, "Do not be afraid, you are quite safe. This is the hotel, and I am the chambermaid. I was once in service with a German lady."

"Are there no robbers?" repeated Clara.

"None, none, my dear; the gentleman told me what a fright you have had. No



wonder it has upset you. And the poor gentleman, your brother, I am thinking, has been in such a dreadful way ever since. I promised to let him know as soon as you opened your eyes." And she rose to go to the door, but again Clara clutched hold of her hand with an expression of positive terror.

"No, no! not that," she gasped. "He must not come; promise me that he shall not come! I can never see him again—never, never! It would kill me."

"Very well, my dear," said the chambermaid, who felt rather puzzled, and was of opinion that the pretty young lady must be just a little off her head with fatigue and terror. "Just as you please; no one shall come in here to-night, and to-morrow when you have slept you will be all right again."

"What o'clock is it?" asked Clara.

"Nearly ten o'clock."

"And how long have I been here?"

"More than two hours. You fell down fainting on the staircase, and the gentleman lifted you up and carried you in here."

"He carried me?" said Clara, turning scarlet. "How could he? Why did you let him? But he must not come—he must not come!" she repeated, with a return of her former excitement.

By degrees Clara suffered herself to be pacified and persuaded into swallowing a little food, after which she relapsed into a deep, dreamless slumber, from which she only wakened late on the following morning.

Her first inquiry was about Hugo, and she was much relieved to hear that he had gone out very early and would not be back until after midday. He must not find her here when he returned; she was determined that he should have no clue by which to find her again; so, taking her two little gold earrings out of her ears, the only thing of value she had remaining, Clara left them on the table with a pencil note to say that she gave

them to cover the expense of her food and bed. Then, at a moment when she found herself unobserved, she slipped down the staircase and out into the street.

She had while dressing rapidly reviewed her position, and resolved to seek an engagement as governess or companion in this place. She must do something to keep herself from starving, for here she was actually without a farthing in the wide world, hundreds of miles away from her own country, without a friend, in this large strange city.

The town itself was not of colossal size, though it appeared so to her eyes. Preparations for one of those large annual fairs, which transform some Russian and Polish provincial towns into the semblance of a bustling capital during the week or fortnight of its duration, were filling the streets of K—— with strangers of all ranks and descriptions, and lending a fictitious animation to the usually quiet place; consequently Clara's exit from the hotel passed unnoticed, and she was quickly swallowed up in the stream of life around.

In broken Russian she contrived to ask her way to two different offices where a register was kept of servants' situations, but in the first of these she had been desired to come back in a fortnight, and in the second one requested to deposit a fee for inscribing her name on the list of governesses or companions seeking places.

Most people regarded her with suspicion, as the peculiar sight of a young lady elegantly attired in fur-trimmed jacket, but wearing no hat, attracted attention. Many turned round in the street to look at her, and more than one tried to accost her with insolent freedom.

As Clara walked along she now and then glanced nervously over her shoulder to make sure that the dreaded figure of her faithless lover was nowhere in sight, but these fears were groundless, for strange faces only met her on every side. After



wandering about in a fruitless fashion for several hours, she was utterly worn out and disheartened, not having even found a place where she could sit down to rest.

She peeped in through the plate-glass window of a large draper's shop filled with bustling customers and obsequious shopmen. One of the latter looked at her with a familiar leer which sent the blood to her cheeks, and caused her to move quickly on.

The next house was a handsome palatial residence, in front of which stood a swelling porter in splendid green and gold livery, leaning on his staff of office. Clara stood still for a moment, and her lips formed a trembling question as to whether she might not come in and sit down for a little.

The great man had apparently not understood, for after favoring her with a very supercilious stare he gave utterance to the monosyllabic question:

"What?"

The young girl repeated her words more audibly, which had the effect of causing the magnificent individual to regard her a little more closely, before unclosing his lips to a second equally laconic question:

"Why?"

"Because I am tired," would have been the natural answer, but the porter's face looked so very far from encouraging that Clara attempted no reply, but with a sigh of disappointment turned away.

Was there really no place in this large, roomy town where a weary girl could rest? Not a chair, not a bench where she had the right to sit down for ten minutes? Yes, surely in every town, in every country, there is one house ever open to the homeless and the wanderer—the house of Him who has said: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary, and I will give you rest;" and Clara, having espied the Byzantine portico of a Russian Greek church in a side street, bent her steps hither with a feeling of something like relief.

The church door, as usual in those parts, was the rendezvous for a gregarious assemblage of beggars, who, grouped upon the steps in attitudes more or less picturesque, endeavored to show off their several infirmities to the best possible advantage.

Clara turned away shuddering from the open sores on a boy's arm, only to meet the bloodshot and horribly inflamed orbs of a white-bearded man fixed imploringly upon her.

"A kopek, my pretty lady, only a kopek, for the love of God; I am dying of hunger," now moaned a whining voice in her ear, and turning she perceived the ghastly and emaciated face of a girl scarcely older than herself, evidently far gone in consumption.

All at once Clara seemed to understand that there were more wretched people than herself in the world, deeper depths of poverty than what she had ever dreamt of, and instinctively she put her hand in the pocket.

Half a dozen pair of arms were held out toward her, and half a dozen faces turned expectantly in her direction, but the hand came out of the pocket empty.

"I have nothing," she exclaimed, remembering with a shock her own state of destitution, and realizing that she was quite unable to confer anything on these poor wretches.

"Nothing," she repeated, sadly, "at least nothing but this," and dropping her gray fur muff into the hand of the pale young girl, Clara entered the church.

The interior of this place of worship was like all Greek churches, by means of pillars and arches divided off into the different sections respectively reserved for the priest, the male and the female portion of the congregation. It was in this latter outside division that Clara took her place, sinking down exhaustedly on to the first bench which came in her way.

The narrow grated windows let in but a dim and mysterious twilight, so that

coming from the open daylight Clara was at first hardly able to distinguish the objects around; but by degrees, her eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, numerous forms and figures seemed to start up out of the obscurity around. Grinning, threatening devils were lurking in every corner, and quaint Byzantine saints, with pale golden aureole and shadowy palm branches, smiled serenely upon her from out each vaulted niche.

At another time Clara might have cared to walk round the building and examine the curious fresco paintings, by means of which the Greek Oriental Church endeavors to make intelligible to illiterate humanity the rewards and punishments of a future state. Just now, however, she was too weary, too foot and heart sore to have other thought but one of thankfulness for the sense of reprieve and peace which began to steal in upon her. By and by she would have to go out again into the noisy, bustling street, but not until she had rested and gathered strength to battle anew with the world, and meanwhile she was here quite safe and secure.

The church was deserted, for the hour of service was past, and only a faint odor of incense hung about the atmosphere.

Clara leant back luxuriously against the hard, wooden bench, and thought she had never been seated so softly in her life. With lazy enjoyment her eyes rested on a picture on the piece of wall just opposite to her. It represented a pale-faced, long-limbed saint, holding a fat woolly lamb in his arms; and as she sat here, plunged in a sort of day-dream, this image got somehow entwined with her thoughts.

She had a great deal to think over, for this was the first quiet moment she had enjoyed since starting on her journey, and so much had happened within the last week that no wonder she felt a little dazed, and found it difficult to obtain a clear view of the situation. The death of her little pupil, her sudden dismissal

from Count Froloff's family, the meeting with Hugo Weyprecht, and the rapid growth of their intimacy up to the moment of his unexpected treachery, all these she thought over in turn, dwelling principally on the last most painful point. How could she have been so deceived in him? and yet how impossible not to be deceived. He had looked so upright, so honest, so trustworthy! How could falsehood look so like truth? treachery so like honesty? She had trusted him so implicitly, and why? as she now asked herself. For no logical reason at all she recognized, merely because he had a pair of steady-looking brown eyes and a grave, thoughtful smile. After all, she knew nothing of this man, to whom she had been ready to surrender her heart; and passing over in review every word of his, she wondered that it had never struck her before how very reticent he had been about himself and his business. She had talked and he had listened, but had given little or no information about himself beyond mentioning that he was a native of Hamburg and had been living some years in Russia; but where, or in what capacity, he had failed to say. They had discussed Schiller and Goethe, Beethoven and Mozart, Canova and Thorwaldsen together, and on each of these subjects he had shown himself to be well-informed and intelligent, but she had been unable to form a conjecture as to the particular branch of science, trade, or art to which he himself belonged. She saw it all now clearly, and only marveled how she could have been so blind before. Was not this abnormal reticence about himself proof positive of his guilty intentions? In her tardy clear-sightedness it seemed to Clara that no explanation was too monstrous of the part Hugo Weyprecht had played toward her; perhaps he himself was in league with the brigands, and had all along intended to rob her of her earnings! That he had admired her was evident, but he had no doubt merely sought to enliven the monotony of a tire-

some journey by a passing flirtation, and had thrown her over without compunction at the first necessity.

Some women might have thought of applying to justice, and endeavoring to recover the lost property by bringing an action against the man who had caused the loss, but such a course did not even occur to Clara. Her only wish was never to meet him again, if possible, forget him.

As soon as she had rested sufficiently she would resume her task of service seeking. She must find some engagement before nightfall if she did not wish to beg her bread in the street. But she was not yet rested enough by any means, and must sit here a little longer. She felt so comfortable, so safe in this secluded sanctuary, with its incense-scented atmosphere, and that pale-faced saint with the great, calm eyes keeping watch over her. By and by her weary eyes began to close, and Clara had fallen asleep in the corner of the church bench.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

CLARA had slept for more than an hour, and the short winter day began to close in around her. Out there in the street it was still light, but it was very dark within the church, and the figures on the wall could scarcely be distinguished. Still she slept on, and was dreaming of the dreary pine-forest when a voice struck in upon her ear.

"Clara! Clara!" it said.

With an effort she raised her heavy lids still drunk with sleep; then, vaguely remembering where she was, closed them again. This was the church, she recollected, and that was the picture opposite.

"Clara!" repeated the voice, louder this time.

She opened her eyes again, not yet realizing who was speaking to her. There stood the saint in front of her with the woolly lamb in his arms, but his eyes

looked deeper and fiercer now, and he seemed to have stepped out of his niche and to be coming quite close up to her.

"Clara!" it said a third time, and then she started to her feet with a cry of dismay, fully awakened at last.

No Byzantine saint this, pale and shadowy, that stood before her, but a man of flesh and blood, with deep, impassioned eyes, holding a gray fur muff in his hand.

"Have you come here to persecute me?" she cried, wildly. "Could you not have left me here in peace?"

"Clara!" said Hugo, taking hold of her hand, "I do not understand you. You must hear me; you must let me explain."

"Never!" she replied, shuddering. "There is nothing to explain. If you have any pity go away, and never let me see you again."

"I shall go," said Hugo, turning rather pale and dropping her hand, "but not till I have spoken. I have a right to be heard."

"What do you want? Why have you come in here?" she said, faintly.

"First of all, in order to give you back your muff," he said, laying it down on the bench beside her. "Your cap, unfortunately, it is not in my power to restore. Secondly, to pay my debt."

He drew out a large pocket-book filled with Russian bank-notes. "Seven hundred roubles, was it not, of which you were robbed? Here they are."

Clara now looked at him almost as stupidly as she had looked at the moment of the robbery.

"I do not understand," she stammered. "Then why did you—why?"

"Why did I betray you to the robbers? Why did I suffer your savings thus ruthlessly to be seized upon? That was quite simple. I merely sacrificed a small sum to save a large one, and used your money as a decoy in order to distract attention from myself. I had been in-

trusted with eight hundred thousand roubles from the head of my firm for carrying through an important negotiation. Had I been searched the sum must inevitably have been found upon me and lost, and my future compromised. I had no time to apprise you of my intention; the danger was too great, and a word might have betrayed me. Besides, I had fancied—I hoped—that you understood me well enough to have trusted me. Is it possible that you should have judged me wrong, and that it was from me you tried to hide yourself?"

Clara covered her face with both hands.

"Oh! what a fool I have been! I see it all now," she stammered. Then, raising her head, "But how did you find me here? I thought that in here I should be quite safe from detection."

"You could not hide from me, my darling. My eyes would have found you out wherever you were; but it was this blessed little gray fur muff which led me to your hiding-place. For over two hours

I had been running about the streets looking for you, when in passing this church-door, I espied your muff in the hand of a beggar-girl. Blessed, blessed, blessed little muff!" exclaimed Hugo, snatching it up again and pressing his lips upon it with passionate rapture. "And now, Clara, now, am I to go away?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Half an hour later the young couple came out of the church where they had plighted their troth under the eyes of that quaint Byzantine saint. Pausing at the threshold, they were surrounded by the clamorous begging of the mendicants assembled in the portico, and as overgreat happiness ever makes the heart softly disposed toward all fellow-creatures, it was with a free and lavish hand that Hugo Weyprecht threw his *largesse* among the crowd. Then, taking Clara's arm within his own, they passed out together into the busy street, followed by the blessings of the lame, the maimed, and the blind.

E. GERARD.





## THE RUNAWAYS.

A STORY OF LONDON SOCIETY.

### CHAPTER I.

THE same year that Lady Jane Magnus presented her beautiful daughter Adela, Lord Glencore was the match of the season.

Just of age, of an old family, with vast possessions, and a heavy rent-roll, swelled by a long minority, the instant the hawk-like eye of Lady Jane fell on the young peer a thrill of joy assured her that there stood the husband Providence had provided for Adela.

Little mattered it to Lady Jane that Lord Glencore was silent, awkward, most painfully shy, given to blush to the very roots of his hair if a woman but addressed the most commonplace remark to him. Adela had been too carefully trained to pin her faith to externals. Besides, as regarded marriage, Lady Jane always arranged these little affairs for her daughters. She had brought out three before the advent of the lovely Adela, and not one of them, she inwardly boasted, had ever had reason to fling a syllable of reproach at their mother.

"You think it is all right, mother, do you?" Adela ventured to say, growing a little uneasy when the end of the season drew near, and Lord Glencore had never addressed a single remark to her which could by any possibility be construed into love.

"Perfectly right, dear. The society papers have coupled your names together; an approaching marriage has more than once been hinted at, and, as a matter of

course, now, wherever people ask us *he* is asked."

"I know; still, other people are not the same as he."

"Quite the same. I understand the position perfectly well, my love. Men of his kind would remain silent until doomsday unless a suggestion was made to them."

"Well, but—"

"Dear child, you may leave it to me. Don't you think so?" And an expression of mild reproach was shot from the maternal eye. "Do you fancy that, if I saw the slightest shadow of uncertainty, I should accept Sir Joscelyn's invitation for Goodwood, knowing that Glencore won't be there?"

"Won't he! Why, where is he going?"

"Nowhere. I ascertained that, you may be sure. He is obliged to remain in town. There'll not be a soul left for him to speak to. Some business with his lawyers, he said—and said it in a very pointed way too."

"Stammering and getting fiery red," said the would-be *fiancée*, disdainfully.

Lady Jane shook her head. "Never mind the manner; it is the meaning we are concerned in. He joins us immediately after at Thorndean. There you will see that everything will be satisfactorily arranged. Lady Somerton has such a happy way of letting young people be thrown together, and from the first I have seemed to be very much guided by her."



Adela embraced her mother with graceful effusion.

"How clever you are!" she said, admiringly; "you have managed beautifully, for I did want to enjoy Goodwood free. When I am a countess, mamma, it shall be very nice for you."

## CHAPTER II.

CERTAINLY Goodwood week had left Lord wonderfully empty.

You did not meet a soul you knew.

Lord Glencore repeated this fact to himself most cheerily as he walked along Piccadilly with a heart and a step as light as a bird's.

It seems an impossible circumstance that a stalwart young giant standing over six feet in his stockings, his own master, able to do what he liked and go where he chose, should be in abject thralldom to a plain little middle-aged woman who was bent on compelling him to marry her daughter. "And I feel as if I should be made to do it, too," poor Glencore had said of late, driven into his last corner by the congratulations of all Lady Jane's friends, to say nothing of those horrid paragraphs in those horrid papers, some of which had gone so far as to mention an early date being fixed "for the marriage of a lovely *débutante* of this season and a young earl recently of age, whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror." Glencore had it in his heart to envy the shopmen, the cabdrivers, the crossing-sweepers—to envy any one not singled out by Lady Jane Magnus to be her son-in-law.

If he could but pluck up courage to say he did not mean anything, never had meant anything, never meant to mean anything—that he was quite happy as he was—that he never intended to marry any one—what would he not give? But in face of that terrible Lady Jane and her lovely, statuesque daughter, he felt

paralyzed, and filled with an abject conviction that he would have to succumb. If he had only some one to confide in, some one whose advice he felt was given for his good! but the poor young fellow stood, as the possessors of vast properties often do, absolutely friendless and alone. His kindly, simple nature was despised by those around him. Without parents or any near relatives, he had been brought up by strangers, who had surrounded him by such unnecessary cares and ridiculous precautions, that now, when he was a man with full liberty given, he was no more able to make good use of it than a grown-up baby would be.

Full of a wild scheme which had lately come to him, that he would run off to some far-distant country, he was mapping out the details as he walked along, so occupied that he forgot how far he had come, until with a sudden start he pulled himself up. He was passing the Albert Hall, close to that pleasant row of houses in one of which lived Lady Jane.

The knowledge that he could walk boldly by and fling a look of defiance at the papered windows and closed shutters—as he had done the day before—sent a thrill of satisfaction through the young man. He drew himself up and turned his head to—when, oh! agony! exactly as he was opposite to it the door opened, and a voice called out, "Glencore!"

"Freddy! Is it you?" Lord Glencore managed to say, seeing he was addressed by a weasel-faced young gentleman between sixteen and seventeen. "Why, how came you here? Is-s-s your mother—Lady Jane—with you?"

Freddy's eyes were apparently so educated that in order to give full expression to one he was forced to shut the other, and regarding Lord Glencore through this single optic he said, "You bet. If she was, I shouldn't be here."

Glencore's heart seemed restored to its native position. "I'm very glad to see you," he said, closing his hand over the

little fin Freddy had extended to him; "it's quite a surprise to me."

"Here, I say," said the astute Freddy, significantly, "what's up? How is it you aint down there with them?"

"Well, I couldn't—I have—that is—there is some business for me."

Freddy's eyelid went down like the cover of a box.

"Exactly; just so," he said, airily, putting his thumbs into his armholes. "My case all over. I'm at my tutor's, you see, so please to remember that it isn't possible for you to have seen me."

Glencore laughed cheerily. "All right," he said; "you are quite safe with me—but what on earth are you up to?"

This question seemed prompted by the sight of a nondescript dogcart just led up to the door. "Are you all by yourself here?"

"There's Harris, my old nurse, and Jim, her husband—our butler he used to be—and Peggy. You know Peg, don't you?"

"Peg! No, I don't think I do."

"I say," exclaimed Freddy, "isn't it a beastly shame the way they always try to shunt her? and she's just as good as anybody. Her father was my father's eldest son, only he married his tutor's daughter, and my lady set the governor on to cut up rough about it. So the poor chap got the kick-out, and then he died, and so did his wife, and a jolly good thing for me too, or I should have had to sing small. Only wait till I'm master, though, and if they try it on with Peggy then I'll let them know. She's older than I am, but all the same I'm her uncle, and—I say, you'll be her uncle too if you marry Adda, and you're going to, aint you?"

Lord Glencore blushed furiously, and Freddy, taking silence for consent, added with a snort of supreme contempt, "It's a jolly good thing for her I aint you. Catch me marrying Adda! Oh! yes, rather!"

Not desirous of pursuing this topic further, Lord Glencore put a question.

"You're not going to drive that," he

said, nodding toward the horse, a most vicious-looking screw, "are you?"

"Why not? he's a real good one to go. Come in and see us start: it's capital fun. We'd a regular crowd round us yesterday. Any one else but Peg would have been frightened to death."

Incited by curiosity, Lord Glencore obeyed Freddy's invitation.

"We keep all the front well shut," said Freddy, as he marshaled the way to a den at the far end of the narrow hall. Passing the stairs, he gave vent to a shrill whistle, answered by a similar one which might have been taken as its echo.

"Aint you ready?" was piped up from below.

"Coming," answered a girl's voice, and at the same instant with the word down the flight of stairs, flop on the mat, came a figure which, through the cloud of dust sent up, Lord Glencore surmised must be Peggy.

"I'm so sorry. I thought it was only Freddy—I—" and then, better able to see who stood there, she gave vent to an agonized "O Lord Glencore!" and seemed unable to say more.

Freddy, who was enjoying her confusion to the full, here burst in with, "Don't mind him; he's square enough, aint you?"

"Certainly I am;" and then, turning to Peggy, he said, "I've never had the pleasure of seeing you here, have I?"

"No."

"But you've seen *him*, haven't you, Peg? And once don't you remember when the door opened and I scuttled off and your frock caught and you tumbled down? Oh! I say, what a game! It was a shaver we weren't caught that time."

Poor Peggy's face was like a beetroot.

"There wasn't anything to see," she said to Lord Glencore, reassuringly; "it really wasn't for that we looked, but I—I was so curious to know what you were like;" and she gesticulated violently to Freddy behind Lord Glencore's back.

"What's the harm?" responded the young gentleman, expostulatively. "You'd do the same if you were packed off into a cock-loft of a garret, wouldn't you? That's what they do with her—stick her anywhere out of the way."

"No, Freddy, no," Lord Glencore from out the corner of his eye saw her say, and hoping to change the conversation he said—

"I'm afraid I'm making you lose the best of the day. I came in to see you start." Perhaps Peggy fathomed his kind effort, for she looked at him fairly for the first time.

"Yes?" and she gave him a little shy smile, "did you?"

"It's very pleasant, a drive out of town now. Where are you going?"

"To Richmond Park," answered the irrepressible Freddy. "Would you like to go too? We'll take you: there's heaps of room behind. Why—why shouldn't he?" This was evidently in answer to more pantomime from Peggy.

"You don't want me—would rather I didn't go?"

Lord Glencore had turned suddenly round and was asking this question of the young girl.

"Oh! no; it isn't that, only I'm afraid," and here Peggy stopped and blushed furiously. For a wonder, Glencore did not catch the complaint. Quite persuasively he said, "But do let me; it's what I should so enjoy."

There was an instant's pause, and then they all began laughing; and good fellowship being thus established, some twenty minutes later the three, Lord Glencore behind, Freddy driving, and Peggy by his side, were on the road to Richmond.

### CHAPTER III.

It might be tedious to retail all the folly that fell from the lips of this trio as under Freddy's guidance they pursued their way. Their united years did not make up the sober age of sixty, and they

had the spirits of schoolboys out for a holiday. Lord Glencore had never felt so much at his ease before; none of those who in society knew him would have recognized him as the same shy individual. The hours flew like minutes. It was five o'clock when they thought it three; and then to have looked at the time would not have occurred to anybody, only that Peggy, heaving a tremendous sigh, had supposed it would soon be time to think of returning home.

The horse, that was so good at going, we have omitted to state, had at a certain small hostelry, "Goat and Compass" by name, shown signs of rebellion. Stir from that door he would not, and Lord Glencore, to cut short the difficulty, had proposed that they should leave the brute there to get a feed, while they took a stroll in the park.

Returning from this walk, they passed the "Star and Garter."

"I say, a dinner in there wouldn't be half bad fun," said Freddy.

"Oh! I don't think so," replied Glencore.

"Why, have you ever been there?"

"Yes, I dined there twice this season with Lady Jane and your sister."

And a chill ran through the young man as he recalled the dreariness of those solemn ordeals.

"Oh!" said Freddy, drawing in his back as if about to succumb, while Peggy burst out laughing.

A bright inspiration came suddenly to Glencore.

"Why shouldn't we stop here now," he said, "have dinner, and go home after!"

Freddy and Peggy came to a sudden standstill, absolutely dumb with the brilliancy of the proposition.

"That's what we'll do," continued the enthusiastic Glencore; and he made as if to turn in at the door, but Peggy stopped him.

"I don't think we can," and she looked at Freddy significantly.

"No," came the answer, a trifle crestfallen. "I expect they wouldn't stand tick in there," was added, by way of explanation.

"That isn't of any consequence to you," explained Glencore. "It's as my guests I invite you. Think how often your mother has entertained me."

"Oh! I'm not proud," laughed the delighted Freddy. "Isn't this first-rate, Peg? Come on."

But Peggy still hesitated.

"I don't know whether I ought—whether it's quite right right with *you*," and though her face was turned to both, her eyes were fixed on Glencore.

"And I, your uncle that is," exclaimed Freddy, "and he going to be. Shut up, do."

And, considering this speech to be conclusive, Freddy cut short further discussion by at once turning into the hotel.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WELL, if any dinner ever was a success, that one was. What they had, or how the courses came, not one of them knew, but, to quote Freddy, everything was A 1. Undoubtedly their tongues ran faster than before. Gradually on Freddy it began to have a slightly composing effect, so that, the dogcart having been sent for and brought to the door, he magnanimously insisted that going home he would sit behind and leave the ribbons to be handled by Glencore.

The clock struck nine before they were fairly off, and then, Peggy exclaiming at the lateness of the hour, Glencore said:

"But it won't matter much, will it?"

"No," said Peggy, a trifle bitterly. "Harris knows I'll look after Freddy, and there's no one to bother about what becomes of me."

"You have neither father nor mother, have you?"

Glencore put the question gently, and, not waiting for her answer, went on to

tell her that he too had lost his parents when a child, and was, like her, lonely, with no one to care for him.

"Yes," she said, "but you're a man with lots of money, and I'm poor and dependent; and then it's horrid to be a girl. Ever since I can remember I've heard nothing else but all I owe to everybody, as if it was my fault that I owe anything to them. I can't help having been born. Here I am, and until I die here I must stay. Not dependent, though. I've only waited to be taught something. I've had to owe that much to grandmamma."

Lord Glencore remained silent, and, thinking that probably her troubles were of no interest to him, Peggy changed the subject. Directing his attention to Freddy, now silently sleeping, she managed to prop the lad up into a more comfortable position, and assented to Lord Glencore's remark that he did not seem like the rest of the family.

Then silence fell on them, and for a time not a word was spoken. Suddenly, as if from out of what she was thinking, Peggy said abruptly:

"Are you very much in love with Adda?"

"I! I'm not in love with her at all."

"But you're going to marry her?"

"Who says I am?"

"Why, everybody; and grandmamma, I know, means you to."

"I see, and that makes you think it quite certain?"

Peggy laughed contemptuously. "It wouldn't make it certain with *me*," she said, "but men seem different; what she chooses they do. Oh! I haven't patience to think of it," and the great brown eyes she turned on Glencore sparkled indignantly. "Why, do you think, unless I loved somebody dearly, I'd marry him to please *grandmamma*? *Never!* she knows that as well as I do. She may ill-treat me, but she can't make me do what I won't; I'd die rather. Shall I tell you what I mean to do?"—she was speaking very fast



and excitedly—"I mean to run away. You'll promise me not to tell any one, won't you? I mean to go very soon now, if I can, before they come home. Other girls earn their own livings, so why shouldn't I? I'm not stupid, and I'm awfully strong."

"But where will you go?"

"Oh! I know, but that I don't mean to tell. Perhaps I oughtn't to have said a word about it to you, but it slipped out, and you won't betray me, will you? most of all, don't breathe a word to Adda; she hates me, and—well, there's no use disguising it—I hate her. When you're married to her—"

"Which I never shall be," interrupted Lord Glencore, decidedly. Peggy faced round and looked her surprise at him.

"Don't look like that at me," he said, hastily; "I mean what I say."

"You do? Oh! I am awfully sorry."

"For her or for me?"

"I don't think I was thinking of either of you. It was for myself—there's so few ever care to be kind to me."

"And you think I should be?"

Peggy didn't trust herself to speak, but her head nodded assent.

"Let me tell a secret to you, Peggy"—he quite unconsciously called her by her name. "Do you know that I mean to run away too?"

"You!"

"Yes; only I want somebody to run away with me. Can you guess who?"

"No."

"Somebody I've seen to-day."

"To-day!"

The eyes of each looked into the other's questioningly.

"Can't you guess who?"

Lord Glencore's voice came tremulously.

"Oh! you know," he said, "I see you do."

"Me!" Peggy spoke the word breathlessly.

"Yes, you. You will go, won't you? You've no one to care for you, and I have

nobody to care for me. Why shouldn't we care for each other? I'd try and make you happy, and I'd certainly be good to you, and in time you might get to—well, to like me, you know."

"In time! why, I like you now."

"You do? O Peggy!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I say! what's up with you two?" It was Freddy speaking—Freddy, whose very existence they had forgotten, but who, in common with all sleepers, awoke at the very moment he was not wanted to.

"What do you think?" said Glencore, in a whisper; "had we better tell him?"

"Yes," said Peggy; "up to now my only friend has been Freddy."

So Freddy, thoroughly wide awake now, was desired to lean forward, and between them the two conveyed what it was their intention to do.

"I say, what a chouse for Adda!" roared Freddy, delightedly; "but here, you know you'll have to marry Peggy."

"Certainly; of course, that's what we mean to do."

"Do we?" said Peggy; "oh! my! why, I never thought of that!"

"Didn't you?" said Freddy, assuming the air of a Mentor, "but I did, though. You must be Lady Glencore before I see the last of you."

"But, Freddy, think of grandmamma; you would get into the most awful trouble. No, it would never do."

"Stuff and rubbish!" and Freddy snapped his fingers; "what, I should like to know, can a couple of women do? Besides, I'm not going to blab on myself—never fear. How can I help it if, while I'm ruralizing with my tutor, you choose to bolt with Glencore!"

## CHAPTER V.

ARRIVED at Thorndean, happy and unsuspecting, Lady Jane and her daughter waited for Lord Glencore in vain. Even to "dear Lady Somerton" not a line had

come from him. As every one said, it was so strange, so incomprehensible. "You don't think anything could have happened to him, Lady Jane?"

With a brave spirit worthy of a better woman, Lady Jane answered that she did not feel anxious in the least. Lord Glencore had spoken to her of having several most important things to settle, and naturally, at times such as these—Lady Jane was forced into a little vagueness of speech—a thousand things cropped up which one had never dreamed of before. Still, her heart began to have misgivings, and her courage to sink a little lower, when all was revived by a paragraph in one of the papers informing all whom it did not concern that Messrs. Bullion & Gold had been intrusted with the family jewels by Lord Glencore with the view of ascertaining which had best be reset to suit their future lovely owner.

"Adda!" Lady Jane signaled to her daughter to follow her, and in their own room she pointed out the notice.

"Mother! oh! I am so glad. I kept on thinking of those jewels. Everybody says the diamonds are more than lovely."

"What a droll creature, though!" exclaimed Lady Jane, "without saying a word to *you*! I wonder whether he fancies we are getting the trousseau ready."

"I sha'n't do that; it's so unlucky. I wish he would settle it though. I want it settled now. Couldn't you write, mamma?"

"My dear, I have written."

"And had no answer?"

"Not a line. Colonel Gossett called, as he was asked, at the house in town, and was told that Lord Glencore was away, his address not known, nor when he would return."

"Extraordinary!"

"It is, but we must remember he is a very extraordinary young man."

"I don't want reminding of that," and Adda sighed lugubriously, "if he wasn't an earl."

"No, no, no, dear. Never mind.

Things of that sort are better not said even to me. In this world we must not expect to have everything, you know; and women are spared a great deal by not being too infatuated with the man they are going to marry."

"Only this is such an awkward position to be placed in. I don't mind so much here, but we are due at the Fallowfields on Tuesday, and if he does not turn up there, what then?"

"Oh! I don't mean to wait longer. I shall go to town myself—that is, if we don't hear—and question his majordomo. If there is anything to find out, you may safely trust to me."

"It's more than a fortnight now," said Adda, discontentedly.

Lady Jane sighed. "There seems to be nothing else for me than worry."

"What more?"

"Oh! well, I didn't want to bother you, and if everything else was going right, I shouldn't let this trouble me. It's a letter I had from Harris. She says that Peggy, if you please, has chosen to run away from home. Harris hopes I won't worry myself, or blame her, as the young lady has had it in her mind for some time. That's gratitude, you know—after all I've done for her."

"I'm sure I should let her be. She'll never come to any good end, that girl. Haven't I always said so?"

"All I hope is, she'll take another name; ours is such a very peculiar one."

"And if Glencore came to know, it might be very unpleasant for me."

"Oh! that need in no way give you any trouble. Be very certain there is some one objectionable in every family. Of course, some inquiries will have to be made, but beyond telling Harris to keep the thing quiet, I can't at present take any steps in the matter."

"Very likely she's back again by this time."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Lady Jane, absently; and then, after a moment's

pause, she added, "I've been thinking. Suppose before we go to the Fallowfields I was to write to them, and manage to bring in something about whether they expected Glencore. It's just possible that they may have heard from him."

Adda considered this an excellent idea, and Lady Jane put it at once into execution, managing to insert a question of apparently burning interest which needed an immediate reply.

The reply came, and in a postscript the writer was so sorry that Lord Glencore was prevented coming to them, fearing it might be a disappointment to Adda.

"My dear," said Lady Jane, "I must go to town. I dare say Lady Somerton will guess why, although I shall invent some reason to give her. I fear I was indiscreet in losing sight of this young man. But don't despair; nothing is beyond remedy. If I can only find out where he is, rest assured this will never happen again."

"I always thought you were too sanguine," said Adda, ready to vent her displeasure on everybody. "I don't believe he ever wanted to marry me, only you would have it he did."

Lady Jane went to London, was absent a week, and then returned a sadder but not a wiser woman. Not a trace could she find of Glencore, not a word had she heard of him.

"And Peggy," said Adda, "what about her?"

"Not a syllable. She had been gone a week and more before Harris wrote to me. It seems, however, a planned thing. She had had it in her mind at least a year."

"I wonder," said Adda, "will he ever turn up again?" Her thoughts had reverted to Lord Glencore.

"Of course he will," said Lady Jane, decidedly; "and we must profit by the lesson we have learnt from him. Now, my dear, go off and tell Stevens to come to me. I have a trying ordeal before me to answer all the questions that the people here will put. I heard them in fits of

laughter over their afternoon tea. I begged Lady Somerton to excuse me until dinner. I really didn't feel as if I could face them then. Ah, Adda," and Lady Jane nodded her head mournfully, "perhaps some day, when you have daughters of your own, you may know. Talk of martyrs! You have only to look at mothers."

That evening, when Lady Jane joined the guests assembled in the drawing-room, she noticed that every one looked at her with an air of inquiry. It had been agreed, at the request of the hostess, that not a word on a subject uppermost in the minds of all of them should be mentioned until after dinner. Poor Lady Jane, sitting in a fool's paradise, actually fancied the object of her absence had lost its interest to everybody. Alas! a mine was about to explode, and Lady Somerton, nettled at the want of confidence shown, was the one to set the match. Advancing to the comfortable arm-chair in which, the ladies having returned to the drawing-room, her smiling guest was reclining, she said:

"Of course, dear Lady Jane, you have seen the announcement in the *Times* of to-day?"

"No, indeed; I waited until I got here to look at the paper," and she stretched out her hand for it languidly. "Anything of interest?"

"To you, yes, of great interest, I should say. Listen. 'On the 12th of September, at St. Simon's Church, Battlesea, Peggy, only child of the late Wynford Magnus, Esq., to Harold William, tenth Earl of Glencore.'"

Adda gave a bound.

"Peggy!" she shrieked. "Mother! Oh!"

But Lady Jane interrupted her. With a supreme effort the modern martyr rose to the occasion.

"Be calm, dear child," she said. "See what your coldness has driven him to. However, poor fellow, in spite of his disappointment, he was determined, it seems, to marry one of the family."

LOUISA FARR.

## THE PEPPERELL ROSES.

GREATAUNT PATTY had poked the fire blazing cheerily in the old fireplace, taken up her knitting needles, and then, instead of taking her arm-chair in her usual methodical way—had gone to the window, raised the curtain, and looked out through the fiercely raging elements of the December night to the massive old stone house on the other side of the street. The brisk little old lady, after peering out for a minute, gave a cough of emotion and said:

"Well, this is the first time that the old Pepperell place has had no one in it at night for a long time. Why, let me see, old Colonel Pepperell bought the place when Prudence was ten years old, that was sixty-eight years ago, and the house hasn't been empty at night from that time to this. It seems pretty dismal and forsaken to look over there and see the curtains all pulled down and everything so deserted; that old house has seen so many merry times under its roof, seems as if it must be kind of lonely.

"I suppose it will be sold at auction in a few weeks now, seeing's she didn't leave any children, and there are so many nieces and nephews and greatnieces and grandnephews.

"I suppose now they will begin to squabble about the property.

"It makes me feel kind of bad to think of them snatching and pulling over Prudence's things."

Then, with a last lingering look at the old house, standing grim and majestic, as if, although deserted by all its friends, it

could still keep up a proper show of dignity, she drew down the curtain, took her chair by the fireplace, and looked reflectively into the fire.

"There, Aunt Patty is in one of her reminiscencing moods," said Harry, a bright looking boy of perhaps thirteen, while Mabel, a spirited girl two years older than her brother, added, "Oh! yes, Aunt Patty, do tell us some old stories, something really romantic and interesting. It's just the night for it," she urged, as a sharp blast of wind whistled around the house, causing the blinds to creak on their hinges.

"Looking over at the old house so empty and still called to my mind what gay times used to go on there when Prudence was young. She and I used to be very intimate then," said Aunt Patty. "Why, when we were eighteen or twenty we were together nearly all the time, and I used to think there was nothing equal to going over to the Pepperells' to spend the night. And such sights of company as they did use to have!

"Old Colonel Pepperell was the most liberal, hospitable man that ever lived, and they used to keep open house, and how high they did live!

"The Pepperell family, with all the nephews and nieces and cousins, was a large family, and they were always all coming here; and the Colonel, he just enjoyed having them, all except Edward Finch. Somehow he never liked him. Poor Edward! he was second cousin to Prudence. His mother was own cousin



to Colonel Elisha, as people used to call Colonel Pepperell. Edward's father died when he was a little boy. His mother always petted and spoiled him, and he grew up, not strong, and full of energy, like the Pepperells, but kind of delicate and fond of spending his mother's money. I remember just how he looked, with his light hair and dark eyes, and a complexion as delicate as a girl's—and such elegant clothes as he used to wear! We weren't used to seeing such fine tailor clothes around here. He used to act kind of idle and languishing, and the folks in town used to laugh at Edward with his lazy city ways.

"Colonel Elisha never liked to have him here. He used to think he was extravagant with his mother's money, and not thrifty, like the rest of the Pepperells, and it used to worry him and make him nervous to have Edward around.

"Edward didn't take much notice of the old Colonel's dislike, though, and used to come and go to the old house in the easiest sort of way.

"Well, nothing would have ever come of it if Prudence and Edward hadn't fallen in love with each other. That was the most unlucky thing! There was Prudence, not twenty years old, and how handsome she was, with her smooth, black hair and bright eyes and her fine form! It was unfortunate, her falling in love with Edward Finch with his handsome face and lazy ways.

"Of all his four daughters, Prudence was the Colonel's favorite, and I rather think the reason he had been so uneasy about having Edward at the house was that he was afraid this might happen.

"And how Colonel Pepperell did storm when he found out about it!

"I remember my father's telling about how angry he was one night in the store when Seth Jenks said something in a joking way about Prudence and Edward.

"I tell you," he said, "none of my daughters shall ever marry a shiftless,

extravagant fool, who couldn't even support himself and will have his mother's money run through in no time! No," he said, bringing his hand, which was trembling like a leaf, down on the counter, "she sha'n't disgrace the name of Pepperell by throwing herself on a worthless stick, and any man who wants to be considered my friend won't mention any such nonsense to me again."

"After this none of the men alluded to the subject before him, for he was a passionate man when he was roused, although there wasn't a kinder-hearted man in town.

"Well, what could he do? He could forbid folks talking to him, but he couldn't forbid those young creatures loving each other. Prudence's mother was dead, and so he felt all the responsibility of his children, and I suppose he tried to do the best he knew how for Prudence's welfare. He was worried to death about her and Edward, and didn't know how to stop it, and it made him very irritable and nervous.

"Well, the crisis came one night in June. How well I remember it! It was Prudence's twentieth birthday, and she had Amelia Putnam and me over there to supper. Edward had driven down that afternoon, so there was quite a table full.

"I can remember just how the old dining-room looked, with its low ceiling, its broad window seats, the old fire-place with its great brass andirons, and the large dining-table with Colonel Pepperell at one end and Mrs. Smith, the housekeeper—she's been dead now these forty years—at the other end; and then the Colonel's four handsome girls, Rebecca and Mary and Lucretia—she died two years after—and Prudence.

"And I remember just how Prudence looked, dressed in the daintiest embroidered mull with a bunch of red roses in her belt.

"It always made the old Colonel nervous to have Edward there, and although he didn't say anything, I could see that he

was uneasy, as though he wanted to free his mind of something.

"Edward didn't seem to notice it, though, but went on talking, amusing us girls, for he was a bright fellow and we girls all rather admired him, if we did laugh at him for his lazy ways.

"Well, finally he snatched one of Prudence's rosebuds and said something about the roses in her cheeks being redder than those at her belt. He said it in an innocent enough way, as any one might have, but that was too much for the Colonel. He had been growing more uneasy and irritable every minute, and this was the last straw.

"I never shall forget how frightened I was when he stood up, trembling all over, and said: 'Edward Finch, this is the last meal you shall take in this house. This is the last night you shall sleep under this roof. I would have spared you this, but you have driven me to it.'

"I never saw such a change come over any one as there did over Edward Finch.

"The laughing words died on his lips; the smile all left his face; he flushed and turned pale, and I never saw him look so manly as he did when he stood up and said, with all the old Pepperell spirit: 'Cousin Elisha, I'll go now; and I'll never come back till I've proved myself worthy of Prudence's love,' and then, with a last word, 'Wait for me, Prudence, I shall come,' he went straight out of the house, and left us all with the most uncomfortable feelings.

"Prudence sat there just like a statue, more like a white rose now, and the old Colonel began apologizing to us ladies for making such an unpleasant muss; 'But I saw I must set my foot down somewhere,' he said.

"Then we heard the clatter of Edward's horse going like mad.

"Amelia and I went home as soon as we could, for we knew that Prudence, with her white face and glowing eyes, didn't feel like entertaining us.

"Well, the next we heard of Edward Finch was that he had gone with a party of men to the far Northwest and was working as though he had always been used to it. Think of that white-handed fellow's going to that wilderness with a lot of rough men and going through all the hardships of a new, unsettled country, and, worst of all, being tormented by those Black Hawk Indians! I tell you, I did feel a good deal of respect for Edward Finch when I heard of it.

"Prudence was one of the still kind, who didn't tell all her troubles to any one it happened, and she didn't speak his name, but kept her feelings to herself.

"How did the old Colonel take Edward's move?

"Well, he didn't say much about it for a week or two, but finally he came out and said perhaps Edward would turn out all right after all; they'd wait, and if he did he was willing to give him credit for it. 'If he ever does make anything of himself,' he said, 'he will have me to thank for it.'

"There was a good deal going on here that year, singing schools, quiltings, and I don't know what all, but although the Colonel's other three daughters were the gayest of the gay, Prudence didn't go to their merry-makings.

"My father, your greatgrandfather, had the post-office in his store then, and I used to stay in the post-office some, when my father was away.

"I remember one morning when I was there, a little while after Edward went away, Prudence came in with a letter. She looked around her as timid as could be, as though she were afraid some one was going to stop her sending it, but seeing there was no one, she finally put it into my hand and said: 'I know, Patty, you won't let my father hear of this,' and I spoke right out and said: 'Prudence Pepperell, you know I'm a good friend to you.'

"When I looked at the letter, after she had gone, it was directed in Prudence's

pretty little writing to Edward Finch, at Walla Walla.

"After Prudence handed me the letter that morning, she seemed to feel that I had a kind of interest and connection with her affairs, and so she used once in awhile to speak of Edward to me; but although we were together so much, she never talked a great deal about him.

"She said that her father had talked to her and told her that they would wait and see, and if Edward showed that he had force enough to make a comfortable living for a family, he wouldn't say a word against their marriage. But he forbade any letter writing between them.

"'Father does the best he knows how,' she said, 'but he never understood Edward.'

"She said she must let Edward know that she was not as hard as her father, and so she had written to him before the Colonel had ordered her not to, and she thought she wouldn't call up his rage by telling him of it.

"For, although the Colonel was a kind man and there wasn't anybody who did more for poor folks than he did, he was passionate, and when he was in a rage he was pretty unreasonable, and all of his girls used to fear him a little and be careful about getting him angry.

"Well, things went on about so, and we didn't hear anything definite from Edward.

"My father told me afterward that letters used to come from Walla Walla to Prudence, but the Colonel always used to take them, and Prudence didn't see them till months afterward. I always did think that was hard in him, but he was dreadful set in his way. I remember how Prudence used to go to the post-office regularly every day with such a pale face; but she never got anything from him, for the Colonel had told my father not to give any Western letters to any one but himself, and although my father would have been glad to have her get her letters, yet it wouldn't do to go against the Colonel.

"Well, after awhile June came around again and the old Pepperell yard was full of roses.

"There wasn't such a yard for roses anywhere else in town.

"One day father went away at noon and I was invited over to the Pepperell's to tea, so I was going to stay and distribute the mail, and then sister Abigail was coming in so as to give me a chance to go.

"When I was distributing the mail, I noticed there was a paper and two letters for the Pepperells, and father, being almost always in the post-office, never had told us girls anything about giving the letters to the Colonel; so I thought I might as well take over the mail when I went. When I got into the large family room, Prudence and Rebecca were there. Prudence was sitting on the sofa.

"I said, 'Here's a letter for you,' and handed it to her as soon as I got in.

"I rather thought it was from Edward, and knew she would be pleased enough to get it. She snatched it from my hand, and though she tried to put on a calm air I could see she was all excited by it. I thought it would be best to let her have her letter to herself, and so I went on talking to Rebecca. We got to talking about a quilting Thankful Field was going to have, and we were so interested we never noticed Prudence at all, till we heard a little gasp and saw her fall back and the letter drop to the floor. She didn't move nor stir, but lay there looking as pale as death.

"Rebecca and I were frightened almost to pieces. She rushed and got some water, and it wasn't but a few minutes before Prudence came to, and gasped out, 'Patty, read the letter.' We tried to calm her down. Rebecca took her off to her room, and while she was gone I picked the letter from the floor.

"It was from a Major Denning, and said that Edward Finch had been killed while fighting the Black Hawk Indians.

The men in the settlement had been surprised by an ambuscade of the Indians with their crafty leader, Black Hawk; a sharp skirmish had followed, and Edward had fallen while bravely fighting at the front. He had lived several hours and had begged the Major to write to his mother and Prudence. He had said, 'Tell Prudence I was not afraid to die, and I trust we shall meet again.'

"Then the Major went on to tell what a favorite Edward had been with the men, how like a tiger he had worked, and how, with his gay, winning ways, he had been the life of the settlement.

"The Major had sent a little packet he had found in his pocket with Prudence's name on it.

"It was in a thin white paper, and on it was a blood-stain. Through the paper I could see the red rosebud that Edward had snatched from Prudence that other June night a year before, and somehow it seemed to me that the stain on the paper was the blood of the rose and not the life blood of Edward Finch. I thought how brave and noble he had looked that night when he said, 'Wait for me, Prudence, I shall come,' and how now all the hopes and ambitions of his life had been cut off, and all had ended in a grave on the prairies beyond the Mississippi.

"I tell you, I felt pretty solemn when I went home that night.

"Well, nobody saw Prudence for two or three weeks after this, and then she seemed about the same as ever to outsiders; but I could see that all the spirit had gone out of her life, but the only outward change in her ways was that she never could bear the sight of red roses after that June afternoon.

"How did she ever happen to marry Henry Gale? That is one of the things I never could understand. That winter I was down at Broughton, staying with my Aunt Julia, and when I came back she was married. Henry was a good, sensi-

ble fellow and a splendid manager, but it was the strangest thing for Prudence Pepperell to marry him.

"When their little boy was born Prudence named him Edward. Some said it was for Henry's father that he was named, but for my part I always thought it was for Edward Finch.

"Little Edward didn't live to grow up, but died when he was a baby, and Prudence never had any other children.

"After Henry died, Prudence used to be rather lonely, and I used to go over and stay with her evenings, you know; but though we talked over old times a great deal, she never spoke of Edward.

"When she was sick the last time, a few weeks ago, you know I went over to watch with her one night. She had been wandering all day, and seemed to be living through her youth again. Suddenly she started up and said: 'Patty, do you remember Edward Finch?' She startled me, but I said, as calmly as I could, 'Yes, Prudence;' and then she said, 'Patty, when I die put a red rose in my hand, so that I shall wake up and remember.' Then she went on talking to her sister Rebecca, who has been dead these fifty years and more.

"At Prudence's funeral, Susan Lamb sent a beautiful wreath of red and white roses, and I picked out a few and put them in Prudence's hand.

"There, children, I have finished my stocking, and I guess it is time for you to go to bed," said Aunt Patty; while Mabel smiled to herself to think how much sentiment was hidden under the prim black dress; and Harry went to the window for a last look at the house that had suddenly acquired such a romantic interest, with its drawn curtains, which would not come up till another generation of life and activity entered to act its part in the old house, sacred with associations of the past.

GRACE TYLER.



## NOT PROFESSIONAL.

### PART I.

DR. WALTER'S afternoon rounds had seemed to him long and wearisome, and he was more than usually glad to get out of his carriage at the door of his own house in Kensington. It was a cold, rainy evening, and the dripping umbrellas of the few people obliged to be out, with the pavement shining under the gas-light with rain, gave a depressing aspect to the street. Dr. Walter's face showed that he found it depressing, as he went up the steps and let himself in. The light in his hall was turned low; the fire had been allowed to get low too; and it felt chilly even after the bitter outside air. He hung up his coat impatiently, and, sharply opening a door on his left, went through his consulting-room into a small room opening from it, where he spent most of his leisure moments. The other rooms of his house were, as he often said, too large for one man.

The little room he entered was furnished with that attention to comfort first and appearance afterward, which is much oftener a characteristic of men than women. There were as many easy chairs of various forms as the size of the room would allow; two long bookcases, in which was a great deal of light literature, and the writing-table, which stood on one side of the fire, contained every appliance of comfort and luxury. The fire here was brighter; ringing for lights, Dr. Walter drew a chair close to it, and sat down. He was tired, and gave himself up for a few moments to the pleasure of doing nothing mentally or physically.

He stretched out his hand for the new novel lying on the shelf of the bookcase nearest to him, with which he meant to spend the half-hour before dinner, only to lay it down again instantly, however, as there came into his mind the remembrance of a letter which had been brought to him just as he went out—too late for him to be able to answer it then. Knowing that it must be answered that evening, he rose, and, going to his table for it, read it again, with a frown on his face.

It was from a Mr. Meredith, speaking of his daughter's serious illness, the result of a carriage accident, and asking if Dr. Walter would be willing to hold a consultation with—and it was this that deepened the frown as he read it—"Dr. Mary Chaston, who has attended my daughter for the last two years." A few polite words as to the way in which Dr. Walter's name had been mentioned to him, and a request that, if it were possible, sometime in the afternoon of the next day might be fixed for the consultation brought Mr. Meredith's letter to an end.

On his first hasty reading of it in the afternoon, Dr. Walter's only thought had been of refusal. He, in common with many other members of his profession, entirely objected to women doctors. His had been one of the strongest voices when several professional friends, with whom he sometimes spent an evening, had thoroughly talked over the question, and had decided that, to their minds, her entrance into the profession was placing woman in an unnatural position, and

would, inevitably, harden the woman who became a doctor to an extent which must take all womanliness from her.

The question of her competency had never been discussed, though probably only because there was perfect unanimity of feeling among them on that part of the subject. Still, though the remembrance of his words was very strongly before his mind, he did not at once begin his note. He sat in front of his table thinking: first, that he had no very definite reason for refusing; of course he could plainly have stated his feelings about women doctors, but, though he hardly had confessed it yet, they were beginning to yield to a strong curiosity to see for himself a woman who, it seemed to him, must have lost her most attractive characteristics; also, he was not, without anxiety, though he would not have said it in so many words, to see what a woman was able to do in the profession to which he had given so much of his life. He was too practical, besides, to lose a chance of doing anything which was "good for the practice" if possible.

This Mr. Meredith, though unknown personally to Dr. Walter, was, he well knew, the centre of a large circle of people to whom he would like to be known. But there came to him, as he had nearly decided, the natural dislike and feeling of something like humiliation at meeting a woman on the equal footing a consultation would imply; and the other considerations nearly faded from his mind before it. They reasserted themselves, however, with great strength in the last of two or three turns he took up and down the room in front of the fire—his favorite way of thinking out a difficulty—and he finally wrote a short note of acquiescence, making an appointment for three o'clock the next day.

"After all," he said aloud, as he threw himself again into his easy-chair, "it will be an experience—I need never repeat it if it is a disagreeable one—and I can

stand half an hour, for once, of short hair, angularity, and spectacles, I think."

The next morning as he drove about the thought of three o'clock occurred, at intervals, to his mind with a sort of unexpressed wish that the consultation were over; he disliked the thought more than he had done on the night before; and once or twice thought that, had it been possible, he would even now have refused. But he came back to his former decision, and it was with rather a sarcastic smile at his vacillation of the morning that he left his own house to keep the appointment. The house at which he arrived had about it the odd hush which illness always gives, familiar enough generally to Dr. Walter; but to-day it seemed to him almost oppressive, and the entrance of Mr. Meredith was a welcome break.

After a few words of greeting, and some mention of his daughter, Mr. Meredith, saying, "You will allow me to introduce you at once to Dr. Mary Chaston," rose. Dr. Walter mechanically rose and followed him through folding doors into a large drawing-room, where a lady stood by the window. Dr. Walter's eyes fell on her at once as he entered the room, and by the time Mr. Meredith was introducing him, he had had time to regain some of the self-possession which the first sight of her had taken away. The slight, tall figure, dressed very well but severely, in gray, was so different from anything he could have imagined, that he felt almost prepared for the face he looked at when Dr. Mary Chaston turned toward him—a face not pretty, not with any especially good feature about it, but with a broad forehead over deep-set, keen blue eyes which would have looked hard, but for the wonderfully sympathetic expression the whole face wore. It was plainly that of a woman to whom life had been earnest, to whom it had brought patience and tenderness; yet it looked to Dr. Walter young still—certainly not more than thirty-three or four. The hand which rested on the

back of a chair as she spoke, was long and very firm, and expressed nearly as much character as her face.

As Mr. Meredith left the room, she turned to Dr. Walter, and the look of her keen blue eyes gave him a curious sensation of being seen mentally as well as physically, while she gave him clearly and concisely all the technical details of the case.

He listened, throwing himself thoroughly into what she was saying, growing more interested every moment, and losing, under the influence of her simple, direct manner, the bewildered surprise which had been his at first. So completely was this the case that he felt himself in a perfectly natural position, and one to which he had long been accustomed, when, a few minutes later, he followed her into the room where all the interest of the house was centred—where the girl lay, whose life Dr. Walter saw at his first glance was nearly over.

The room was full of deep red light from one of the intensely brilliant sunsets which were frequent through that winter. It shone with a curious glow on the white face of the girl, and once Dr. Walter saw it catch and seem to light up the great tenderness now in the blue eyes which could evidently, at times, become the hardest feature of Mary Chaston's face. The light had not faded, only grown deeper, when they came back into the long drawing-room, and it fell on them as they stood together in the window, while Dr. Walter said that he could only confirm the worst view of the case, and tell the father, to whom his daughter was plainly the brightest thing in life, that very few were left of the days for which she could be with him.

Quietly and very gently Mary Chaston walked toward Mr. Meredith when he came into the room to hear the decision which meant so much for him. There was, to Dr. Walter, something about her intensely womanly as she stood there say-

ing the words which brought such sorrow with them. He acquiesced in them with a voice and manner which had lost much of his usual calm, professional stoicism; nor had he entirely regained it when he put Dr. Mary Chaston into her carriage at the door five minutes after, and, raising his hat, walked quickly in the direction of his next patient.

A clock striking four as he passed almost made him start: it seemed more as if a day had passed than only an hour since he stood at Mr. Meredith's door.

All the rest of the afternoon he was too busy to think, for more than a moment at a time, of what alteration—if any—this first experience of them had made in the views of women doctors.

He was very tired when he got home; perhaps that was partly the reason that, though he tried to think the question over calmly and carefully in the light of his afternoon's experience, he could give no fresh argument for or against women as doctors. He was not converted, by any means; but he was persuaded by the woman he had seen that it was possible for women to undertake the work without necessarily putting themselves into a false position; and his last decided thought before he grew too sleepy over his cigar to think coherently, was that he would not afford his friends the amusement he had intended beforehand for them from his account of the first consultation with a woman, but would keep the afternoon's experience to himself.

It was brought before his mind a day or two later very vividly; for as he read the *Times* over his breakfast, his eyes, glancing over that first column which men read none the less because of their sarcasm over women's liking for it, fell on the short notice which told of the death of "Florence Meredith, only daughter of J. Meredith, Esq."—he laid the paper down beside him and his thoughts went back to Dr. Mary Chaston.

He wondered if she felt the girl's death

in proportion to the grieved look which he had seen on her face when his own words told her he thought it a hopeless case. It struck him for the first time how little he himself had cared at any of the times when he had watched death end his work, apart from a feeling of vexation that the skill on which he prided himself had proved useless. The feeling gradually grew upon him all that day, and during many days to come, that it was with men and women he had to deal, not "cases" only—men and women whose death or life meant everything in many cases to those whom they left behind or stayed with. It altered him greatly; and a tenderness which had never before been his, and which could never be his perfectly until he fully realized what wonderful work his daily fight with death was, began to come to him, often unconsciously strengthened by the sudden remembrance of Mary Chaston's face when she bent over the dying girl in the sunset.

A serious epidemic broke out in the end of the winter—the weather was unusually damp and hot—and it gave Dr. Walter severe, almost incessant, work and thought, before it could be at all subdued.

One evening, as he walked from a patient's house to the street where he had arranged that his carriage should meet him, he was thinking very earnestly over some sanitary measures which had occurred to him as likely to prevent a fresh outbreak. He was so much engrossed in these thoughts that he did not notice, until he was close to it, the small crowd on the outskirts of which he was passing. He gave a hurried glance at it, and, seeing that the centre of it was a carriage more or less "smashed," he waited a moment that he might find out if any one was hurt.

At that instant the crowd moved that a lady might come through it on to the pavement, and, looking in the same direction as every one else, Dr. Walter saw, walking slowly, with a face which, though not alarmed, was very white, Mary Chas-

ton. He made his way through the people to her instantly, and said:

"What can I do for you? How can I help you?"

"Thank you," she answered, evidently knowing him again at once, "the man will do all that is possible; and I—I will, I think, walk straight home."

But the rather uncertain sound of her voice made Dr. Walter, without ceremony, put her hand on his arm, saying:

"No, you will let me drive you; my carriage is near."

"Thank you," she said once more.

When they reached his carriage, he put her in carefully, asked her address, and, after a look at the white face which leant back against the dark cushions of his hansom, said: "You will let me see you safely home," and got in beside her. They drove in silence, which she only once broke to tell him how the accident had happened and to excuse herself for what she called her "very unprofessional weakness."

He answered lightly, and then silently watched the familiar streets as they passed with a curious feeling of keen pleasure in the help he had been at hand to give, which made him try to place the rugs still more carefully round the slight figure beside him.

They reached the address she had given—one of those dark, gloomy-looking houses which seem, by force of contrast, to speak of a bright interior—and having seen her safely into her own house he left her, asking first if he might call to assure himself that she was not hurt.

On the next afternoon he came to the end of his work, and gave his coachman Dr. Mary Chaston's address, with mixed feelings—of hesitation, to which nothing would have induced him to give its real name of shyness, and of pleasure at the thought of seeing again the face which had been much in his thoughts since the evening before. He was shown up-stairs on reaching the gloomy-looking house into



a room of which the only characteristics he could distinctly remember afterward, were a strong scent of violets and a long, low, chintz-covered couch near the fire, in the corner of which Mary Chaston was sitting reading. She rose to meet him, and as she came nearer he saw that some of the violets—white ones—were in her dress. They sat down, and she thanked him for his help with a sort of gracious earnestness which made him feel it impossible to find strong enough words to disclaim the idea of having done anything worthy of it.

The spring evenings were not very long yet; in the rather dark room the firelight became quickly brighter than the daylight; and this perhaps helped to make Dr. Walter feel it utterly impossible to do or say anything conventional. The feeling grew stronger every moment; he could, it seemed to him, take up none of the ordinary subjects with which he was accustomed to "make conversation" to the women he met on the rare occasions when he dined out. His answers to her were very little more than monosyllabic, and yet he did not want to go; this woman made him long to talk to her, and at last, in desperation, he did what he had determined nothing should induce him to do with her—he began to talk of the case over which they first met. He touched on it only at first; but she took it up at once, and in a minute or two she had roused herself from her half-leaning position with a quick, energetic movement, and every line of her still white face was distinct in the firelight.

Very earnestly she answered his hesitating sentences, and to Dr. Walter's own intense surprise, when he came to think of it afterward, they had in a moment begun a discussion on a disputed scientific point which was just then exciting the medical world. Dr. Walter forgot utterly that he was talking to a woman only. It was as much as he could do to maintain the ground on which, when

he had cursorily thought over the point on seeing it alluded to in a medical paper, he had thought himself so firmly established. He found he had met a woman who knew far more about this particular point, far more about things not technical, than he himself did; and when their argument ended, he frankly owned himself wrong. The ten minutes it had taken had made them know each other better than ten months of ordinary intercourse; and when she went on to talk of professional difficulties and discouragements, and the rare successes which, to her, seemed amply to make up for them, it did not once seem strange that she should be saying all this to him; he only felt as if he suddenly saw a new world—a world where the glory of their common work lay, not in the intellectual triumphs it brought them, but in its power to lighten some of the heaviest darkness in life. The words which, as she said them, brought a faint color into Mary Chaston's face—"The profession seems to me most nearly to touch the ideal life, one in which it is possible to live for those who are here with us"—so filled his mind that he could say nothing to her in answer, while she walked toward a bookcase for a scientific book she had promised to lend him. He took it, thanked her, and said good-bye—still thinking.

On reaching his own room the first thing that caught his eye lying under his reading lamp was a cynical novel he had been reading late the night before. Two or three of the cutting epigrammatic sentences he had enjoyed then come before his mind now; and, feeling as if the book represented the hardness he had never before recognized in himself, he flung it with a furious impulse into the fire.

For long after this his work seemed to him impossible almost, the ideal Mary Chaston's words had shown him was always with him, and, in the light of it, the self-contempt with which he looked at his own life strengthened daily. At intervals the hard, narrow view which had been

his for all these years seemed enough, but only at intervals. He could not settle again into the callousness from which he had been roused; and, as each day's work forced on him the knowledge that his view of life and the higher one that she had shown him were incompatible, the conflict, from being half unconscious, became intensely earnest.

## PART II.

THE summer was long and hot. Dr. Walter found it was as much as he could do to get every day's work well done in the heat and lack of energy which was the result of it. Two or three difficult cases, which he could not leave to any one else, kept him in town long after the time when he had hoped to get away. He grew very tired, and there was, it seemed to him for the first time, a loneliness and emptiness in his life. He grew to hate the evenings which he spent, chiefly sitting thinking in his room, in the long summer twilight, which is often, when spent in solitude, far more depressing than the gloomiest day in winter; and when at last, late in August, he found himself able to get away, and obliged to decide definitely where to go, he thought he would claim a long-standing invitation given him by some cousins to come to them when he could, and for as long as he liked. He went down to their home in Wiltshire on a Saturday evening, and got out of the train at the pretty little country-station, wondering whether any one would meet him, and how he should get his luggage taken from the station to his cousin's house, which was, as far as he remembered, about three miles away. He had not more than an instant to wait in uncertainty. Two girls at whom he had looked as the train came in, but without recognizing them, came quickly up to him.

"Cousin Tom, this is you, I suppose. It is so long since we met, you know, you must forgive me for having forgotten you—Frank is outside with the carriage. We

came in to find you, as he could not leave the horse. This is Kitty, as you will have guessed."

Dr. Walter turned from his elder cousin, in whose bright face he began to recognize the same he had known as much rounder and more childishly pretty, to the younger and shorter of the two, who was a curious contrast to her sister. She was dark, very dark, with bright, really black eyes, which seemed the centre of the rather coquettish expression of her whole face. Dr. Walter took the hand she gave him, saying smilingly: "Yes, I should have guessed, that's just it. I shouldn't have known, you are both so altered."

"Of course, Tom," said Madge Carlton, laughing. "Why, I'm rapidly becoming an old woman. These years haven't altered you so much as I thought at first, though. Is that your portmanteau? Will you make the man bring it to the carriage? Frank will be wondering where we are. Oh! thank you"—as he picked up a red sunshade which fell suddenly—"that is Kitty's. You careless girl, you will lose your belongings some day."

"Very likely," said Kitty, nonchalantly, as she took the sunshade from Dr. Walter and thanked him, as it seemed to him, a little carelessly.

They found their brother outside. There was no renewal of acquaintance to be made between him and his cousin, for Frank Carlton was in London at rather frequent intervals, and rarely failed to do what he called "look up" Dr. Walter. Half an hour's drive brought them to the pretty, old, red brick house, covered on one side with roses—white roses, which flowered nearly all the summer. Inside the rooms looked cool, hot though the afternoon had been—really rooms to rest in, Dr. Walter found them, not dusty, and full of concentrated hot air like those he had gladly left to his housekeeper's care that morning. And it was evident that his cousins meant that he should rest and enjoy himself.

Over the tea, which was carried out into the garden, Madge Carlton suggested many plans for the next week, which met with a ready assent from her brother and Kitty. The three had lost their father and mother very early, and the two girls had lived with their brother ever since they had grown up. The next day was Sunday, and in the evening they all strolled across the fields to a tiny village church. They had not gone far on their way back when they found that Kitty was not, in her usual fashion, slowly coming behind them, making fun of the odds and ends of conversation she could catch. Madge wanted to go back and look for her, but Frank, saying, with an irritated tone in his voice, "She'll turn up and escorted all right, don't be afraid," made them come home.

They were standing in the drawing-room waiting for supper before Kitty was to be seen in the garden dragging down with her sunshade bits of the climbing roses over the summer-house, while a boy—only the name would have hurt his feelings—gathered them for her. Five minutes later she slipped into her place beside Frank at the supper table, with one of the roses in her dress. The mischievous smile with which she looked up into his face was her only answer to Frank when he said:

"Kitty, you are late again. Was that one of the Vicarage pupils in the garden? I will not have them hanging about like that. You are not to let them walk home with you, unless you make them come into supper reasonably."

After supper Frank and his cousin went into the garden to smoke. It was quite dark outside, and the light in the hall made Kitty's figure stand out brilliantly as she stood on the steps under the lamp in one of the red dresses she almost always wore. Wonderfully pretty she looked, with the light on her little, piquante brown face, as she called:

"Where are you and Tom, Frank?

I'm coming to you for a cigarette, I think."

She came to Dr. Walter's side and walked up and down with them. The grass grew slippery with dew. Kitty's thin shoes prevented her having a very steady footing, and when Dr. Walter offered his arm she took it laughingly, and every time they came to the end of the walk turned so determinedly back for another turn that Madge at last called to them from the drawing-room window in desperation to know when they were coming in.

It was too hot on Monday to do anything but sit in the garden with books; much too hot, Kitty declared, to make a call, to pay which Madge finally had to set out alone.

"Much too sedate and prim for me the Wilsons are," she confided to Dr. Walter. "I never can be sedate, you know."

Dr. Walter laughed and looked at the little figure beside him, swinging in a hammock in anything but a sedate attitude, with a look not unmixed with admiration.

"They are just Madge's sort of girls," she went on, "very sensible, very good, and—"

"Well, what more do you want?" said Dr. Walter.

Kitty gave one of those smiles that gave her face a look for which bewitching is the only term.

"Oh! you can answer that for yourself to-morrow. They will go with us for the water picnic, and you can study them all day and tell me."

Dr. Walter did not have much chance or much time, however, to study any one but Kitty during the long day which they spent either on the river or lounging on the banks. He found none of it so pleasant as the hour he spent lying on the grass smoking, under a tree, with Kitty sitting on one of its very lowest branches tormentingly throwing at him bits of stick and anything else she could find.

He returned them at intervals, when he felt energetic enough; and Kitty's face, as

she laughingly and skillfully defended herself with her hat, and threw more at him "to teach him to aim better," was fascinating enough to make him fail to realize how late it was growing. The damp grass, and the fact that the voices of the others began to sound far away, made him suddenly jump up with an exclamation at the lateness of the hour, to which Kitty answered:

"Oh! didn't you know that? I did. Madge called us a quarter of an hour ago; but I thought it wasn't good for her to have what she wanted so quickly, and I didn't answer. They've only walked on to the inn, you know, for the carriages. Come along, we shall be comfortably in time to get into one of them, which is the great thing," and she slipped her hand into his arm as they walked up the bank leading into the dark plantation.

Dr. Walter took the little brown hand and drew it farther into his arm. He was beginning to feel "Kitty's ways," as her friends called them, very fascinating.

The days slipped away so quickly and so pleasantly for Dr. Walter, that the end of a fortnight found him most unwilling even to think that he must soon go back to his work. But by way of making himself realize that it must be so, he said one morning at breakfast that he ought to be back with his patients again.

Frank and Madge remonstrated, of course, and Kitty struck in hastily:

"Well, Frank, you must let us give that dance you promised, and then, Tom, you must stay for it, and that will be a little longer."

Dr. Walter lifted his eyes to meet Kitty's across the table, looking at him from under her dark lashes with what seemed to him a very entreating glance. He liked dancing, and the thought of watching Kitty's thorough enjoyment was decidedly attractive. He could not resist it, so he said:

"Well, since you are determined to make me hopelessly idle and dissipated,

I must give in. I can arrange for a few more days."

"Well, Madge, to-morrow week. Will that do, do you think?" cried Kitty, her eager face looking prettier than ever as she leaned on the table, playing with the sugar-tongs. "If you don't seize the opportunity, Frank will change his mind and say we can't have it. Frank"—turning to him hastily—"who will you ask down here for it? Any of the men we had in the winter? Mind they're men who can dance—who won't want to shoot all day and pretend they're tired in the evening."

"Well, I'll promise you they shall be useful as well as ornamental, Kitty," said Frank. "Madge, I suppose you could find room for four?"

"Yes, certainly. Who will you ask?"

"Well, Marsham Brown certainly, and perhaps Jack and Charlie Graham; you'll see to the people about here; if we must we must, and you'll make it go all right," with a smiling, confident look at his elder sister, on whose powers of arrangement he knew he might depend. So to Kitty's enthusiastic delight, which she showed by hanging round Frank's neck till he laughingly shook her off, it was settled.

Frank's guests arrived on the evening before the dance. The one of whom he had spoken—Mr. Marsham Brown—had stayed with them before, but not for some time.

Kitty announced at breakfast next day that she should be far too busy to have any tennis or to "waste any time in the garden," as she put it.

Dr. Walter looked, what he felt, disappointed, but he determined to spend the day in a walk to a ruin near, which he had long wished to see.

It was a lovely early-autumn day, with that curious, heavy stillness over everything which is, after a little while, almost saddening.

The wonder which came to Dr. Walter about the middle of the day, as to what



the lively household he had left behind were likely to be doing, was followed by a sigh when he thought of the life to which he must so soon go back. The weary sense of loneliness which had weighed on him before he left town, and which he had hoped was the result of physical and mental fatigue, only came upon him now more strongly than ever. His work, of course, was there, and he told himself that it was and must be quite enough for him. But to-day there seemed a sort of background of dreariness—dreary evenings and mornings—the thought of which he did not like to face; and for the first time, rather to his own surprise, it struck him that a wife might make everything very different for him. With the thought of a lady's presence in those dark, dusty rooms of his, suddenly Kitty's bright ways and looks came before him. He wondered if she could alter his lonely life for him; if, were he to ask her, she would bring into his life, which seemed to him to-day terribly empty and dull, that indefinable something which it wanted.

He went on and on, forgetting the object of his walk altogether—all his thoughts were taken up with this new idea which had come to him. Finally he thought he would try to find out, perhaps that evening, if Kitty were really able to do all this for him.

It was late when he got in. Madge was in the drawing-room, and gave him tea before he went up to dress. When he came down again an hour later, it had grown nearly dark, and coming out of the dim passage he could not see when he first pushed aside the curtain over the doorway who was in the drawing-room, only one end of which was as yet lighted. In another moment he saw under the lamp Kitty, dressed, with a garnet necklace round her pretty neck, which caught the light in flashes as she moved. Mr. Marsham Brown was standing beside her, an empty box in his hand. Her pretty head was bent over the white flowers she

was fastening carefully into the front of her dress. Neither of them saw Dr. Walter, and the strong, sweet scent of the violets came to him at the same moment as he heard Kitty say:

"Violets, too, which no one else will have—I don't know how to thank you—you know how I like them—from you."

She lowered her voice to say the last few words, and looked up into the face of the man who gazed so admiringly at her, with a look that evidently meant much to him. Dr. Walter turned abruptly from where he stood just inside the doorway, and went straight out through the open hall door into the darkest of the garden paths.

He no longer saw Kitty or the drawing-room; the scent of the flowers had brought back to him another room, and another woman with white violets in her dress—a woman whom he suddenly longed to see with an overpowering longing. How had he been so foolish, such an idiot! Love Kitty! marry Kitty! Why had he not known all these months what he knew with sudden certainty now, that Mary Chaston's love was the only thing that could fill up the want in his life? He felt all at once as if it was impossible to get through the hours which must pass before he could tell her so—for tell her he must, whatever she said in answer.

Up and down the grass he walked, and when he went in to meet Frank's inquiries as to "what in the world he had been doing to make him so late?" he had to put some force on himself to make his answer coherent, and his conversation to the girls he danced with either sensible or amusing.

He made one of the letters which he found when he came down the next day an excuse for leaving his cousins that afternoon, in spite of their remonstrances.

Yet, when he reached home, a feeling that he could not define made him wait till nearly the evening of the day after before he went to her. He walked slowly toward her house, though he would not

let himself think of what he would say; he wanted what she had to give too much to think how he would ask for it. He went up into the same room in which he had seen her before, and waited a moment or two before Mary Chaston came to him. She had only just come in and was wearing her hat still. Rather surprised he fancied she looked, but she only apologized for keeping him waiting, and said smilingly: "Did you like that book I lent you? You never told me when you sent it back. Are you come to prove you did by letting me lend you another of his?"

"No," he answered, "that isn't what I want." Something in his voice apparently prevented her from speaking lightly again; for saying quickly that it was very chilly and that she should indulge in a fire, she threw off her hat, and, taking a match-box from the mantel-shelf, knelt down and lit it herself.

Dr. Walter watched her firm hands for

the moment she did it, and longed to take them into his own, but he waited till she rose and stood facing him, with one hand resting on the mantel-piece, to say:

"No. I have come to ask you a question which I hardly know how to put into any words. You have shown me what life ought to be; will you come into mine and help me to live it? Will you love me?"

She had turned toward the fire at his first word—her fingers tightened over the tiny ornament she held with a grasp which grew every instant more intense, and Dr. Walter could see how she was trembling. Still her face was turned away, and she said nothing until—at last—he very gently touched the hand nearest him with his own, when she suddenly turned, held out both hands, and lifted her face to his, only to hide it again the next instant, but this time on his shoulder, as she said: "Will I?—I do love you."

## "UNDERGROUND."

### A REMINISCENCE.

MY home was in a New York village on Lake Ontario, and not far from Syracuse, which, as every one knows, was a great anti-slavery place in the old days before the war.

I cannot recall a time when the word "slavery" was not a perfect terror to me. I heard so much talk among the grown people about it, for, be it remembered, my childhood was passing just at the exciting period when the "Jerry rescue" and other kindred cases were filling the public mind.

I could not have been more than six years old when they sent me to the country to visit my grandmother. I found in the garret one day an old book, yellow and moth-eaten, and with one-half the cover gone. It was entitled *The Life of Charles Ball, an Escaped Slave*. This book I devoured with the greatest interest, and it took the strongest hold upon my childish imagination. Of course, I did not understand half of it, but I absorbed just enough to make me ever afterward wide-awake to the mention of slavery and everything connected with it.

I asked my grandmother if *Charles Ball* was a true story.

"Go away, child, and play with your doll; and don't rummage any more among the things in the attic," was the reply.

"Such a baby reading!" I heard her muttering, contemptuously; "I wouldn't let her even see a book if she were my child."

I was silenced for the time, for my stately grandmother was an object of great

reverence to my childish mind, but the terrible revelations in *Charles Ball* had taken such hold upon me that it became a perfect nightmare ever afterward.

I used to see his black face peering at me from shadowy corners of the room after they had put me to bed and carried away the candle and the fire burned low on the hearth, and I have shrieked aloud on the street if a dog came toward me, fearing it was a dreadful bloodhound and would rush upon me, as they did upon Charles Ball when he took refuge in the swamp.

Gerrit Smith was then in his prime, and, as every one remembers, a devoted follower of Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and himself a most enthusiastic and uncompromising anti-slavery man.

I saw him often at the house of an uncle of mine with whom he was on terms of the greatest intimacy. His splendid physique and deep, sonorous voice attracted me, and I always listened when he talked, and tried my best to understand.

One night we children were playing quietly in the library, while Mr. Smith and the older members of the family were talking eagerly and excitedly in the parlor adjoining. The door was open and we could hear every word.

"How many were sent?" said my uncle.

"Five," was the reply, "and we shall start four of them at midnight by the 'underground.'"

"What about the other? can't he go too?"

"No! there is only room for the four; he must be taken in somewhere—could you keep him?" this to my aunt.

"Certainly! send him here," was her prompt reply.

"Frank, what do they mean by the 'underground' that they talk all the time about?" I said to my little cousin after we had been put to bed for the night.

"Oh! I s'pose it's a railroad dug out under the earth somewhere," was the sleepy rejoinder.

Just then the door opened softly and I saw my aunt with a candle in her hand coming toward the bed.

"Children," said she, "get up and come with me. I have something to show you." So we wonderingly obeyed, clambering down out of the high-posted bed and following her hand-in-hand in our bare feet, our little white nightgowns trailing over the floor as we went.

I thought that auntie was very pale and acted queerly, but there was no time to ask questions, for she hurried us along quite away from our part of the house and down two or three steps into a passage, from which the servants' rooms led.

Here she opened a door and motioned for us to enter a small room at the very end of the hall. We followed, and she shut the door behind her. On the side of the bed sat a tall, strong-looking man, as black as night. He was enveloped in a blanket which covered him completely except his shoulders and back, which were uncovered. He grinned in a very friendly manner as he saw the two little, shrinking figures and said, "How d'ye, little misses," stretching out at the same time his great black hand to me. I had seldom in my short life seen a colored person, so I was too much alarmed to speak and tried to hide myself in the folds of my aunt's dress.

I thought, "It's that same black man, Charles Ball! he wasn't dead at all."

"Here, children, look at *this!*" said my aunt, and she held the light close to the man's shoulders, and we saw long welts or stripes all over them. He seemed covered with lines crossing and recrossing each other in every direction. We children just stared and said not a word.

"Look! Frank, and you, Margaret, look at this!" cried my aunt, in a trembling and excited voice. "I want you both to remember this as long as you live. This poor man was a *slave*, and he has run away from his master, who had him whipped in this cruel way! *Never* forget it, children, as long as you live, and *never* have anything to do with people who *own* their fellow-men and treat them like this!" and here my aunt, who was ordinarily a very strong, composed person, burst into a flood of passionate tears.

Of course, we both began to cry too in sympathy with her, but with only a vague idea of what it all meant.

Just then a servant came in with a great tray of provisions, and the black man's eyes gleamed appreciation as he fell to with a will.

"Mistiss," he said, "yo' su'tny is good to dis pore niggah."

"Do not say *mistress* to me, my friend. Please God, you will never have another mistress nor master either, save the Lord in Heaven."

The man looked much bewildered, and muttered only "Yas, missis," and went on with his meal, while we stole quietly out of the room and went back to bed, but not to sleep, for we were both too thoroughly excited to do anything but cry and cling to each other and cover our heads with the bedclothes at every sound we heard.

The next day I asked my aunt timidly, "Where was that big black man?"

"Oh! he has gone. They took him away at daylight by the underground."

I felt sure then that he was dead and buried, for that was all the idea I was able to connect with that mysterious word.



We had Irish servants, of course, in those days. Either a Bridget or a Mary Ann or an Ellen was invariably our cook—and these names seemed always succeeding each other. It was Bridget who stole the spoons and made heavy bread; it was Ellen whose "cousin" came so often to see her, and Mary Ann who drank whisky and set the curtains on fire. These were some of the points of individuality by which we distinguished the departed worthies of our household; but one day on my return from school my mother called me to her.

"Margaret," she said, "we have a new cook, and you must not be at all afraid of her, although she is a colored woman, but try to be very kind to her."

"Black! is she a black woman?" I cried in great excitement. "Where did you get her?"

"Your father heard of her; she was sent on by the 'underground.'"

I waited for no more, but flew to the kitchen to satisfy myself.

Sure enough, there she was, a great, stout, jolly-looking colored woman, standing by the table molding some bread.

My first impulse was to draw cautiously near enough to look in the tray to see if the black "rubbed off," but much to my surprise, the flour was as white as usual.

"How d'ye, honey," said she, in a friendly way, to me, and nodded her woolly head, which was partly covered by a yellow cotton handkerchief, while she worked away at the bread, and directly she was patting tenderly the great white loaves and tucking them into the pans to rise.

Here, thought I, is my opportunity, so I abruptly embraced it.

"Where did you come from? How did you get out of the ground? Have you been dead a long time?"

The woman looked down at me with her mouth wide open; then, rolling her great eyes so far back that I could see nothing but the whites, she threw up her floury

hands and burst out into a loud, good-humored laugh.

"The laws bress ye, honey; no, I ain' nuver bin daid t'all. I'se jes' as live as yo' is, chile. Yo' jes' wait, honey, an' see what nice turnovers I'se gwine make fur y' all's supper, *den* ye'll know dis niggah ain' bin daid yit."

From that day dated my intimacy with Chloe, the new cook, and also a decidedly new era in our household affairs.

My mother, who had agonized, like poor Dora in *David Copperfield*, over "a long line of incapables" fresh from the Green Isle, looked actually ten years younger when Chloe had reigned two months in our kitchen, and the whole household, old and young, was jubilant over the delicious and entirely novel bill of fare to which we were daily treated.

Such snow-white beaten biscuits; such muffins and waffles as we luxuriated in; such hoe-cakes and Sally Lunns as she sent to the table, and which literally "melted in our mouths." And we thought we had eaten chicken before, but the crisp, golden-brown fried chicken that Chloe served was quite another thing; and then, one day when she sent in an old ham, boiled, then baked, stuck full of cloves and garnished with parsley, the cup of creature comfort seemed too full. We children ate and rejoiced, but the older ones commented freely.

"Well," said my father, "I don't wonder they try to catch 'em when they run away, if they're all like Chloe. I'm almost tempted to move down myself, for we certainly never have lived like this. Now just look at these rolls, will you? I shudder to think of the quantity of sour, heavy bread that we have consumed."

"Yes, George, it is all very nice when it gets in here," said my mother, "but you just ought to see the inside of the kitchen. She only cleans up spasmodically and periodically, and when I remonstrate what do you think she answers? 'The laws, miss', don't you 'stress yo'self 'bout

tings. I hez to study so much to git sumpin or other fur Mass' Gawge, caz ye see men hez to be tended to 'bout dar eatin'.' I went out again in the evening, and there she sat, with the unwashed utensils all about her—potato skins and the like all over the floor—singing away in the most serene style. My conscience actually hurts me every time I think of that kitchen."

"My dear, 'take the goods the gods provide.' Let Chloe alone and spend all your spare time in thanking Heaven for the only decent food we have ever had on our table," was the very man-like response.

And oh! the delightful stories that Chloe told us! It was like living in fairy land, or like having Aladdin's wonderful lamp. We had only to go and pick up a basket of chips and carry them out to the kitchen as a sort of propitiatory offering, and say, "Now tell us some more about Virginia," and she would stuff her pipe full of tobacco and puff away while she spun out the most thrilling stories.

Best of all, we liked to hear about ole "Marse Phil" and her little "Miss Joan" and young "Marse Billy," how they had each of them "a real live pony, and two or three 'little niggahs' to wait on 'em, and how 'ole Marse' always let ev'ybody cotch him sayin' 'Chris'mas giff' on Christmas mornin', and give ev'y single one a present, and let 'em have a violin and dance mos' all night long."

I suspect I was rather an observant, logical child, for at this point I invariably stopped Chloe's eloquence by abruptly asking, "What did you run away for, if 'ole Master' was so good to you and gave you so many things?"

"Law, chile, don' you spect I want ter b'long to myself? Co'se I had a easy time, but I want ter see how t'would feel to be my own niggah, that's huc'come me to run off to the Yankees."

Chloe's songs were our supreme delight. One we never tired of. It began—

"O mohners! O mohners! over me, over me,  
An' befo' I'd be a slave  
I'd be berried in my grave,  
And go home to my Lawd an' be saved.

"O preachers! O preachers! over me, over me,  
An' befo' I'd be a slave  
I'd be berried in my grave,  
An' go home to my Lawd an' be saved."

This "hymn" we enjoyed on Sundays, as Chloe assured us it was a "revival song," and we were, of course, not permitted to indulge in any very hilarious music on that day; but I think we liked best another one which she sung to a lively measure, beating time with her foot, and occasionally slapping her hands together in a most ecstatic manner. It was this—

"Them golden slippers I'm boun' to wear,  
Them golden slippers I'm boun' to wear,  
O sinners! far-ye-well.

"I'm boun' fur to wear dat stairry crown,  
I'm boun' fur to wear dat stairry crown,  
O sinners! far-ye-well."

We thought we knew all that was worth knowing about life on a Southern plantation, and as to ghost stories and signs and haunts and death-watches we would have quite appalled our mother if we had divulged all of the delicious but blood-curdling knowledge we had acquired.

There was only one thing that we at first rebelled at in Chloe's administration, and that was calling her "aunt."

"Taint spec'ful," said she, "to come askin' me for anything 'n jes' say 'Chloe.' Dat ar's jes' like poor white trash. Yer ma's quality, an' ye all oughter be quality chillun an' say 'Aunt Chloe' every time."

"But you *aint* our aunt," I burst forth. "Mamma's sister is our Aunt Jennie. You're *black*! You can't be our sure-enough aunt."

"Nuvver mine, chillun whar ain' spec'ful won't git turnovers an' horse-cakes," was the sententious reply, and like some older people, seeing in which direction our interests lay, we modified our conduct accordingly, and soon said "Aunt Chloe"

every time, much to our father's amusement.

For a whole year we lived upon the "fat of the land," and then the end came.

Aunt Chloe was sent to the village store on an errand one day, and returned directly in the greatest excitement.

"Whar's yer ma?" were her first words, and she went immediately up to my mother's room.

I blush to own that, impelled by the same fatal passion which ruined my Mother Eve, I followed Chloe softly and listened in the dressing-room.

"O mistiss! I'se got to go right *now*! Send me off fur de Lawd's sake; jes' as quick ez yo' kin do it. I done seen him; I seen young Marse Nelson what lives jinin' we all's place, an' he's gwine tell Marse Phil, an' he'll come and git me sho'! Lem me go *now*, mistiss! I ain' gwine be taken back when I'se done owned myself for a whole year!" and the poor thing sobbed aloud. Then I heard my mother's gentle tones trying to calm her wild excitement as best she could.

It turned out that she had seen on the hotel veranda, as she went down the village street, the well-known face of a young man who lived in Virginia on the adjoining plantation to that of her masters, and her only safe plan was to start at once for Canada before he could have time to communicate with her owners.

How well I remember that last supper of poor Chloe's! We had broiled chicken and some of her most ravishing flannel cakes, while at the end of the table stood a golden brown "Sally Lunn." I can see her black face without her usual smile as she appeared now and then with relays of hot cakes from the kitchen.

Very little was said. I was like "new wine in an old bottle," full of curiosity and excitement; but I dared not ask a question, lest I should betray the disgraceful fact that I had been guilty of listening.

That night I was wakened by footsteps and voices on the front porch.

"Farwell, mistiss! farwell! I lub you all mos' like ole mistiss! tell de chillun farwell fur Chloe!" and then a wagon rumbled away down the street and all was silent again.

The next morning no one came to call us, so we slept late, and when we did get up there was nobody to help us dress, so we scrambled into our clothes and went down-stairs. I looked into the dining-room and saw that the cloth was laid, but there was no breakfast to be seen. I opened the door leading into the kitchen, and dreary enough was the sight.

Amid the dire confusion which Chloe had left behind her—such as kettles and skillets innumerable, unwashed pots and pans, together with the scraps and refuse of yesterday's dinner—my poor mother stood at the fire trying to evolve breakfast from the chaos that surrounded her.

My father surveyed the field from the door where he stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets—whistling long and low occasionally, as if to relieve his overcharged feelings.

"Pretty bad outlook, my dear, isn't it? but she was a 'stunner' of a cook while she did stay."

"Papa," I cried, "where is Aunt Chloe? What have you done with her? Why is mamma getting the breakfast?"

"Your 'aunt' has been spirited off to Canada by the underground road, and you will, for the present, have to take up with white folks instead," whereupon I threw myself flat upon the floor and refused to be comforted.

"Oh! I loved her. I wanted her to stay always!" I cried, in bitterness of spirit.

Then my father grew sorry for me and picked me up from the floor and tried to pacify me as well as he could, explaining what was meant by the "underground" road, and telling me that if the beloved Chloe had remained with us her old

master, Mr. Philip Maberry, would very likely have come on from Virginia and carried her back to be a slave.

"I *hate* them!" I cried, passionately. "I wish every slaveholder was dead! I'll never speak to one of them as long as I live!"

\* \* \* \* \*

That row of small stars, which people put into their stories, is a very great convenience, since it saves the trouble of telling minutely what happens to everybody during long periods of time. In this true story that I am telling, the stars simply mean that sixteen years had gone by, during which time I had grown from child to woman, and, alas for my consistency! had so far forgotten my early training and principles that I was actually on the eve of marrying one of the very class whom I had so cordially hated and so bitterly denounced.

Wise people were beginning to see danger ahead, for it was the year '59, and some of our friends looked very grave, and said:

"I would not let a daughter of mine marry a Southern man for anything." But *I* feared nothing; not a shadow was over the rose-hued future that stretched before *me*. War! what even could *war* be to me with that strong arm to lean upon? Slavery! yes, no doubt it might be an evil in the abstract, but never the awful crime I had once pictured it, or *he*—the ideal of manly excellence and virtue—could not have lived all his life with it, and without a protest. And so the day came, and the vows were spoken, and I was borne away to a new home, under the shadow of the blue mountains of Virginia, and to be counted henceforth as one of the race I had so fervently hated.

A wide, old-fashioned brick house, shaded by spreading oak trees; a green lawn bordered by a well-trimmed hedge, roses blooming everywhere, and the air laden with their fragrance; a great, roomy porch, overhung with "Virginia creeper,"

interspersed with huge clusters of dead white "Bankshia" roses—this was the setting to the picture—the mere outlines that I took in as we wound up the carriage drive to my new home, my husband's old home.

Rows of dark faces had grinned at us as the big gate opened, and "How d'ye, Marse Jack?" "How d'ye, mistiss?" came, it seemed to me, from behind every other tree as we drove along. One voice in a tone of suppressed excitement came from directly over my head: "The laws! ef thar ain' Marse Jack wid a wife!" I looked up in some alarm, and saw a little, woolly head and a grinning face right among the oak leaves above us.

"What are you doing up there, Jake, you rascal? Come down!" cried my husband, laughingly.

"Jes' wen' up to see de bride, sah!" was the unabashed reply.

Now we are at the door—now I am out of the carriage and in the arms of a white-haired, noble-looking old man.

"Welcome! welcome home, my daughter!" was whispered, as he held me close, and then I turned to the others to receive the same warm and loving greeting.

"Here!" said my husband, "you are not done yet; you must be introduced to the rest of the family," and I was carried off to the back porch and duly presented to the colored people. Here came Rhoda and Tildy and Jake and Humphrey and Billy and Betty, so many there were to shake my hand that I was quite bewildered, and felt strangely as if the world was full of colored folks, and the white people were the exceptions.

My husband's policy had been to say very little to me on the subject about which he knew we must differ so widely, wisely concluding that a little observation would do more to modify a woman's opinion than the stiffest arguments, and I *did* observe, and every day was like a new chapter in a story.



The colored people were a study to me, and the white family another; and while I was taking observations myself, I was also being discussed, and not always favorably, as I learned one day, greatly to my amusement.

"How many niggers has Marse Jack's wife got?" asked Aunt Rhoda, the cook, of my mother-in-law.

"She has none at all," was the dignified reply—"no niggers at all."

"I jes' want to know huc'come ole marster's onlies' son go an' marry a 'pore white trash!'"

It was then carefully explained to the old woman that her young mistress came from a part of the country where it was not considered necessary that a bride's outfit should include "niggers," but it was not at all satisfactory, for she felt that the family traditions had been violated, and I think she never quite forgave me for coming into the family without the customary accession of colored people.

I had been taught when a little girl to repeat most devoutly the hymn containing much pious thankfulness about the fact that

"I was not born a little slave,  
To labor in the sun,  
And wish I were but in my grave  
And all my labor done."

But when I saw every day the small darkies gamboling about the grounds, well fed and decently clothed, I confessed to myself that they certainly did not seem to be pining for early graves; and then when on long winter evenings these same young ones came sidling and grinning into "ole miss's" room with all their shining white teeth displayed and eyes rolled back in preternatural solemnity to be drilled in the "'Postles' creed," as they called it, and to be taught the catechism and Scripture texts, candor compelled me to remember that my own mother and the aforementioned aunt had not been wont to interest themselves to that extent about the souls of the migratory children

of Erin who came and went in their homes.

My first glimpse at the inside of a Virginia kitchen was an era to me. A dinner party was impending, and I went with a message to Aunt Rhoda, the cook. I paused at the door, and the scene was worthy one of the "old masters."

The great fireplace was full of red-hot coals, but not a blaze to be seen anywhere, and all over the stone hearth stood innumerable "ovens" with glowing coals under and over them. In this big oven was a turkey, in the next a ham receiving its brown finish, while from the next one came the appetizing odor of fried chicken. Cakes, pies, vegetables, everything necessary for a first-class dinner was on that hearth in what seemed to my eyes the most inextricable confusion, but over all Aunt Rhoda reigned supreme. There she sat—not lifting her own hand, but issuing orders like a brigadier.

"Here, you Bet, lif' de kiver off dat chicken."

"Bill, run to de wood-pile an' bring me some chips an' put in under dat dar ham."

"You, Matildy, see ef dat turkey gitten right brown."

"Jes' run to de gyarden an' git me some pasley," etc.

"Such lazy niggahs I never did see—you Jim, run to de spring an' fetch me a bucket o' water," and they flew about, executing her mandates, assisted from time to time by a dextrous cuff which she administered to accelerate matters.

And the dinner that finally emerged from that chaos, O ye gods! such a dinner!

Then a great event transpired, for Matilda, Aunt Rhoda's daughter, was married, and extensive preparations were set on foot.

I was amazed, for it seemed to me that if the daughter of the house had been the bride, very little more could have been done.

China and damask for the table, cakes and flowers and fruit, and, save that the festivities were conducted in the kitchen and not in the house, it was all like any marriage in the family. A year later poor Matilda's short life was over, and a little wailing black baby was brought every day to my mother-in-law's own room and tenderly cared for till it went away to join its mother.

Of course, the family went to the funeral, and I came near disgracing myself forever with all the colored people of the neighborhood.

Old Uncle Mat, a colored preacher, held in great estimation by both white and black, officiated at the final services in the cemetery, and as he bared his fine old head and took his stand at the end of the open grave to make the closing prayer, I thought I had seldom seen a more venerable and expressive face. His opening sentence was:

"We thank Thee, O Lord! for given us anudder opportunity ob getherin' roun' a open grave."

This was too much. I fairly strangled myself in the effort to keep from outright laughter, and shrank back into a corner of the carriage to hide my disgrace.

Dinner parties were the style of entertaining at that time. Sometimes we rode for miles to spend the day on a neighboring plantation. On one occasion we were entertained for several days at a beautiful old place some ten miles from our home. Strolling about the lovely grounds in the evening with a young girl of the family, I heard some one singing in a little cabin near by. I stopped to listen. It was a quaint, droning sort of melody that instantly struck me as familiar. Where *had* I heard that before? It is said that we actually forget nothing, and I can well believe it, for as the drawling, monotonous voice went on, my brain was struggling to recall some connection between myself—my own life—and this negro melody, for it was evidently a servant who was sing-

ing. I drew nearer, near enough to see the singer and to catch the words.

An elderly colored woman sat upon a bench by the cabin door, singing and slowly beating time with one foot.

"O lil' chillun! O lil' chillun! over me, over me,  
An' befo' I'd be a slave  
I'd be berried in my grave,  
An' go home to my Lawd an' be saved."

Like a flash it came to me, Chloe's old song that we children never tired of, and that used to so exasperate my mother when she chanted it so serenely from amid the confusion of our kitchen. I had never heard it since the day when Chloe had so suddenly been spirited off to Canada by the "underground," and now here it was again.

Impelled by strong curiosity, I drew closer to the cabin, and making some trivial excuse to the young girl with me, I sat down beside the woman and began with the customary "how d'ye, auntie," which by this time I had learned very glibly.

"That is a nice hymn you were singing."

"Laws, honey, hit's a mity ole song, but pears like I likes it a heap."

"Where did you learn it?" was my next question.

"I dunno, mistis; me an' me sister use ter sing it when we's leetle gals."

"And where is your sister now?"

Instantly the woman looked suspiciously around her, and then drew a little nearer to me.

"Missis, is you dat Yankee lady whar Marse Jack Nelson done marry?"

I replied that I was that veritable Yankee.

"Well, den, I'se gwine tell you—me an' Chloe"—(here I gave a start, and she stopped to say, "did dat bee sting you, honey?"), "we went long a' Marse Phil an' de fambly to some springs up some whar to de Norf to wait on ole missus an' mine de chillun, an' one day Chloe she done run'd away to de Yankees!

"Ye see, Chloe, she allus was a mity hiflyer of a gal, an' old miss she had turn her out'en de gret house to larn cookin' in de kitchen, but de chillun, dey wuz powerful fond a Chloe, an' dats huc' come missus took her up Norf wid we alls, an' she tuk an run'd off an I ain' nuver hearn o' her sence 'ceptin' marster, he got a letter whar tell she done gone to Canady or some sech place."

Here she stopped, and my lips opened to tell her what I now felt sure of, that I had known her sister long ago and loved her too, but a second thought came, and I simply asked, "What was the name of your old marster?"

"Marse Phil Maberry," was the reply, and that settled the thing, for had not Chloe regaled us by the hour with stories of this same "ole Marse Phil"? It was very strange that I had not thought of it before, since we were guests in Mr. Maberry's house at the time, but it seems it needed the half-forgotten tune and the droning old rhyme to start me backward toward the childish days.

As we drove home that night through the dusky twilight shadows, I told my husband my adventure and the story of Chloe.

"I am glad," said he, "that you did not tell the woman that you knew her sister. It could have done no good, and there are people who might have been prejudiced against you by knowing it."

There were not many more dinings or merry-makings for us in Virginia. The war-cloud gathered blacker and darker over us, and burst soon in four awful years—doubly so to those who, like myself, had friends on both sides. I went

through it all. God alone knew how bitter was the struggle!

My brave husband fought through the war and returned wounded and broken in health and ruined in fortune. The beautiful old Virginia home passed into strange hands, and we had to begin life anew.

After a four years' separation, one could imagine what it was to go back to my own old home on the banks of Lake Ontario.

"What do you think, Margaret?" said my mother, after the first joyous welcome was over. "Chloe—black Chloe, your old childish affinity—has come back to us once more and is again our cook."

I sent for her, and the faithful soul actually hugged me in a perfect transport of joy.

I told her then that I had seen her sister, "sis' Lukey" as she called her, and that I knew her ole marster's family—had, indeed, eaten and slept under their roof.

"The laws, Miss Margaret, an' you done seen sis' Lukey an' ole marse too, an' is sis' Lukey a free niggah now same ez me?"

"Yes, Chloe, as free as I am."

"Den I'se gwine sen' *fur* sis Lukey to come up yere an' lib' 'long o' me an' de Yankees."

And she kept her word, for two years after the surrender "sis' Lukey" came too, not wafted mysteriously by the "underground," but in the open light of day.

As I write the picture grows fainter and dimmer like the dissolving views from a camera.

The hand that traces this line is wrinkled and old. But for seeing that hand I could scarcely believe that I have lived all these years since then.

MARGARET TRYON.

## THE TOP-RAIL CLUB.

MRS. HARTER and Mrs. Crownen from the Bells Tavern on the Richfield Road, met with us the last time. They had heard of us. They want to organize too. They laughed heartily when they heard from what a small beginning our interesting Club started. Just one summer evening when we milked the cow, and paused under the great spreading tree sitting on the block below the smooth top-rail, and Susie, the tenant's wife, paused with her milk-pail, and while we were there, Mrs. Oaks came up from her errand to the village, and the girls out walking stopped, and Lily saw us and ran up the road—and—and—we had such good times, right then and there, that we said, let's organize, and we did and called it the Top-Rail Club, and from that little dot of a seed grew this delightful, friendly, helping handy society.

We help one another wonderfully. We can hardly wait for the time of the meeting. We always have a "good time" together. We are sending out invitations to women we know, here and there, inviting them to meet with us.

In fine weather we still hold to the top-rail place. It is pretty, informal, out-of-doors, and the scenery is beautiful about it—woodlands, meadow, level fields, river, a picturesque range of circling hills, the railroad, telegraph and telephone lines, a winding, graveled highway, beside us the bridge, and the old mill, and the white monuments in the city of the silent gleaming in the distance; the beautiful village of a thousand inhabitants, the spires of churches, schools, town hall, and academy below us, and beside us the wide-spreading trees, the well, the deep shade, and all the conveniences for comfort when the women convene.

Mrs. Howard brought her little daughter with her, a pretty child of perhaps

seven years. We were so pleased with a bit of trimming on the child's hat that we made a note of it. We apologized to the mother and said that all we had was common property among us when we met; that one of our obligations was to "show off how smart we were," and to see how many wise and otherwise things we could discover. She was pleased.

And this was the "new dodge," something prettier than a feather, on the child's fine yellow Leghorn hat, made this way. Out of heavy cord gros grain ribbon, a rich ecru, cut in four-inch lengths with the selvage of the middle cut off for two inches, and the threads pulled out, then doubled together and sewed, one behind the other, on a bit of foundation.

This makes something prettier than a feather and is more serviceable, because dampness does not affect it. It even makes it look prettier.

The milliner brought her work with her. She is hurried a good deal now, and said she could talk and listen both, even better if her hands were busy. She had renovated some old flowers for a poor woman's little girl that looked quite as good as new. The woman had lived with her grandmother long ago, and she was glad to do anything to please her, letting her use her own judgment, it did no harm. Some roses were mussed; she trimmed the edges of the leaves with sharp scissors, and crimped and curled them into shape again. She said she had often taken the long, slender fronds of moss that grew on decayed logs, and had glued them around roses and transformed them into new and fresh ones.

Then Mrs. Oaks, the farmer's wife, who is never disheartened or discouraged, told us how she "done over" a nice black hat in the spring. The crown was a little too



low, the color had become dim, and it needed stiffening. She lived four miles from a milliner. She thought she would try it herself; it would do no great harm even if she spoiled it and made it only fit for "a milking hat."

She ripped off the crown an inch from the brim and set in a few braids to raise it as high as she wanted it. So far, so good.

Then she washed it, and while wet she set it over a crock of the right size, drawing it into the right shape. Then she took it off and with a little white glue dissolved in warm water sponged it on the wrong side, put a cloth over the crock, replaced it gently, and with a warm iron pressed it on the right side with a cloth between it and the iron.

To dye black use vinegar and extract of logwood.

We have seen hats dyed by using liquid French dressing, such as ladies use for their best kid shoes. It answers a good purpose. A great deal of such work as this can be done at home if there are two or three girls in the family.

One of the new women was the wife of the preacher who lives in the Mount Moriah parsonage. She said she had not kept house long enough to know how to do anything that she could tell about. She hoped she would be welcome among us. She felt willing to sit at our feet, even, for the privilege of learning. Her husband had heard about the Top-Rail Club and its sayings and doings, away over at his charge in the Leedy Settlement. He wanted her to meet with us. She had no contribution, only a few sentences from one of his late sermons from a text found in I Cor. ii, 9. He always read them to her for criticism and comment.

"Very few Christians with their sins before them. They put them all behind them and imagine that all the promises of God are unconditional. If there is any truth taught in the Bible it is that our happiness will depend upon the degree of our fidelity and consecration in this life. Otherwise every soul that enters Heaven will not be perfectly blessed.

"Many people will, no doubt, be astonished in Heaven to find that their poor, half-hearted, broken and battered lives in this world have disqualified them for the degree of happiness they anticipated. It is

only the untutored, unreflecting, immature mind that expects the future life to be without its development and growth. We suspect that the laws of growth and expansion are the same in all worlds. We shall no doubt find that each day, or period of our existence, will afford opportunities that may be neglected or improved just as here. Redemption from sin is not freedom from law and responsibility.

"We hold very firmly that our Heaven will be just what we are prepared to enjoy. Our preparation is just what we ourselves make. We cannot live poor, broken, feeble and aimless lives here, and enter Heaven in all the fullness of bliss and joy. We shall, no doubt, take up the song in Heaven that we learned to sing on earth.

"If we have been dwelling in the fog-land, drooping and moping about on earth, we need not expect at once to stand on the golden heights of Heaven.

"Let us live right each day. Let us make the last day on earth a fit introduction to our first in Heaven. Life is grand, only as we make it so.

"We delude ourselves by supposing that we can live weak and heartless lives here and enter that land ready for its supremest joys. The foretaste to Heaven must begin here."

The women thanked her, and then silence fell upon us. We were all thinking, how good this sensible little contribution was, coming as it did mixed in among our scrappy talks. We could see the poor little parsonage of Mount Moriah, above the bank of the creek, in full view of the old Holland burying-ground, with its flaming flowers and pointed yews and trimmed cedars about the well-cared-for graves. A garden and a patch for potatoes and melons and squashes, and a low stone milk house, and a little stable and shed for the parson's buggy. And we thought, with real heartache, of the consecrated lives of this young pair, fresh from the pretty city homes and the seminary and the cultured and beloved society which they had left. And we, the oldest one among the women, our heart beat faster and our eyes grew misty with sudden tears, and we let our other and kinder self behave as seemed best, and we went right over to the block under the burr

oak, and kissed the poor little new woman, the young wife of the young preacher at Mount Moriah parsonage. So there! Nobody laughed. We were proxy. Understood.

Presently the little hum of voices began. They talked in twos and threes and squads. One was telling how she had made over her old white mull with a basque of newer goods, and it would do her for two more seasons.

Another was explaining the meaning of abbreviated terms in knitting and crochet, and another was saying to the woman beside her how they would miss Manda Summers in their church. Manda had always been the leader in every good work. Other women would falter or fear or give up, but she always stood her ground bravely.

And then Manda's champion said, "Well, the Bumps will all be glad that she is gone. They seemed to have a pick at her. They said she wanted to run the whole church, and old Becky Bump said, 'There she is, allus drest up in her silks and a-nodding in her plumes like any queen.'

"I knew how she had darned her old cashmere, and cleaned her old silk with boiled kid-glove water, and turned her weddin' dress inside out an' upside down an' top to the bottom an' back widths to the front; an' traded her furs to a rebel woman for the cotton-back silk dolman; an' her julery for bed clothes; and how she beat an' dusted an' aired his poor bed-ridden Sunday suit on the line every Monday as religiously as she said her prairs, touchin' the grizzly places an' the grin-nin' seams with black ink. And after all to be called 'bossy in the church,' an' 'cused o' pride, an' puttin' on airs an' over dressin'!

"I do say for it that people ort to mind their own dooryards!"

Mrs. Harter is known far and near as a woman who makes splendid cake.

Girls going out as "solicitors" always go to her first. The women asked her in what lay her wonderful success, and wished she would give them some of her rules. Now this is a subject in which all women and girls are interested, and we hurried and jotted down as fast as we could the points that women would care for:

The flour must be good, the yellow-white kind that retains shape, and the prints of the fingers, if a handful be held closely, and it must always be sifted. This gives it newness and lightness. The baking powder must be thoroughly sifted into the flour while dry. The butter and sugar should always be beaten to a cream. The eggs—the yelks must be beaten until you can take up a spoonful; the whites must be whipped or beaten with an egg-beater into a stiff froth, and this must not be stirred into the batter until the last thing before putting the cake into the tins.

An earthen basin is best for beating the cake mixture in, and a wooden spoon should always be used instead of metal.

To tell when a cake is baked enough, pass a small knife-blade through it or a splint of broomcorn: if not done entirely some of the unbaked dough will adhere to it, but if done it will come out clean. Some women use a knitting-needle.

Sour milk makes a spongy, light cake; sweet milk, one that cuts like pound cake. With sour milk remember that soda is used; with sweet milk use baking powder.

There is great knack in beating cake. It must not be stirred, but beaten untiringly. The batter must be brought up from the bottom of the basin every time. In this way the air is beaten into the cells of the batter, not out, like a moderate stirring would do.

Mrs. Harter always stood by the open window or in the door in the breeze, remembering that the motion in beating should always tend upward. But before she began beating the mixture at all, she stirred and mixed and beat it awhile with her hand. This insures a complete mingling of the ingredients.

All cakes, except layer cakes, should be covered with a cone-shaped paper cap as soon as put into the oven.

Take a square of brown paper, large enough to cover the cake tin well, cut the corners off, and lay a plait on four sides, fastening each with a pin so as to make a nice fit over the cake. This will lift it up in the centre and it will not touch.

Some women do not put the paper cap on till the cake begins to turn a little too brown, then they cover it, but this will strike a chill and often the cake will be "sad," or faulty in the middle of it. Cakes

should rise a good bit before they begin to brown.

A great deal depends on the heat of the oven. It is oftener too hot than too cold. A good fire should have been made awhile beforehand, then turn the damper to heat the bottom of the oven a few minutes before the cake is put in. This makes a steady heat. Then close the hearth when the cake is in, and stop the draft and secure a regular heat.

She tested her oven always by her hand. If she could hold her hand in while counting thirty or thirty-five, it was a quick oven; if forty-five, it was moderate; if sixty, it was slow.

Let it remain in the pan ten minutes after taking from the oven, with the cap on, then remove carefully and put it away right side up. A stone jar is best to keep cake in. If necessary to move a cake while baking, do it very gently; do not leave the oven door open, and do not remove from the oven till it is done. Women are often careless in baking bread and spoil many a nice loaf by shifting it about with rude motion.

The Mount Moriah woman asked for the recipe for coffee cake. It was her husband's favorite kind. We were glad to get it too. One cupful of very strong coffee, one of butter, two of sugar, one of stoned raisins, cut in two; three eggs, one and one-half pints of flour, one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder, one-half cupful of citron chopped fine, one-half cup milk. Rub butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs, one at a time, beating two minutes between each one, mix all ingredients into a smooth batter, and bake in paper-lined cake tin, in an oven more than moderately hot.

Then the subject of pie-crust came up. So many women are quitting the use of lard.

Mrs. Lenox makes hers this way: To one pint of sifted flour add an even teaspoonful of baking powder and enough sweet cream to wet up the flour, making the crust a little stiff. This makes such an "innocent" crust that the most fastidious could not find fault with it.

Another woman buys beef suet, gets it even cheaper than she could buy lard, renders it nicely, puts her beef skimmings and fryings in with it, and finds it really better and cheaper than anything else—and then, it is not hog's lard, made by anybody, out of anything, and sold by anybody. The foul-smelling stuff in the groceries ought not to find sale among people who care for what they eat.

Another woman—and we skating our pencil over the sheets were surprised and delighted to see how much the "fair sect" think for themselves, independent of anybody—another woman, Mrs. Beebe, from the Reservation lately, uses for her common pie-crust Graham flour.

Now we know that a good article of this flour never "goes back" on its admirers, let them use it in any form they choose. She mixes lightly half a pint or so of sweet cream with half a pound or so of Graham flour, adds a bit of salt, rolls it out like other pastry, and though it is not crisp and as tender as the common kind, it is good, and has a good taste, and then she and her "old man" and the two growing laddies know it is good and honest.

And we, Pipsey, laughed and told the "sistering" to go ahead and strike out for themselves—try this and that; see what such and such combinations do make, anyhow. The world is growing wiser and wiser; and we must keep pace, or we will be like the lonesome old toad in his dreary abode. And then we repeated the poem, beginning,

Down deep in a hollow so damp and so cold,  
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,  
The gray moss and lichen creep over the mold,  
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.  
Now, within this huge stone, like a king on his throne,  
A toad has been sitting more years than is known;  
And strange as it seems, he constantly deems  
The world standing still while he's dreaming  
his dreams,  
Does this wonderful toad, in his cheerless  
abode,  
In the innermost heart of the flinty old stone,  
By the gray-hair moss and the lichen o'ergrown.  
PIPSEY POTTS.

## MOTHERS.

### PURE AIR IN CHILDREN'S ROOMS.

A WRITER in *Babyhood*, impressed with the necessity of this desideratum in children's sleeping-rooms, very sensibly declares that too much attention cannot be bestowed on children's sleeping-rooms, especially in the matter of pure air and sunlight. It is, above all, important to prevent foul and steamy vapors from the kitchen and laundry, damp emanations from the cellar, and the impurities from gas and other lights from concentrating there. Some means of ventilation are indispensable in every dwelling to prevent the rising of impure atmosphere toward the roof. Shut off the children's bedrooms from the rest of the house, and open a window somewhere near for the escape of the impure air.

An alarming practice, and one altogether too prevalent, is the burning of lamps in children's bedchambers, and this, too, all night with closed windows. Now, it should be known that the flame of a lamp consumes the vitalizing portions of the air, and that a room in which a light has been burning for hours is not fit for sleeping in. In addition to this evil, a burning lamp produces another, and that is, restless slumber, as the light causes the brain to respond even through the closed eyelids, and thus make an effort which should be avoided. Teach children to sleep in the dark by all means. They must, of course, be prepared for bed by lamp-light in winter, but the room may be instantly purified after the lamp is extinguished by opening the windows and doors and letting in fresh, cool air.

Teach a child, also, that it is just as safe from all harm in the dark as in the light, and that it will be healthier and happier, and it will believe it, because

children have inexhaustible faith in the mother's word. Never allow any one to tell children fear-inspiring, hobgoblin stories, and do not punish them by sending them, or threatening to put them, in dark places; thus you will be enabled easily to train them to sleep in the dark.

### REPAIRING DAMAGES.

IN a house full of children, who has not groaned over chips in the wall or torn pieces of wall-paper? Yet this damage is easily repaired with a little care. Buy five cents worth of plaster of Paris (any plasterer will sell it to you), make it into a paste with water, and with this fill up the hole smoothly and quickly, as the plaster sets very rapidly. If the hole was in the painted part, mix some oil paint to the proper color (the oil tubes answer admirably for this), and paint it over carefully. If the hole is on the paper, look at it well to see what part of the pattern is missing, and cut a piece to match exactly, only larger. (You should always keep pieces of your papers for this purpose when the rooms are done up.) Don't cut a square piece, as it shows more than an irregular patch, and mind the pattern matches exactly. Then notch the piece all round, the depth of the cuts depending on the size of the patch. For a small one they should be about one inch deep, but for larger ones two or even three. Have ready some strong paste, and spread it over the back of the paper; press it in place with a clean, soft cloth, carefully wiping off the superfluous paste, and when dry, if you have done your work well, the patch will barely show. Another thing that gets shabby and looks very untidy is the leather on a writing table; but it is seldom we venture to repair the damage



at home, yet it is not difficult if you follow these directions carefully. Wet the leather well and equally over night, and next day you will be able to get it all off with a chisel; scrape off all the little bits of glue, leather, etc., and have it scrubbed perfectly clean. It is on this the success of your work chiefly depends, as, unless the wood be free from lumps, old glue, etc., the cover will not lie smooth. Cut the new leather (if you cannot get from the upholsterer a cover stamped and gilded for the purpose) the exact size, and try it in the place it has to fill, to see that it fits at every point, then lift it out, and cover the place with boiling glue (mind it is not too thick or lumpy); replace the leather, press it all over smoothly with an old, soft cloth, and then leave it to set hard. This will take quite a day and a night, though the glue sets so rapidly that, once you have laid in your leather, you will find it troublesome to alter if you have been careless in placing it. By the bye, an old leather writing-table cover can be much improved by sponging it very delicately with a little warm soapy water, and then rubbing it all over with white of egg whipped stiff.

There are many more things one can do at home in the way of repairing damages, or turning old things to new uses; but I have suggested enough to set my readers thinking for themselves, especially in this text. What one pair of hands can do, another pair, with a little study, should be able to do also; while the more you use both your hands and your wits, the more will you be able to use them.

LA VIEILLE.

#### AUNT ETHEL'S "RAINY-DAY CLUB."

AUNT ETHEL came into Mrs. Melton's nursery bright and cheery.

"What's the matter, Howard?" asked she of the boy of ten sitting at the window, looking gloomily out as he rested his head between his two hands.

"Nothin'!" regardless of etiquette as of grammar, without moving one inch from the position which he had assumed.

"Well, Cecile, what's the matter with you, then?"

"Nothin'," replied the scowling and half-tearful Cecile.

"Well! well! Did I ever see two children look like you before when they had 'nothin'' the matter with them?"

"Well, I don't care, Aunt Ethel; it's just a mean shame! Such a day as this! And me and Johnny Stokes was goin' fishin'."

"Yes, and me and Sadie Snyder was goin' to have a lovely time out in the tent," brought up Cecile, the tears now trickling down her cheeks in real earnest.

"And now we can't," proceeded Howard, "and there's nothing but rain, rain, rain, and nothin' to do but play with the same old nasty playthings. I hate 'em!" giving his wooden horse a vicious kick. "And mother can't stand any noise. I just guess, Aunt Ethel, your boys don't like a day like this, neither."

"Indeed, there's where you're very much mistaken. My boys do like a day like this very much indeed, and so does my girl. We always have out our 'rainy-day box' such weather as this."

"Rainy-day box! What's that?" exclaimed Cecile and Howard both at once, interested in spite of themselves.

"Why, you see—" began Aunt Ethel; but a tiny knock, followed by a tiny voice, "Let me in, p'ease," interrupted the proceedings until Baby Jack was seated on Aunt Ethel's knee, listening to the wonderful tale of the rainy-day box.

"Did I say 'Rainy-day box'? I meant 'Rainy-day boxes,' for we have three. In the first one we keep a gum-bottle, a glue-pot, a pair of scissors, hammer, small nails, screws, tacks, needles, and thread."

"What are they for? I don't see much fun in them?"

"Wait a moment. You will when I tell you what is in the second and third ones. In the second one we put from time to time all the broken toys and things that want mending. If we need them right away we don't put them by for a rainy day, of course; but if they can wait, they do. And then the first rainy day that comes we have a regular good 'mend.' Last rainy day we glued the leg on to Jamie's horse, and we sewed the arm on to Amy's doll, and we tacked the back on to the match safe, and we—oh! dear me, I couldn't pretend to tell you one-half the things we did in the way of mending. Well, when we have finished our mending (we always do that first, you know, for we

are good housekeepers on rainy days, and attend our duties first) we open the third box, and then we have a good time."

"What's in the third box, Aunt Ethel?" asked the children, breathlessly, for it was almost as interesting as the lovely fairy story where Pandora opened her box and all the troubles came out into the world.

"Ah, the third box contains the things we make. We never touch them any other day—the things we make and play with, I mean." Baby Jack had sat silent a long time, evidently much impressed with Aunt Ethel's manner, though he understood but little of the drift of her conversation. But now he was beginning to grow uneasy.

"I wish we had some rainy-day boxes," groaned Cecile, beginning to scowl again.

"Say, Aunt Ethel, you're going to be here a month; make us some."

"All right; I will. But you must promise me one thing: that no matter how badly you want to play with your rainy-day things in clear days you will never ask for them."

This the children promised with alacrity.

"Very well; shall we begin to-day?"

If one had looked out of the window one would have seen the rain falling steadily, but if one looked in the children's faces at this question one might well imagine that the sun had begun to shine.

"But what shall we do with Baby Jack?"

"Oh! Aunt Ethel will provide for Baby Jack. Run down into the kitchen, Cecile, and ask cook for two quarts of Indian meal. Now, Howard, go into the store-room, and bring me that small packing-box. Now for a cushion. There, Baby Jack!" as she lifted the little fellow in. "Now you're safe. Now wait a moment till sister comes, then you can play 'sea-shore' all day long, with your meal for sand—and nice clean sand it is. See here! Here is your little shovel and bucket, and your tiny basket for it to sift through, and your little tin pans—oh! lots of things for you to fill and empty."

Delighted Baby Jack set to work in good earnest, as his aunt knew he would. He buried his doll and unearthed her again. He filled his pans, he dug, he spaded; in fact, there was little in his baby ingenuity and eagerness over an unwonted plaything that he did not do. So he was

safe with his rainy-day amusement. Some day, if rainy days were continuous, aunt meant to add a worn-out coffee-mill to his store, but not now, not till the novelty entirely wore off. The child was clean and safe and thoroughly amused, and might safely be left to his own devices.

"Now, Aunt Ethel, for us!" exclaimed the other two, who had waited with impatient patience until baby was established. "What do you do?"

"Well, you can't do all we do, for you know some of my children are big children. For instance, I've given the nursery up to the children, and they are fixing it up for one thing. Each one is doing something toward beautifying the place. Walter is painting a lovely autumn vine on one of the doors in oil colors. He only works at it on rainy days; he is keeping that for his work till it is finished. I think we'll begin to-day by mending all the broken toys we can find. Then this afternoon we'll really and truly do something new."

Two or three hours of steady interested labor were interrupted by the dinner-bell, and the surprised faces of the two children testified to the success of Aunt Ethel's first experiment.

"Now, children, our first work shall be a scrap-book."

"O Aunt Ethel! We have one of those. You said something new."

"Have you? Who made it?"

"Why, Aunt Margaret."

"So I suppose. Now, it will be something new for you to make one, won't it?"

At this their clouded faces brightened.

"There are plenty of children who have no Aunt Margaret to make scrap-books for them. Let me tell you, in a city not far from here, is a struggling children's home. The people are determined, if possible, to do something for the dear little motherless things, but they have very little money to do it with. Do you suppose they have much for amusements? Wouldn't you like to send something to the little ones who have so few toys?"

Tears of pity filled their eyes, and no further words were necessary to imbue the subject with interest.

"We'll get all the pictures ready to-day, and paste them in another day."

"Why, Aunt Margaret just puts 'em

in right away," answered Howard, eager to begin.

"Well, I don't, young man," laughed Aunt Ethel, "and when I'm captain, I propose to have my soldiers work my way. But I'll tell you my reason. When I am going to paste, I paste all my pictures at once and lay them away to dry. When I am ready to use them, I wet their backs and put them in. If you try to put them in with fresh gum on the backs you will be almost sure to make a spot or smear on your book. So you see little folks are more sure of a neat job by pasting first."

Now the children were quiet; snipping, clipping, pasting, laying their pictures away to dry, and by the time the supper bell rang, a goodly array of dried pictures gave evidence of the industry of the afternoon.

"Well, chicks, and how has this rainy day been?" asked mamma. "Ethel, how did you keep them quiet?"

"Oh! we're a society, mamma, and it's just lovely!"

Then mamma had to listen to the eager children while they told their plans.

"Well, Ethel, do you propose to amuse the children right along?"

"Not at all. Their work is now in such condition that another rainy day they can work right along with it, without help from anybody, as my children do, while I sew or read or amuse myself with some of the rainy-day amusements and occupations I have laid out for myself from time to time."

"Now, see here, Jennie, you do try very hard to do your duty to your children, but you do both too much and too little for them. You should teach them to amuse themselves. When you start out to amuse them, you do all the amusing; you read to them, sing to them, play for them, in short, turn yourself into a kind of mountebank. Other times they are left to themselves. It is 'either a feast or a famine' with them, so that unless they have some specially new plaything, they are utterly helpless in such an emergency as a rainy day."

"I guess you are more than half right. But there is so much of the time that I am prostrated with my dreadful headaches, that when I do feel well, I feel sorry for the poor little tots that they are able to receive so little of their mother's atten-

tion, and then I do more than is really necessary, I suppose."

"I 'suppose' you do, too. When you can be with your children, bend your energies toward making them independent of you or each other for amusement. Just wait. I'm going to be here a month, and while I must confess I rather prefer clear weather, I do hope we shall have enough rainy days for me to get successfully under way another 'Rainy Day Club.'"

#### HOME-MADE TOYS.

WHY is it that children care so little for expensive toys? One reason may be, that they are so frail as well as elegant, that the child has to be constantly cautioned not to injure them, and the restraint thus put upon him destroys all pleasure in the toy.

But I think by far the greater reason is, that the toys of to-day, though wonderful in mechanism and beautiful to look at, are so elaborate and complete that they leave nothing for the child to imagine; and what is childhood worth without the vivid imagination which changes the most prosaic surroundings into a very fairyland. Are any French china, or even silver-plated little dishes, half so lovely or so prized as the pieces of broken crockery or scraps of tin with which our country children decorate their play-houses, and which are palaces of beauty because they can "make believe" anything they please about them?

Something, no doubt, vastly more splendid than the mind of man can conceive of, and which only a child can appreciate and enjoy.

The trouble with children nowadays is, that they have too many toys. Consequently, the instant the novelty is worn off the toy is of no further use to them, and they throw it aside and ask for something new; whereas, an old home-made toy is always new, if the child's own fancy is allowed full sway.

My feet are resting now upon a green wooden bench, named Willy, which for seventeen years has been the joy of our nursery. It is almost impossible to tell of the many forms it has assumed since it propped grandma's feet, while she gave the first baby his first bath. Sometimes a

horse, sometimes a boat, or one of a train of cars, but always Willy when dolls fell short or an extra audience was needed. How that bench has been hugged and kissed, bathed, and put to bed! I believe it has even died and been buried, some rainy days, when a melancholy mood pervaded the nursery.

There's old Sarah, too, a rag doll of most extraordinary features, who is dearly loved, though she retires into the closet sometimes for weeks together (or so long as the wax and bisque beauties of the holidays survive), always reappearing

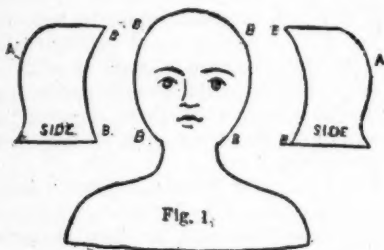


Fig. 1.

bright and smiling as ever, without a shade of jealousy or disapproval on her beaming countenance.

One stormy winter a party of young folks were droning about the fire, wishing for something to pass away the time, for they lived several miles out of town, and had been "snowed up" for more than a week, the deep drifts and cold winds making it unsafe for even horses to venture out. Suddenly one exclaimed, "Why! to-morrow will be baby's birthday! How can we get him any presents?"

Immediately all were alive. Martha rushed to the store-room to see if there were raisins and citron enough for a birthday cake, while Mary retired to the window-seat to compose a hymn for the occasion. John and Nellie, the "boys" of the family, discussed ways and means till a bright thought struck Nellie: "Jack, if you will carve a sheep, I'll cover it with my old lamb's wool muff."

So Jack searched the wood-shed for a soft block of wood, while Nell rummaged through the trunks in the garret for the little muff which had been the pride of her childhood, and before long they were merrily at work. Jack, who was a born whittler, soon fashioned a very respectable lamb's head, and when the body was

covered with the soft wool, and four legs inserted, with a little touching up with white paint, the whole family was called to admire, and never were such encomiums passed upon the most gorgeous lamb that ever came from toy-shop. Baby's birthday was a most happy one, and the sheep was treasured and admired by little nephews and nieces, after baby himself had gone to college. A few years later, the same deft fingers which made the never-to-be-forgotten sheep carved also a set of wooden chess to while away the dreary hours in hospital, and now chessmen and lamb are laid away as relics of the "laddie who was lost in the war."

But I've wandered from my subject. A lady once said to me, "I don't enjoy Christmas half so much now that I can afford to buy toys for my children as when I used to have to make them all." And no wonder, for her home-made toys were the most delightful things, calling forth all her ingenuity and skill. Let me try to describe some of them. First the doll. The body was copied from an old "bought" one, but the head cost many an anxious thought. Finally the cloth was cut in five pieces (see Figs. 1 and 2). The two side-pieces in Fig. 1 were sewed

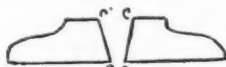


Fig. 2.

together like a hood at A, forming the back of the head, and the face was joined at B. The two pieces (Fig. 2) joined at C make the back of the shoulders. Fig. 3 represents the completed head. It was covered first with two coats of flesh-colored paint, and then the hair and features were added. Such a doll as this has been known to last five years, and the paint is still bright and clear, notwithstanding its frequent washings, to say nothing of its lying out in the rain for days together. A very pretty cradle can be made out of a ten-cent basket, the top of a flour barrel (unless papa is ingenious enough to whittle out a more respectable pair of rockers), some pink or blue paper muslin, and thin white stuff to cover it.



Fig. 3.



If the handle of the basket is not enough to shape the top of the cradle, strips of barrel hoop or thick wire may be used (see Fig. 4), and as they are covered with the muslin, no one will be the wiser. Try

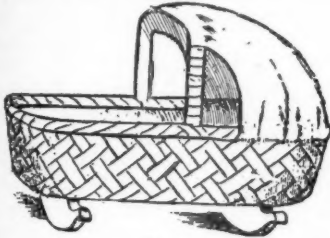


Fig. 4.

it, and see what a strong, pretty cradle you will have, and how you will enjoy the making.

The recipe for making a horse is this: Paint an old broom handle (after cutting off the broom part), then take a black or brown cotton sock, cut a slit in the toe, about two or three inches long, for the mouth of the horse. Line this with pasteboard, covered with red flannel or stocking, and make a tongue of the same. Make round holes above the mouth for nostrils, also lined with red. Then stuff the head with cotton or rags and tie it to the broomstick, covering the strings, etc., with a



Fig. 5.

diamond shaped piece of stocking the same color as the head. Sew on two ears stiffened with pasteboard, make bridle, etc., of red braid, and eyes of large flat buttons (Fig. 5). A white fur coat of baby's which had outlasted its usefulness was transformed into a whole menagerie of cats, dogs, and rabbits, which were certainly quite as pretty as those in the shops.

Elephants of gray cotton flannel are easily made and very durable. I saw once a beautiful home-made donkey, with basket panniers filled with make-believe vegetables, and a fantastic driver perched

VOL. LVII.—41.

between. We have tried steam cars of wood, iron, tin, and every available material, but none are more pleasing in the long run than paper boxes strung together with a cord, and a large spool for a smoke-stack. The reason children never tire of blocks is because they can convert them into all sorts of things, making houses, cars, etc.—in fact, creating their own playthings. I find also that they enjoy the paper dolls and animals cut out by themselves much more than those they buy, the moral of all which is, that the ideal nursery should be stocked with a few good, well-made toys, and plenty of material upon which the child may exercise his fancy and ingenuity, thereby developing a dexterity and individuality which no child can gain whose fond but mistaken parents tire and bewilder him with a mass of toys, leaving him no chance to invent amusements for himself. One of these pampered children of a toy-shop nursery looked disdainfully at a tail-less, legless, noseless horse, with which a small boy was amusing himself. "Your papa ought to buy you a new horse." The little fellow looked up surprised, then, with a tender, wistful glance at the battered beast who had shared so many frolics with him, he answered: "But I like Nell yet." Which child, think you, extracts most real happiness from his toys? It will be a mournful day for all the family when Nell's last fragment is consigned to the ash-barrel.

Before closing, let me describe an article which is not exactly "home-made," since

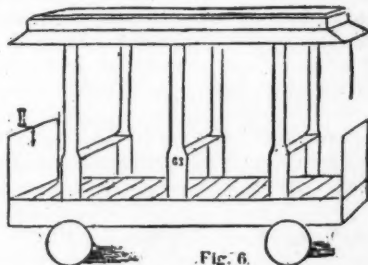


Fig. 6.

the assistance of a carpenter was needed, but the design originated in a mother's brain. It is an open horse car, a low platform on casters, two or three seats securely fastened to the platform, four slight posts to support a canopy over the top, a high dash-board in front, a little gong,

with a cord running along the roof for the conductor's benefit, a brake of heavy wire with spool handle, and a box of paper toy money. The whole thing does not take up more room than an office table, and affords a world of enjoyment, to say noth-

ing of its economy in the saving of chairs and stands from destruction. A couple of chairs or a trunk, with carriage robe spread over it, makes an excellent team, and as many children can be packed in as are grown folks in the horse cars.

## BABYLAND.

### A SHAME.

"WE called the birdies," said Willie and Ben.  
 "Out of the poultry yard ran an old hen,  
 She thought we were calling her.  
 Then louder we screamed, for away up high  
 The wild doves were fluttering close to the sky.  
 Did they come to be fed? No, sir.

"We called the fishes with shrillest of notes,  
 Come swallow these crumbs down your slippery red throats,  
 Then back to the mud you may go.  
 An old mother fish heard the noise on the land,  
 We saw by the ripples the little fish band—  
 Preparing for breakfast? Ah, no."

R.

### THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"NOW, boys, I would like you to tell me  
 Why the Fourth of July is the day  
 That you leave all your quieter pleasures  
 And turn to more boisterous play?

"Every holiday beareth a meaning—  
 Christmas, Easter, and New Year you know,  
 And the dearest month of the twelve,  
 boys,  
 Holds?—Washington's birthday.—Just  
 so.

"Then whisper the Fourth's wondrous tidings.

Well, Johnny? Come, don't be afraid."  
 "Why, papa," his blue eyes are dancing,  
 "'Tis the day the firecrackers were made."

SAILOR.

### TOMMY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

WHEN Tommy came to live with his grandparents he was half-past three years old, at least that is what he would say when people asked his age. Of course, some one told him to say it, but Tommy thought it quite correct.

Tommy was a right destructive little boy, and he began life in his new home by tearing up every book, paper, or magazine he could lay his hands on. His grandmother scolded him severely. "Now, Tommy," she said, "I hope you will be a good little boy, and if *I were you*, I wouldn't even tear up my own things. I'd put them carefully away in a nice box grandfather will bring you." So Tommy immediately turned over a new leaf and became as assiduous in saving as he had been in destroying. All the old almanacs he could find, all the old advertisements, anything and everything, could be found in Tommy's boxes, for the single box had multiplied wonderfully. Grandfather began to see that he wouldn't be welcomed by his grandson unless he was accompanied by a pasteboard box.

"If I was me, grandma, would you save this?" Tommy would ask, holding up his latest treasure.

By and by the sitting-room began to have the appearance of a shop with the pasteboard boxes piled carefully along the sides; and, at last, grandma could stand it no longer.

"Tommy," she said one day, "to-morrow is Saturday, and the Fourth of July. Suppose we clear out your boxes and have a bonfire out in the back yard? We'll put all the things you want in one nice little box back in the corner, and I'll save the others and give them to you as you need them."

Tommy was pleased to death at the idea, and the next day he had a great bonfire, the biggest fire the little boy had ever seen.

Tommy has gone into the saving busi-

ness with new ardor; and every Friday he comes up to grandma's chair to ask the same question:

"To-morrow will be the Fourth of July, grandma. If I was me would you have another bonfire?"

And grandma laughs and says: "We'll wait for some other Fourth, my dear," for Tommy thinks that Saturday is just another name for the glorious festival.

KATHARINE HULL.

BABY.

"BABY, baby.  
I'm a sweet little laughing thing,  
You must kiss me when you would wake  
me,  
To put me to sleep you must sing."

SAILOR.



## NEEDLEWORK SUGGESTIONS.

SUGGESTIONS are always valuable to embroiderers when they combine good work with materials that will stand wear and tear, and that can be cleaned or washed. For five o'clock tea table-cloths, table centres, sideboard cloths, summer quilts, pillow shams, perambulator covers, nightgown sachets, and handkerchief cases are always in request, and a new foundation material for them eagerly welcomed. This is the damask linen sold at all linen-drapers for table-cloths or by the yard, and the work is called damask work from it. The design woven into linen is utilized for the pattern, and much of the success of the embroidery depends upon its careful selection. Many of our table-cloths, when looked at with a critical eye, have little to recommend them in an artistic point of view, the flower designs of a ponderous, unwieldy style, and the arabesque and architectural patterns utterly unfitted for embroidery. Small

groups or circles of flowers, or detached flowers or buds, scattered as powderings over the ground, are the only ones that are suitable, and of these the preference is always to be given to single-petaled flowers, such as lilies, daffodils, marguerite daisies, and the clematis tribe. The embroidery consists of outlining all the leaves and flowers in crewel stitch with the finest make of ingrain colored cottons, such as shades of Turkey red, navy and sky-blue, light to dark brown, and dark greens. Besides outlining the design, the centres of all flowers are filled in, some with French knots, others with basket work or plain lines representing stamens and pistil. A line of fine gold thread is then couched round the outline of every flower, and this gives the peculiar appearance to the work, the gold contrasting so prettily with the white ground and the brightly colored outlines. The gold thread used is sold for washing purposes,

but the embroidery is better cleaned than washed in the ordinary way, although it will stand home washing, with soap free from soda. The articles, when embroidered, are trimmed round with torchon or guipure d'art lace, and this lace is also embroidered when a very handsome appearance is needed. The lace is either darned or run with ingrain cottons. When darned a border zig-zag line is run on each side, and the centre part of the pattern darned over with a contrasting color. When the lace is run, no attention is paid to the pattern, but large open diamonds of run work are formed, or the key or other classic pattern taken over the whole of the width of the lace. Gold thread is introduced where it can be run in without damage, and, of course, heightens the effect.

Summer quilts are very effective when worked in damask work in small squares and joined together with either guipure d'art lace or Turkey-red twill or surah silk squares. The lace squares when used necessitates the quilt being lined with a pretty soft shade of color, such as apricot, shrimp-pink, Nile-green, sky-blue, etc. This lining is either made of thin silk or of sateen, the latter being not only less expensive, but also more weighty than the former.

The Turkey-red or surah silk squares do not require lining, but look better with a little embroidery upon them. This upon the Turkey-twill looks best done in cross-stitch with white ingrain cotton, and can easily be managed by laying a piece of Berlin wool canvas over the square, working the cross-stitch through this and the twill, and when it is finished drawing away the threads of canvas one by one. The silk squares are too thin to allow of cross-stitch being worked upon them, but there are many back stitch or embroidery patterns that would be suitable, as it is only necessary to work a small design upon each.

A much more elaborate description of damask work is made upon silk brocade of a pale shade. The fronts of dresses, side panels, waistcoat, and sleeve pieces are now embroidered in this style, and it is also used for drawing-room fire screens and sofa cushions. The ground-color of the brocade is generally selected of buttercup-yellow, lemon-yellow, yellow-pink,

terra-cotta, eau-de-nil or sky-blue, and the design one that fully covers the foundation. This design is not followed, as in the case of the true damask work, but a large conventionalized flower or spray of flowers or fruit is traced upon the material and outlined with white or colored silks and surrounded with a couched down gold cord. White or colored silks are used to fill up the centres of the design, and when small leaves or tiny sprays are represented, they are entirely filled in with satin stitch.

#### BAGS FOR BAZAARS.

**N**OW that there is such a craze for bags (and a charming craze it is) we have gone back to the times of our grandmothers for patterns, and have copied all the bag forms which prevailed in those days. We now see revived the purse bag, the Dorcas bag, and the knitting bag, but in materials and with decorations which would have seemed the height of extravagance to those careful housewives. There are many inexpensive bags, which are also pretty and sell quickly, for they make very useful and acceptable presents.

A Dorcas bag consists of a strip of silk or other material from twenty-five to thirty inches long and eight and a half deep (when finished), gathered on to a circular piece of cardboard fifteen or sixteen inches in circumference, and finished at the top with drawstrings of ribbon or silk tape, leaving a heading of two or two and a half inches.

These bags are quite inexpensive if made of pieces of silk from three to four and a half inches wide, joined together in a seam. The bag is then to be lined with cream-colored silk or surah, and with draw-strings of two contrasting colors matching the bag—a good effect is secured if taste has been used in the selection of colors. Red, peacock-blue, and brown silks make a pretty combination, the wide pieces being of the two former, the narrow of the brown, and allowing the brown pieces to predominate in number. Silk tape for draw-strings can be bought at eight cents a yard, and the yellow is particularly rich looking, and combines well with many colors. The cardboard for the bottom should be neatly covered on both



sides, and, indeed, neatness is indispensable in the work of constructing a bag; no long stitches or careless work will pass where both durability and beauty depend on the carefulness of the sewing. The bag just described should have draw-strings of red and brown, or red and peacock.

Extremely pretty work bags may be made of the narrow Japanese calicoes. These are about twelve inches wide, and very cheap. I recall one now which has a white ground, with graceful branches of palms in a rich blue almost covering it, and this pattern would make a very effective work bag.

Two yards and a quarter will be required. Cut in half and join these two pieces by the selvedge edges. Line with thin white cambric—or blue, if you have something that matches the blue of the calico and that will not crock. Join the other selvedge edges, leaving an opening of nine or ten inches in the middle part of the bag. Hem down the lining, gather up the ends securely with a strong thread, turn, and finish each end with a blue silk or worsted pompon, taking care to have the shade harmonize with the blue of the calico. Two bone or gilt rings for securing the work are required, and you have a work or mending bag which will be an ornament as it hangs on your chair. When a woman can succeed in combining the useful and the beautiful at slight expense, she has a sense of great satisfaction and pleasure—and with reason!

A very good proportion for a bag is sixteen inches deep by fourteen wide (when finished), with a heading of two and a half inches; this heading is included in the sixteen inches of the depth.

I have one made of olive-colored ottoman silk, trimmed on one side with strips of olive and old pink plush. It is finished on the bottom and sides with silk balls of olive and pink, and the draw-strings are of olive ribbon. This bag has been in use for several years, and is just now beginning to show signs of wear. Once, when making a large rug, which was all in one piece, I found it invaluable, as it was capacious enough to hold wools and work without crowding, and its fine coloring was a pleasure to me always. This style of bag may be made of much cheaper materials, however, and I mention it only on account of the proportion.

Dark blue jean is used so much for fancy work that I think a bag made of it might look very well. If new jean is used, it should be washed and scalded several times to make it pliable. But some that had been worn awhile (if the garment happened to be out-grown, for instance), would be soft to work on, and a good color as well. Cover this with an all-over design of geometrical figures or flower forms (something simple can easily be put on with a pencil), and embroider in dark red silks and crewels in outline. A dark red silk lining would be handsome with this, but if expensive, something cheaper might be found—Japanese calico, for instance. The draw-strings should be long, and of dark red satin ribbon an inch wide.

A knitting bag, fourteen inches long and six inches wide when finished—made of soft cotton goods, with a cream-colored ground covered with gay figures—would make a very pretty gift for a lady who did much knitting. Face the top with Turkey red, and use red ribbons an inch wide for draw-strings, leaving a heading of two inches or more, as desired. This bag is long enough to hold the largest needles and is wide enough for an ordinary piece of knitting. Made of the blue and white Japanese calico previously mentioned, and faced with Turkey red, it would be effective; or thinner goods could be used and then lined throughout with the Turkey red.

A very nice mending bag may be made in this manner: take a strip of goods fifty inches long and eleven and a half deep, and bind the upper edge with worsted braid. Arrange this in the form of pockets on another strip twenty-three inches long and seventeen and a half inches deep; it will make six pockets, and there should be a row of machine stitching between each one. Gather at the bottom, and join this and the inner bag to a circular piece of the goods eighteen inches in circumference. If this round piece is slightly stiffened with linen canvas and lined, it would be well. Bind this with braid and make an inch-wide hem in the longest bag, and use braid for draw-strings. Jean again, washed and bound with red braid, would look well; but there are numberless other materials which would be suitable and durable; for instance, cretonne,

gray linen, and even calico, if lined to strengthen it.

A chamois button bag is a dainty present. Take a strip of chamois leather fourteen inches long and five and a half wide; double, and stitch on the sewing-machine, close to the edge as possible, on the sides, and also across the bag one and a quarter inches from the bottom; this doubled part is to be cut into fringe a little less than a quarter of an inch wide, and is left double. Put a design of tiny clover leaves in green paint just above the stitching at the bottom on one side, and of tiny catkins in brown on the other. Cover the machine stitching with gold paint, and mark a background of irregular lines in the same paint for the clovers and catkins. With a small thimble mark scallops round the top and paint in each one a clover leaf. Put an appropriate motto on one or both sides in gold or bronze paint and use narrow green ribbon for draw-strings. These designs of clovers and catkins can be put on with a pencil if one has the slightest knowledge of drawing, and there is almost always some member of the family who does a little in that way. "Button, button, who's got the button?" "Take all I give you." "A place for everything," etc., are all suitable mottoes; but there are doubtless many others equally appropriate.

#### PRETTY APRONS.

OF the great variety of aprons one sees nowadays, there are none so pretty or so dainty as those made of sheer white lawn hemstitched and entirely destitute of trimming, their beauty consisting in the delicacy of the material and the neatness with which they are made. These are in various sizes, some a yard wide and thirty inches long, others (and this is a good proportion) twenty-five inches long and twenty-seven inches wide when finished. They are pretty, made simply with a hem five inches deep, but with a two-inch hem and three one-inch tucks above it, all hemstitched, and with a row of feather-stitching above the hem and each tuck, and with an inch hem at the side also hemstitched, they are works of art. A tiny pocket, feather-stitched all round, and long strings of the same, complete a beautiful apron.

A less expensive one may be made of Victoria lawn with a hem five inches deep and above it a row of insertion two inches wide, crocheted of coarse white thread. White cross-barred muslin in large bars is handsome, and aprons made of this may be trimmed on the bottom with crocheted lace. There are many pretty patterns for this lace, and done in moderately coarse thread it does not take long.

A durable apron is made of coarse white linen fringed at the bottom to a depth of two inches and neatly button-holed to prevent raveling. Above this is a design in black outline embroidery, and above and below the embroidery a simple design in drawn work. This apron is plaited into a band with five or six small plaits, and these are feather-stitched in black to a depth of about two inches, only sewing through one thickness of the material.

Curtain material of the lighter kind is now being made up into aprons, with the stripes running cross-wise. A sewing-apron is made of this, with a piece a quarter of a yard deep turned up at the bottom and fastened on the right side in the form of a pocket. Two or three rows of orange-color ribbon are run through the meshes at the top of this pocket, and just below the ribbon are little embroidered disks in yellow and orange alternately.

The deep embroidered white lawn flouncing which is so inexpensive makes a pretty apron. A yard will be required. Sew a ruffle of lace two inches wide under the scallops at the edge, and at every point where they meet insert a tiny loop and end of narrow satin ribbon in pink or yellow. This little fringe of color at the bottom makes it quite dressy. Strings of the lawn or of ribbon as preferred,

If one wishes a bright-colored apron, there is nothing handsomer than the gay bandana handkerchiefs for the purpose. Choose one in which the predominating colors are red and yellow, make it up with the stripes running crosswise. Orange-colored satin ribbon an inch and a quarter, or wider if liked, should be used for strings, with a bow at the side.

Gentlemen's silk handkerchiefs are so large now that the largest size can be easily utilized for aprons. Run a ribbon through the hem on one side for the top,

and ornament the bottom with outline embroidery. A small pocket made of knotted silk is an addition, and if one understands knotting it is quickly made; if not, the netted material can be bought, or it may be ordered at any store where fringes are made. A heavy cardinal silk handkerchief embroidered in black, with a black netted pocket and black ribbon strings, makes a charming apron to wear with a black silk costume. A white one embroidered in pink (wild rose design), with pink satin ribbons and white pockets is also pretty for any occasion where aprons are permissible.

A pongee apron of good size is made with a three-inch hem at the bottom and a row of drawn work above it. The hem an inch wide at the sides is hemstitched. Embroider in outline some wild rose forms in dark red and brown silks above the drawn work and use dark red satin ribbon for strings.

To young ladies who paint, aprons are a necessity, and a good, generous one would be an acceptable present at any time.

These artists' aprons are made of dark blue gingham or calico, Turkey red or of gay plaid gingham. They may be made of two widths of the material very long, with a bib; or, better still, gathered into a band at the neck and with long sleeves.

Aprons of batiste are now sold ready made up. They have a two-inch hem all around and satin ribbon run through the hem at the top for strings. The bottom is trimmed with tiny silk tassels in pink and blue. They are meant to be embroidered with a spray of flowers.

#### — DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

THE great army of women belonging to middle-class circumstances are generally dressmakers for themselves, and in these days of well-fitting paper patterns and cheap fashion books this becomes less of a bugbear than when "lonely women" had no guide but a neighbor's dress to assist them. Still, many a little thing about making a dress puzzles weary brains, and yet these same little things are of vital importance. In fact, the general finishing of a costume imparts more than half of the desired stylish and trim appearance.

As the basque is of the greater importance, I commence with salient features of that garment. Nowadays the appearance desired is in effect, broad shoulders, tapering waist, swelling hips, and a general long, though not too slender look. Now the question arises how to obtain this effect in the simplest manner after once learning the whys and wherefores.

I take it for granted that you have an old basque for a pattern, or a paper model, which has been at least roughly fitted to you. If you are short waisted you must have all of your underskirts on yokes, and keep them well pushed down to make your waist as long as possible. In fitting the basque make the waist line long, have the darts near together at this point, and taper them very high and slender. Have your back and side forms fitted first, leaving the seams under the arms until the last, as all changes for the hips must be made from these.

The shoulder seams are short, and cut straight across the top of the arm to give a square look, and the neck is fitted very high without any curving in front, as of yore. If thin around the neck, place a layer of wadding, the sheet variety, between the lining and the dress, tacking it here and there to the lining. If two layers of wadding are used, the second one must be tapered down near the edges, and after stitching in the sleeves pull the wadding out of the seam lest it be too clumsy. Arm sizes are cut high and close about the arms. Small, crescent-shaped pads are worn under the arms, where every one is hollow. These are made of lining and wadding, and reach a trifle more than half way round the underpart of the arms, tapering to a point, and are tacked in lightly after the sleeves are sewed.

When the figure is very full-busted a small cross-wise V is taken in nearly under the arms to prevent a wrinkle in front of the arm size. Extra room is given over the bust by rounding out the front hems of the basque fronts and tapering them in at the waist-line. A single point in front gives a slender appearance, and divergent points add to the apparent breadth. All basques are now cut short on the hips, but a very stout person should have them at least of medium length.

Postilion or plaited backs are becoming to all figures; the tab back has two or three vandyked points, another style having short, pointed tabs resting upon longer ones of a contrasting fabric. A newer design has the back pieces lengthened to about nine inches below the waist and two inches wide; these are lined with the material forming the trimming, and turned up underneath to form two loops. The prettiest postilion is of two narrow double box plaits separated up the centre and sides, and the side forms ending in a point a trifle shorter than the plaits, which are carefully pressed in position and lined with crinoline to keep them in shape.

A bias piece of crinoline, two and a half inches deep, put around the edge of a basque under the facing keeps it in a smoother and better position. Baste carefully and stitch your seams straight. This latter warning is often neglected, and thus we see people wearing crooked seams that make one look all zigzag. Seams are cut in scallops and closely though loosely overcast; others are turned in and oversewed; others, again, are bound with thin lutestring binding, though all are occasionally clipped to prevent any drawing when the seams are pressed. The first method is the easiest, and is now followed by the best of *modistes*.

As soon as the seams are overcast press them with a warm iron. Turn the side form and shoulder seam to the front, and open the darts, back, side, and under-arm seams. If the basque is of velvet, plush, or cloth do not press it, as the print of the iron will show, but stand the iron upon a table and run the seams quickly over the small, rounded end. Basques must be fitted over well-fitting corsets and bustles in order to set well. Bustles are necessary if symmetry is desired. Broad figures require small outward bustles, while slender figures look better with a wider shape. Those of wire or straw braid are recommended in place of the warm mattress shapes basted in each dress skirt.

Rather small buttons are used, and placed three-quarters to an inch apart, stout persons wearing flat designs and others ball or protruding shapes. Soft finished silesia or French cambric are the

best linings, as they fit into the form, while gros grain or surah silk is selected for expensive dresses. Do not aim at extreme effects—novelty is not always style—and do not handle your materials more than is necessary, as a costume meddled with from the outset is never dainty and neat in its appearance when made up.

Another important feature is the putting in of whalebones, which seems simple until we hear so many asking, "What seams shall I bone, and how?" In any case bone the four darts, under-arm and side-seams, making the bones extend from the lower edge to the top of the darts and to point two inches below the arm size. Fashionable *modistes* always bone the back and side form seams as well, and the fit is much improved by so doing. If your bone casings are of the lining cut bias, put them on smoothly; if of tape, sew it on full enough to pucker occasionally, and leave the top inch of tape doubled like a loop free from the seam, although the bone reaches to the top of it.

Select thin, pliable bones that will bend without splitting, and pierce holes in the top and bottom through which a thread is passed to fasten them to the seam and prevent their twisting. If the ready-covered steels are used no casings are required, and the holes are already punched for fastening them to the seams; they are to be obtained by the dozen in assorted lengths, and are really useful in saving needlework and breakage. In slip stitching on the facing, which must be bias, be careful not to catch up even a thread of the outside material.

Belts are now universally worn to keep the basque straight; they are tacked to the back and side forms only, and must be exactly as snug as the basque itself, and the lower edge even with the bottom of the waist. No one will more carefully study details and the needs of a figure than the person for whom the costume is intended; for this reason home dress-makers should succeed, having a personal interest in their handiwork. Tall, slender people should beware of long, straight draperies and stripes; on the other hand, stout figures look well in long draperies, pointed basques, and lengthwise trimmings; a hint to the wise is sufficient.



As much care is observed with the sleeves as with the basque; lining of a similar nature is used for both, and the lower part is finished with a bias facing of the dress material or thin silk. Very thin arms are improved by a layer of wadding between the elbows and shoulders. Sleeves are snug in fit though not as vice-like as they have been for some seasons past. They fit easily over the top, though not full enough to gather, and the outside seam may be left open for two inches at the wrist or closed as fancy dictates.

Handsomely fitting sleeves are cut with and without the tiny cluster of gathers at the elbow, though personally I think they are more comfortable with this extra fullness. Cuffs shorten the arms, so do caps and epaulet trimmings on the shoulders. The revived leg-of-mutton sleeves are be-

coming to long, thin arms only. Sleeves should be cut perfectly straight, with the grain of the cloth across the top, which makes them bias at the wrist.

A narrow tape is stitched around the arm size with the sleeve, which prevents any splitting across the front of the basque. The arm sizes are closely but loosely overcast; the sleeve seams are clipped several times to prevent any drawing, overcast separately, and pressed open if desired. Tapes to hang the basque up are sewed on in a loop at the joining of the side-form seams and arm sizes.

Let no woman despair of becoming at least a passable home dressmaker. Sameness is to be avoided; but, until experienced, do not try to fly to the topmost step of the heights of originality and startling effects.

## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

### THE "SAND MAN."

**T**WILIGHT is here, and the baby is weary—

Weary of laughing and weary of play:  
Sleepy-by comes, and the eyes of the darling

Would close, like a vail, on the scenes of the day.

Calmly it lies in the arms of the mother,  
Holy and pure, like an angel, it seems.

One little smile and a sweet little dimple,  
And baby has gone to the land of the dreams.

Hush! not a word, not a footfall around her,

Turn down the clothes of the little white nest;

Turn down the light, for the "sand-man" has found her,

And angels are guarding the baby at rest.

Now, as I look on this mother's own treasure,

Idol of home and the comfort of all,  
Sadly I think of the woe without measure—

Sorrows that cling and the tears that will fall,

As I'm recalling my own without number,  
Haunting at night when I'm longing for rest,

I'd keep her a baby forever, to slumber  
And smile, in her dream, on her fond mother's breast.

Hush! I am fearing my thoughts will awake her;

Baby, sleep on, while thy angels attend;  
Sweet little darling! the "sand-man" has found her;

When baby is grown may he still be a friend.

ELMER RUAN COATES.

### SHE FORGOT HER WRONGS.

**Y**ES, she forgot them!—Angry words  
That cut the heart like sharpest swords;

Yes, she forgot them!—Unjust deeds,  
The wrong that envy surely breeds  
In meaner natures; but no stir  
Of baser passions marred in her  
The conquering power of purer thought,

Ever remembering who had taught:  
 "Father, they know not what they do;  
 Forgive them!"—and she wished it so.  
 Wrongs, she forgot them, one by one,  
 Though never yet a kindness done.

A generous act, a kindly speech,  
 Would seem her very soul to reach,  
 And there remain a lasting thought  
 To be with happy memories fraught;  
 Unlike cold natures, proud and vain,  
 In gratitude she felt no pain,  
 But rather joy, which on her face  
 Its lines of light knew how to trace.  
 I wonder, did she long ago  
 Learn lessons of unfathomed woe,  
 That she forgets her wrongs alone,  
 But never once a kindness done!

CAMILLA CROSSLAND.

#### AT MIDNIGHT.

THE pallid moonlight through the  
 casement drifts  
 A sea of silver-breaking spray, that falls  
 Shimmering down the darkly shadowed  
 walls  
 And oaken floor. Outside, the nightwind  
 lifts  
 A rustling branch against the pane; it  
 shifts  
 The shadow to and fro, and faintly calls  
 In soft sea-tones, learned where the slow  
 foam crawls  
 In serpent-wreathed coils through craggy  
 rifts.  
 O crooning west wind! dost thou bear to me  
 No greeting from one loved and far  
 away?  
 Is there no message in thy whispering  
 To me awake, waiting to hear from thee  
 One tender prayer that her dear lips  
 might say  
 Ere slumber shadowed her with  
 drowsy wing?

GEO. L. MOORE.

#### ALADDIN.

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,  
 And lived in a cellar damp,  
 I had not a friend or a toy,  
 But I had Aladdin's lamp;  
 When I could not sleep for cold,  
 I had fire enough in my brain,  
 And builded, with roofs of gold,  
 My beautiful castles in Spain.

Since then I have toiled day and night,  
 I have money and power good store,  
 But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright  
 For the one that is mine no more;  
 Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,  
 You gave, and may snatch again;  
 I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,  
 For I own no more castles in Spain!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

"A TENDER veil of green adorns the  
 willows;  
 The grass is springing up in sunny  
 places;  
 The ice no longer holds in chains the  
 billows;  
 The violets soon will show their modest  
 faces.  
 O Spring! fair Spring! we hasten forth  
 to greet thee,  
 Our frost-bound hearts throb with fresh  
 joy to meet thee."

Thus wrote the Poet, and he read it over—  
 Being quite young—with modest ap-  
 probation,  
 Gazing across a field of (last year's) clover,  
 And exercising his imagination.  
 And being caught by several April  
 showers,  
 He only murmured something of "May  
 flowers."

But the next morning, with a north wind  
 blowing,  
 And leaden skies above, he changed  
 his ditty.  
 "No!" growled he, "I will *not* look how  
 it's snowing!  
 Pull down the blind, if you've a spark  
 of pity.  
 Stir up the fire, and make it kindle faster;  
 And *will* you mix me that red-pepper  
 plaster?"

"If anything could start my circulation,  
 'Twould be that Pilgrim Father's  
 business, surely.  
 To think they undertook to found a nation,  
 And counted on its future so securely,  
 After they'd seen—no, it was *not* sublime  
 —it  
 Was idiotic, settling in this climate!"

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.—*The Century*.

## HOME CIRCLE.

### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MATTER.

WE read many disquisitions upon the duty of wives to make home pleasant. They are usually well written, and full of home-truths. Among others, we read often of the wife's duty to be invariably cheerful—"meet him always with a smile," etc. Does it ever occur to these homilists that the *husband* has aught to do with providing this "smile," or, rather, with providing *cause* for it? It takes something more than well-furnished house, abundant wardrobe, well-filled larder, yea, even than a full purse, to keep a womanly heart always in smiling order!

It is not hard, though. You did not find it so in the days of your courtship, nor even in your early married life. It should be easier still, after all these years together, of united hearts, of mutual cares and mutual joys, of proved affection and of fuller understanding of each other's tastes. Only keep up the loving ways, the tender attentions, the tokens of appreciation with which you won her first, and *you* will be happy in your deed, as well as make *her* so.

Be not ashamed to be lover-like; do not fancy it is not becoming to middle-aged people. "All the world loves a lover," is a true saying, and the *elderly married lover* is as much admired, if not more, as the young lover. Except some occasional soured spinster, or unhappily married elder people, all hearts warm to the man who is not afraid nor ashamed to show that he loves his wife. The girls envy her, and "pray Heaven to send *them* such a one," the young men learn a lesson of faithfulness, elder people

honor him, he wins golden opinions from all.

Is your wife plain, quiet, old-fashioned? Let her but feel that she is dearest of all the world to you in spite of it all, and then a little tender urgency and encouragement will induce her to amend herself as far as she can. She does not wish you to call her beautiful if she is not, but only to know herself as dear to you as if she were, inasmuch as you chose her rather than any more beautiful woman at first.

Is she growing elderly, diseased, deformed, unfortunate in any way? Ah, remember that she gave *you* her *best* years, her best strength, that in loving service to you health and youth have been lost, and love her only the more. It is more for your sake than her own that she mourns over fading face and whitening hair and halting step. She sees changes in you, no doubt, but loves you none the less for the thinning hair, the furrows on your brow, the changes in face and form from your sturdy youth; but you are only the dearer to her. In pity, man, in honor, in all manly nobility, give her back love for love, truth for truth!

You are all in all to her. If *you* fail her, nothing can make good the loss. Your admiration, your appreciation, are worth more to her than all the world. If she had every other good gift, and the love of all other hearts and the praises of nations, all would be void without your affection. Is it not worth while to appreciate such love as this and retain it? Is it not a prize to be cherished?

Perhaps she may meet you without the "smile"—perhaps even with tears, sometimes—not often, if you be a "married lover!" Sometimes the limbs are so weary

and the hopeless struggle with ill health so disheartening. Then be patient, be sympathetic. Sometimes children may have been disobedient and trying; sometimes the big boy, in the plenitude of the wisdom of *hobble-de-hoy-hood*, has scouted her advice contemptuously; sometimes the grown girl has sneered at mother's "notions." Then, if you have it in you to comfort and cheer her, to make her feel that she is indeed dear and honored and wise and precious to you, then are you well worthy of just such a crown of honor as her heart crowns you with. Then if you can show her that she is as dear to you as ever, you have done a deed that God will smile upon.

Many a man says, "My wife ought to know I love her, without my talking about it. I have proved that I did not only by my choice itself but by years of careful providing and faithful adherence."

Very true; but do not fear to say so! Man cannot live by bread alone, nor woman either. The heart hungers for expressions of affection. In no relation of life is it satisfied without definite tokens of appreciation. You comfort your minister's heart with thanks for a helpful sermon; you give a friend a warm hand clasp and expressions of esteem; you delight the heart of your little child with fond embraces and sweet names; nay, you call your dog, good fellow! and pat his head; you pet your horse; and these, too, appreciate kind words. Do as much at least for your wife as you do for friend or servant!

And by all that is true or noble or good, I adjure you, suffer no outsider to comment upon her peculiarities, to depreciate or slight her because of them, by look or word. Whoso does disrespect to her does double dishonor to you. Allow no criticism of her; you chose her once, stand by your choice. Even if it were mistaken, then pride would bid you let no one know it.

O husbands! O wives! the marriage union is so tender, so sacred, so precious when it is a true union, of souls as well as of lives. Let each be to the other all that God meant them to be, the most intimate friend, the closest sympathizer, the most forbearing and charitable critic, the most patient with each other's faults, the most admiring appreciator of good in each

other. And so shall home be what it was meant to be, earth's gate to Heaven.

MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

## MARY'S FAULT.

A TRUE STORY.

A GREAT ocean steamship comes slowly through the "Narrows" into the glistening waters of New York Bay. The busy little "tug" at its side plows the water industriously, never pausing until the vessel is safely anchored within the harbor.

A throng of passengers crowd the deck, anxious to catch a glimpse of the great metropolis where all sorts and conditions of men are welcomed.

Among the crowd of immigrants who have left their close quarters for the last time stands a young girl about eighteen years of age. As her gaze wanders restlessly from one object to another, an observer could not fail to notice the defiant gleam that flashed from her coal-black eyes.

"I've been naught but a shlave in me own counthry," she muttered, compressing her lip; "but I've got me liberty now an' I'll not be lettin' people impose on me at all. Phat's that?" she asked a sailor, pointing toward the far-famed Statue of Liberty.

"That's Liberty a-givin' light to the world," replied the sailor.

"Sure, an' I'll be findin' liberty widout the aid o' that!" exclaimed the girl, with a contemptuous curl of her lip.

The sailor turned away with a laugh and the remark—"Folks has diff'nt ideas consarnin' liberty, an' mebbe ye'll come down a peg afore long."

"I've been towld that ivery wan is free an' equal here, an' that 'tis aisy to get what ye want," muttered the girl, as she drew the thin, faded shawl closer around her shoulders.

Suddenly the air resounds with discordant blasts from innumerable mills and factories. The little tug disconnects itself from the great vessel, and steams noisily away toward the ocean. All is bustle on board the steamer. Ferry-boats receive the immigrants and the baggage, which has been examined by officials, and in a short time the former place their feet upon American soil. They pass through the gate at Castle Garden, thence along a



broad passageway, and finally into the rotunda, where so many strangers from a strange land have preceded them.

Mary O'Neil, the girl who had come to America in search of that which was denied her in her own country, elbowed her way through the crowd of people in a way that caused many to turn and glance at her in amazement.

"Yer not troubled wid the best o' manners," said a woman whom Mary had rudely pushed aside.

"I'm afther takin' care o' mesilf," was the brusque reply.

A matron connected with one of the "homes" approached Mary, and inquired concerning her future movements, etc.

"I'll take care o' mesilf if I but get the chance," said Mary.

"A sullen, impertinent young person, and I'll not bother about her," thought the matron. She told Mary that she might occupy one of the benches in the room where a number of girls were waiting for employment. A number of ladies in search of "help" were mingling among the girls, asking them questions concerning their ability, etc.

"You seem like a strong, hearty girl, how would you like to work for me. I live on a farm and—"

"I'll not be workin' on a farm at all, mum," said Mary, tossing her head. "I'd enough o' the loikes o' that afore I cum to this country."

"Mistaken independence," murmured the lady, as she turned away.

Mary had but two shillings in her pocket, so she made up her mind to accept the next place which was offered. It proved to be a boarding-house.

At the end of a week, Mary was back at Castle Garden, in search of another situation.

"I couldn't shtand them at all," she said, with a frown. "It's Mary here an' it's Mary there from mornin' till night. I'll not be havin' the mistress say 'tis me own fault I can't get along wid the people."

Mary went from place to place, but the spirit of antagonism which she carried with her kept up a constant "throwing of stones" that were rapidly filling her pathway and bruising her at every footstep. Her last place was very desirable in many respects, but Mary was restless, she was constantly on the lookout for slights and

insults, and made herself miserable because she was obliged to work while her mistress could fold her hands if she wished to do so.

"I'm as good as ye are," she said to the lady who employed her when that individual attempted to remonstrate with her for being unhappy because she could not command the advantages enjoyed by many others. The master of the house overheard the remark and bade her leave immediately.

There was an aged lady in the house to whom Mary was very much attached. She could not make up her mind to go away without seeing her.

"I am very sorry to hear that you are about to leave us, Mary," said the old lady, kindly. "If you would listen to the good spirit instead of the evil one, I am sure that your life would be different."

"Shure, an' I've not had wan minnit's happiness since I landed," said Mary, with a sob.

"Have you ever thought that perhaps you have not done your part toward creating happiness?" said the old lady. "You say," she continued, "that this is a free country. So it is, a country where everyone has the power to make or mar their own happiness. The spirit called evil tells you to make enemies instead of friends; it tells you to think only of yourself, no matter what others may suffer. There is a spirit called good. Its soft, low whisper can always be heard above the clamoring of the evil spirit. When you are irritated you will hear one voice urging you to reply—another begging you to pause for a moment ere you answer."

"Folks kape sayin' things to rile me, mum, an'—an' I thought things ud be aisy here," said Mary, fretfully.

"You are making your life hard by struggling for things that do not bring happiness. And now, Mary," said the old lady, taking the girl's toil-hardened hand within her own, "give yourself into the care of the spirit that will never tell you to do wrong."

A warm grasp of the hand, a trembling good-bye, and Mary, with her bundle clasped in her arms, is again a wanderer.

"That woman had no right to tell you what to do. Do as you please," whispered a voice. "Please to do right, right, right," murmured another voice.

"I'll not be shtandin' here, I'd betther be afther findin' another place," muttered Mary, softly.

In the course of an hour she was seated among a crowd of girls of every nationality, who, like herself, were waiting for employment. Mary was averse to conversing with any one. A new feeling had taken possession of her. "They'll be thinkin' I'm that bad tempered that nobody'll kape me," she thought. Her face flushed when one of the girls called out:

"If that isn't Mary O'Neil back again. Had another fight, Mary?" she asked, insolently.

"Tell her to mind her own business," whispered a voice. "No, no, keep quiet," said another voice.

"Oh! she's got the sulks," cried the girl, in a tantalizing tone.

At this moment an elderly couple, attired in the garb worn by the Society of Friends, approached Mary.

"I like thy face, young woman," said the lady, "and if thee is willing to live on a farm, I will gladly give thee employment."

"Don't go, work too hard," said a voice. "Go, and work with all your might," came a soft whisper.

"I—I was raised on a farm, mum. I—I'll thry to suit ye," said Mary, working her fingers nervously.

"Thee is right in saying that thee will try," said the gentleman; "but," he continued, "thee must know that thee will have to work hard, and thee will have to be respectful to all. In return thee will receive like treatment and thy wages. Can thee accompany us at once?" he asked, kindly.

"There's nothin' to hinder, sur, since I've made up me mind to thry," said Mary, rising.

"Gone on a farm!" Mary heard one of the girls exclaim, as she passed through the room. "She'll be back here in a week."

"Don't go. It's not too late to tell 'em you've changed your mind." The words rang in Mary's ears until she was well on her way to her destination.

Very gently the farmer's wife drew from Mary the story of her life. Left an orphan in infancy, she was "bound" to a farmer, who proved to be a hard master.

"An' afther many years, mum, I made

up me mind to thry Americky, where I heard tell things was aisy loike, an' I thought I'd be gettin' me rights widout much throuble," said Mary.

"Poor girl!" said the farmer's wife, soothingly. "We have a right only to what we earn. Thee must guard thy tongue, let no evil word fall from thy lips, and though thy disappointments have been many, thee will surely come into great happiness," she said, softly. "This is our home," she said, as the carriage paused in front of a neat house surrounded by great elm trees. "I give thee in care of Martha"—turning toward a pleasant-faced elderly woman, who stood at the garden gate. "After thee has partaken of food and rested, thee can come to me for instructions concerning thy work for the morrow."

"She towled me to *resh*—shure no one ever towled me to do that same before," murmured Mary, as she followed Martha into the clean, cheerful kitchen, where she was invited to partake liberally of the plain, wholesome food which was placed invitingly upon the table.

Everything was new to Mary—the air of refinement—the kindness displayed by each one toward the other—was so different from the life at home and in such strong contrast to the Bohemian life which she had led ever since her arrival at Castle Garden, that for a time the girl feared that it was all a dream and dreaded the awakening.

"Shure at home 'twas nothin' but fight an' snarl, an' ye were towled to do a thing wid a blow; here 'tis, 'Mary, will ye plaze do this or that,' an' even if ye are asked to shut the door, ye are made to feel that it's a favor ye are doing. 'Twas but yisterday the master he come to me, an' ses he, in that kind way he has wid him, 'Mary, if thee's not too tired would ye mind gatherin' the balance o' the tomatoes this afternoon?' Tired? Why, I'd wurruk me fingers off for the loiks o' this family, an' I'd not be doin' enough to pay for the paze [peace] that's crept into me heart."

"We secured a treasure, wife, when we brought this poor, friendless Irish girl to our home," said the farmer, when Mary had been with them a year.

"She is indeed a treasure," was the mild reply. "Love and kindness con-

quered the rebellious spirit within her, and filled her heart with the peace and good-will which makes us charitable toward our neighbor."

M. A. THURSTON.

#### WHAT BECOMES OF MY MAGAZINES.

I COUNT my magazines and papers among my blessings and dear friends. I love them, and eagerly welcome their advent into my home.

I am inclined to want to keep them all to myself, that the attractive covers and dainty white pages may be kept unsoiled; yet conscience forbids that I should refuse to share with others my good things, so I send them traveling, that they may brighten somebody's dreary days, and perhaps bring just at the right moments words of hope, cheer, and courage to a drooping spirit that needs "*just that help.*"

Among my magazines none are more highly prized than the "HOME," which is endeared to me by a thousand precious memories. I want to keep for my own self every number. The thought comes, "add them to your several bound volumes." A number of my bound volumes of the HOME are several much worn ones—1860, 1861, 1862, and following dates.

The "HOMES" make a brave showing in their brown, green, blue, purple, and gold bindings, and, "to my way of thinking," ornament more than costly bric-a-brac my "den," library, parlor, sewing and reception room all in one.

But the latter years have warned me that "time is fleeting," and I shall not "live always." The words, "Go, work in my vineyard," and the "night cometh when no man can work," ring in my ears constantly.

Circumstances have placed me in a lowly sphere and limited my means of helpfulness but with many I can try to cheer and encourage those who need it, be they man, woman or child, sick, poor, discouraged, any one who belongs to the human family.

Like another, "silver and gold" I have none to spare, but I am rich in periodicals, and the thought came: "So many dear people need to read these helpful,

elevating things. Spare of your store to others."

But I am partial, select the recipients of my "HOMES." The lady who is able to buy quantities of laces, ribbons, and pretty things, but "wants to borrow" my "HOMES," giving as an excuse "she can't afford to spend money on books," cannot borrow from me, though I will gladly send in at any time for her a subscription.

Nor can the woman who tears up the "HOMES" for lighting the fire get another copy to use similarly.

A magazine containing useful, helpful thoughts and gems of poetry, and that has cost time, money, and trouble, is too valuable to use for kindling fires.

I was much pleased with a lady at first sight when business took me to her house frequently. I admired her neatly kept home, and noticed only one lack, the absence of books and periodicals. She seemed a plain, sensible home keeper, kind and motherly; but I saw that her sons were growing up illiterate and coarse, though there was money in the family and schools around were abundant. I loaned a HOME there, as a "dress pattern" attracted her.

Afterward, while calling there, I saw one of the boys hastily searching for a bit of paper, and my hostess fished from the wood box my June number of the "HOME" and tore away some leaves, saying—

"I know you won't mind the loss of this magazine, you have so many. Paper's scarce in this house; we don't spend money for books and foolishness."

I *did* mind the destruction of that "HOME." It seemed a trifle to her, but I could not feel kindly over the affair, as I knew of a dozen places where it would have been so welcome.

I could not help thinking of the real hurt she was doing to her "boys," while exalting herself for her "parsimony," in refusing to pay for these helps to culture and better things. Of course, I knew she bestowed pity upon me for being so silly and weak as to be "always potterin' about my readin'."

Where do my magazines go?

Into the homes of dear women, who have gone East, West, South, North, and are lonesome and hungry for "just such" company, and are hoping when "father

gets the new reaper and mower paid for" to have the money for a year's subscription for a woman's periodical.

They go into the rooms in this crowded city, where young, struggling girls and boys congregate, to read and get a little companionship after a hard day's toil. Carefully sheltered and guarded young people can have little idea of the homesickness that comes to the "homeless" lad or lass who is "holding down a good job in the city and daren't leave it." Dear heart, it's little enough to give, but we want, we must reach out as far as we can after these strangers. We can't let ourself take a grain of comfort with our good things when we see bright young countenances full of eager interest expressed by bright eyes, and young hands so often filled with ruinous literature, so plentiful and cheap, and, alas! so alluring.

With our best efforts, we try to displace these snares for something better, that will teach these young souls that "Indian fighting," ranching, and gold mining isn't always romantic and easy; that a cowboy has *real, tough* work to do, and that life is real and earnest. We want the girls to learn that if one has their living to earn, it is best to go at the work in a whole-souled way, not to dawdle until the "Grand Duke" comes to claim his "Princess," and if a *w-e-a-l-t-h-y* gentleman does come along and select a portionless bride, he sometimes proves a tyrant. We want to have them learn that economy is the road to wealth, and that good, honest mechanics are not to be scorned, if they do seem plain, and sometimes homely. We want them to figure out just how much a real, empty-headed dude and dudine who can do nothing but look "swell" are worth in this world, and we'd like them to wonder and try to find out how best to live for *now* and the *long, long* eternity. Only too often young girls, pure and pretty, petted darlings of fond parents and brothers, come to us with sighs and morbid longings for surroundings which belong only to the very wealthy. We listen to their complaints, and hear tirades against plain, hard-working, honest folk, the salt of the earth, and think, "Cheries, the way is made too smooth for you. Commonplace but loving friends are working extra hours to give you the luxuries you do not appreciate. By and

by you will feel aggrieved if any object you '*covet*'—yes, covet, though one of the ten commandments prohibits it—is not given you."

Have we not been "hinted broadly" to by real, nice girls, to give them for a birthday or holiday present little articles of bric-a-brac. Even our watch, dear to us from memories connected with it, has been almost begged from us by those who know nothing except the indulgence of every wish (where it is in any way possible) by parents who have sacrificed home and many comforts to procure the desires of their darlings' hearts.

The dear, bright young people. They are the hope of the future. Do try to throw something helpful in their way; destroy *every* highly spiced periodical calculated to make them despise life's realities and make them acquainted with the "HOME," or some other good magazine.

In various hospitals time drags slowly to the convalescents. Every time I go inside the walls of these "homes" for the sick and wounded, I too fall sick with a heartache.

Bridges must be built, freight carried, trains run, factories carried on, and great enterprises conducted, all for the good of the world; but every day somebody—a toiler in the harness—falls by the way. How glad the "boys" are to see the basket of periodicals, no matter if they are a little old. A young, bright-faced lad, minus his right foot, reaches out his hand; a dozen maimed companions are "glad to get company for the lonesome hours."

No, *my* magazines, even good papers, cannot go into homes to kindle fires or clean pantry shelves.

Lastly, do we not owe it to the publisher and editor of the periodical that we like, and welcome in our homes, to try to circulate it, further the financial interests of those who work to make it a success?

A good magazine cannot be gotten out without much labor and expenditure. One must realize money to carry on any sort of business, as paper, type, etc., cost something. An editor must select with care the articles intended for a periodical which will go into thousands of homes and be read by many, some with a liking for one style of literature, which another reader pronounces "dry as old bones."

It is an easy matter to find fault with



this and that, and we have often heard the remark: "He makes his money easy; he is an editor," or, "She writes. I could do better than that myself." Perhaps so, but we are skeptical upon this point. We are not paid for the attempt to trumpet the praises of any periodical, but it is with us an honest conviction that we can reach more heart-sick, discouraged souls, by sending traveling such periodicals as the HOME MAGAZINE, and we truly feel in duty bound to speak a good word when opportunity offers for all such periodicals.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

#### FOR YOUNG WIVES.

IT may seem delightful to have a home of your very own, in which your will and wishes are paramount; but don't forget the practical side of mistresshood.

Try from the first to live within your income.

Remember that house-rent is only one of many expenses.

Possible illness must always be considered, and a certain portion of each year's income should be put aside so as to meet this need if it comes.

One great mistake young wives on limited incomes are apt to make is, to relin-

quish all their accomplishments, sinking, as they think, their whole lives in their housework.

Now this is not what attracted their husbands, nor is it necessary.

An intelligent interest in all pleasant things should be cultivated and enjoyed.

In regard to servants, it is a difficult matter to decide; with a moderate income these cannot be in numbers, and it is better to have young girls and train them in your own ways.

We all wish to have our homes nice and daintily managed; but unless there be a decidedly good income, this cannot be done unless the mistress is content to put her own hands willingly and skillfully to work.

"Wishes won't wash dishes," says an old Scotch proverb; and attending a cookery class, even if the most copious notes be taken, will not make a good cook, much less a good housekeeper.

You must condescend to learn the minor and uninteresting details which are so dry and appear so unimportant, and yet on which really depends the success of your work.

Once you have learned to know what you want, and how to do it, you will have taken a grand step toward being mistress in your own house and not being under the domestic tyranny of servants.

## HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

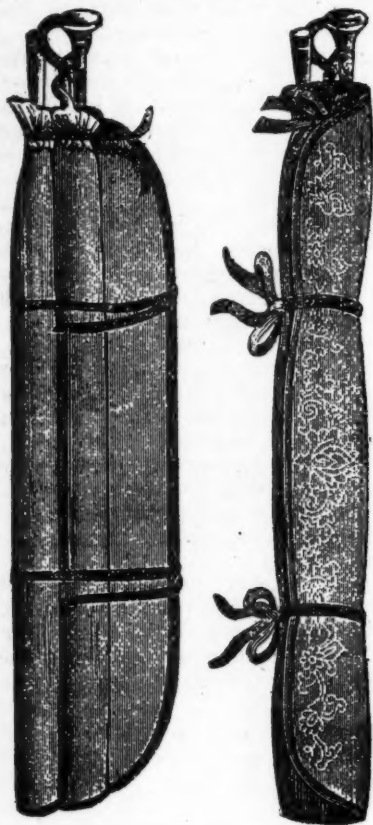
### UMBRELLA OR PARASOL CASE.

IT is often a convenience to have a case large enough to take in two or three umbrellas for traveling. The accompanying illustrations describe a case made of gray linen, embroidered with red marking cotton in outline stitch, and bound and tied with red worsted braid. In order to make one, three-quarters of a yard of linen, two skeins of red cotton, and one piece of braid will be necessary. When finished the length of the case is thirty

VOL. LVII.—42.

inches, just the width of the linen. Turn a hem two a half inches deep at the open end; stitch this twice across to make a casing for a drawing-string, then turn the lower part up over the other eight inches. The remaining eleven inches are for the lap over. Divide this and work a vine in outline stitch on the middle of the upper part after rounding off the corners. When worked, baste the lining of this lap under the turned-up part, and stitch it across. Divide the bottom into equal parts, and sew again through the length of the

case. Then bind the open edges, sew two strings on the lap to tie the case when rolled up, and run a drawing-string in the



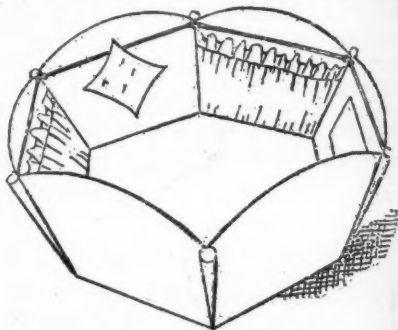
UMBRELLA OR PARASOL CASE.

casing at the open end to keep the umbrellas in place. The illustrations show the case when open and when shut up.

#### A FOLDING WORK BASKET.

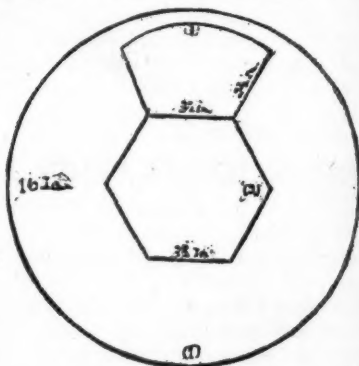
**T**HIS basket is a most useful contrivance, intended for holiday folk and people who frequently travel. One can see at a glance the idea conveyed by the ribbon passing around the top, that when it is untied the basket is flattened out ready for packing. Cretonne makes the most serviceable basket, while silk or satin will, of course, make the most beautiful one. If cretonne is used, half a yard will

be needed. Of this, cut two round pieces, sixteen inches in diameter. For the bottom, cut one six-sided piece of cardboard, each side measuring three and a half inches. Further, cut six pieces of paste-board for the sides, each three and a half



FOLDING WORK BASKET, FIG. 1.

inches at the bottom, two and three-quarters at the sides, and five inches across the top after it has been rounded. Baste the six-sided piece between the two rounds of cretonne, and stitch it in place; likewise the six-sided pieces, as shown in Figure 1; baste the edges of the cretonne together, and bind them with ribbon. Sew pockets of cretonne on alternate sides, and on the intervening ones place a needle-book, a pincushion, and a band to slip the scissors through. Fasten an emery and a small



FOLDING WORK BASKET, FIG. 2.

bag for buttons on one corner, with a bow of ribbons. Small brass rings are to be sewed on the corners of the side pieces; a ribbon is run through these, so that the basket may be drawn up when in use, as shown in Figure 2.



## NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

---

*Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers will find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information upon any subject they wish light on. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.*

### BORROWING.

I HAVE found a great many useful hints and household recipes in the "HOME," and have been much benefited thereby, but I have not yet seen anything explicit on the subject of "borrowing." Now borrowing is well understood by housekeepers, so it certainly needs attention from us. It is the foundation of some rather inexpressible feelings occasionally, and because of some who are martyrs to the custom and slow of speech, I will take up the subject.

"He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing" may work out truthfully enough among the men-folk, since the proverb begins with a "he," but it gets very much turned around in women's affairs, for the "sorrowing" is experienced chiefly by the lenders and not by the borrowers. Some do not consider a woman neighborly who is independent enough to hold an exclusive right to her possessions. There exists a class of people who habitually allow themselves to get completely out of all articles, in a regular routine, before renewing the supply. If a baking of bread takes all the flour, a new sack will not be bought till a few pounds have been borrowed, once. They will almost pass a store directly to borrow a cup of sugar, salt, coffee, some soda, pepper, nutmeg, vinegar, rice, beans, lard, meal, butter or

meat, soap, starch, wash-blue, clothes-line, clothes-pins, tubs, buckets, pots, pans, knives and dishes. Even chairs, table-cloths and napkins, wearing apparel, with buttons, pins, hair-pins, needles and thread are not exempted. It usually happens that some of these things are wanted when the unfortunate possessor is compassed about by circumstances that render a loan disagreeable; or something will be returned by a dirty-faced child, with uncombed hair, when one has company and would prefer to be undisturbed thus. Yet Christian courtesy demands polite attention to every one, and more especially to children. A true lady will exercise self-respect enough to be ever gracious, whether vexed or pleased.

An occasional "borrow" or loan in case of sickness or bad weather or rush of work is not at all amiss; no one would consider it so for a minute. But when it comes to be a regular business, borrowing and lending loses all virtue and becomes a nuisance, if not a genuine vice.

I once had some neighbors who borrowed from me just to gratify curiosity. When any one came to my house some member of this family would always appear, either to borrow or to return something already borrowed; and, of course, had to be presented to my company, or feel insulted, and could not withdraw without full knowledge of purport and personality of my visitors. Had that been the end of it, I might have breathed freely; but they must run and gossip among the neighbors about it. I could not buy a new garment, turn an old one upside down or inside out, or patch it, scarcely, but what the majority of people around about had to comment on it. Even men with whom I had not a speaking acquaintance could find time to give



my affairs their attention, all because I had been kind and courteous enough to lend to some unworthy people.

Now, it is quite as easy to buy sugar, coffee, flour, and, in fact, anything needed in housekeeping, just before it is all gone as it is afterward. There is no difference in the price paid, and a good deal is put down on the credit side of trouble saved and kindly feelings fostered.

If there are any chronic borrowers reading the "HOME" I trust they will look within and wonder if they ever lived close to me on borrowing terms, and not feeling sure they have not, will reform at once!

KATHARINE TIPTOP.

[We have read your "breezy" letter with much interest and pleasure. Did you ever hear the story of the Quaker lady who, being afflicted by a certain borrower, bought a pound of tea, placed it in a canister by itself, loaned from it and returned to it all that was brought back. One day, at length, when the neighbor came for the usual "drawing of tea," the canister was discovered to be empty. "I cannot lend thee more," the lady said, "thee has borrowed thyself out!" And she did not. But of all others we think the chronic newspaper borrower most despicable. Have you never had your "HOMES" returned to you so worn and torn that you could with difficulty recognize their dear old faces? Usually, too, they are borrowed by people who can well afford to pay the small subscription price.]

#### SOME GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

DEAR EDITOR:—Your welcome invitation induces me, for the first time, to send a few lines to the "HOME" housekeepers.

The recipe for washing with kerosene, given by Mrs. L. N. in the January number, I can recommend also, having used it almost two years and knowing of no other method that equals it. I find that good soft soap answers just as well as hard—only use plenty of it.

Why is it that so many of our weary housekeepers, especially those on farms, who have so much extra work to do, spend such an amount of time on their ironing? I was led to think of this on entering the

house of one of my neighbors the other day. The mother was sick, one of the sons just able to be about the room, and the daughter, kept out of school to keep the home machinery running, was laying out so much extra strength on the ironing! It seemed so unnecessary. I find that flannels, knit underwear, and many common clothes, if hung up smoothly and when dry folded, are quite as well as if ironed.

I find, also, that colored napkins spread under each plate at dinner, especially when you have help on the farm (I take it for granted that many of our housekeepers are farmers' wives) keep the table-linen from becoming so quickly soiled, and it is far less work to wash and iron the napkins than a large table-cloth.

A little forethought often saves a great deal of work; but there are some housekeepers who delight to run in the old ruts, doing things exactly as their mothers did and seeming almost afraid to try anything new.

AUNT PRUDENCE.

[We trust the "first time" will not be the last one.]

#### KNITTED LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

First row.—Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit one, thread over, knit two.

Second row.—Knit two, purl one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit four, purl one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Third row.—Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over, knit two.

Fourth row.—Knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three, purl one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Fifth row.—Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three, thread over, knit two.

Sixth row.—Knit two, purl one, knit three, thread over twice, purl two together,

knit two, purl one, knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Seventh row.—Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit four, thread over, narrow, thread over twice, purl two together, knit six.

Eighth row.—Bind off three stitches, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit one, purl one, knit four, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Repeat, beginning with first row.

This pattern is very pretty and easily done.

C. A. ELWELL.

#### OUR "HOME" RECIPE BOOK.

**HICKORY - NUT CAKE.**—Five eggs, three cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, five cups of flour, two cups of nut meats. I used one cup of sour cream and a little less of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of soda. If you do not want a very large cake, take half the quantities given. I have the best cake when I use sour milk or cream, soda and baking powder. Please accept my thanks, kind sisters, for the benefits I receive from "HOME" Housekeepers' Notes.

MRS. ETTA ROSS.

DEAR EDITOR:—We have taken the "HOME" MAGAZINE three years and think we could not do without it. I will give the ball another roll by sending a nice recipe for

**CREAM CAKE.**—One pint of granulated sugar, one pint of thick, sweet cream, four eggs, beaten very light, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, flour enough (in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder has been sifted), to just settle evenly in the pan without much shaking. Bake quite quickly in four pans and put together with cream made in this way: One and one-half cups of sweet milk, two eggs, reserving the white of one for icing, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Let the milk come to a boil, add the corn-starch, dissolved in a little cold milk, then the sugar and eggs beaten together, cook three minutes, cool a little, add the vanilla and use.

Will some one kindly send me the

words of "Curfew must not ring to-night"? I will return the favor, if possible.

MRS. CHAS. A. WHITE.

[We have sent you the poem asked for, which we trust you have received.]

**SWEET PICKLES.**—One lady wishes a recipe for sweet pickles. Mine is as follows, and the pickles will keep a year if necessary; one-half pound of sugar to one pound of any kind of fruit (I like the Muscovado sugar best for pickles); add one pint of good cider vinegar and as much water as will cover the fruit. If pears are used, peel them, leaving a part of the stem on; small pears are best for pickles. Steam them until a sliver from the broom will pierce them, but do not let them get soft. In the meantime have your sirup heating; when boiling hot pour over the pears, after putting them in the jar; cover tightly and let them remain till next morning, then drain off the liquor, boil, and pour again on the fruit. Do this five mornings. Add, in the first place, cloves, allspice, and cinnamon, put in a bag, if preferred, also a few pieces of horse-radish.

AUNT CLARA.

[What quantity of spice, please, for the amount given? One heaping teaspoonful, each, of the three named.]

DEAR "HOME" EDITOR:—I want to send some recipes for the ladies who live in towns and have no eggs or butter, only as they purchase at the market price; if you like these, which I have tested and know to be good, I will be glad to come again.

**JOHNNY CAKE.**—One and one-half cups of sour milk (if very sour, take one-half cup of sweet milk), one small teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted lard or meat fryings, one heaping tablespoonful of corn-starch sifted in with the corn-meal and flour, of which I use a proportion of about one-third to two-thirds of corn-meal. Do not make the batter too stiff, and bake at once in an oven already heated.

**SOFT GINGER CAKE.**—One cup of sour milk, one-half cup each of sugar and

molasses, one small teaspoonful of soda, one dessertspoonful of ginger (or use nutmeg for flavoring, if preferred), one tablespoonful of corn-starch sifted with flour enough to make a batter not very stiff; last, add one large spoonful of melted butter; beat thoroughly, and bake at once in a well-heated oven. These two recipes are for those who wish to economize.

MRS. L. M. DURYEE.

[We are sure all our good "HOME" housekeepers are economists in a greater or less degree, and that your excellent recipes will be appreciated. The latter has been tested by a lady to whom we gave it, and pronounced good. We wish, however, you could have given the exact amount of flour needed—for the especial benefit of our very young housekeepers.]

DEAR "HOME" SISTERS:—I have become much interested in "HOME" Notes, which I think one of the best features of our excellent MAGAZINE. The editor's suggestion that we be explicit in giving directions for cooking is a good one; well do I remember how such "Greek" recipes used to bother me when, by the death of my mother, I was compelled to leave school and assume the cares of a housekeeper. I inclose herewith a few practical recipes which I trust will meet approval.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—Whites of four eggs, two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one cup of corn-starch, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of cream tartar, one teaspoon of lemon extract. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

NUT CAKE.—Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and sour milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-fourth teaspoon of cream tartar, one cup of the meats of any kind of nuts. Bake slowly.

SPONGE CAKE.—Five eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of lemon extract. I use soda and cream tartar instead of baking powder, because I think it just as good and cheaper.

EXTRA GOOD SODA BISCUIT.—Make a thin batter of buttermilk and flour, and

let it sour. To one quart of this batter add one teaspoon each of soda and salt, and enough flour to make a moderately stiff dough; roll to the thickness of one-half inch, cut in biscuits, grease on both sides, and bake in a hot oven. Some prefer to add a little lard to the dough, but I consider them quite as good and more healthful without.

BATTER CAKES (as good as "his mother made").—Take one quart of the above batter and one beaten egg, one teaspoon each of soda and salt, and a very little flour. By adding flour to make a stiff batter you will have nice muffins.

LILLY WHITE.

[Thank you for this generous installment. "Come again."]

SUGAR COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS (requested).—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk (clabber is preferred), one level teaspoon of soda, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder. Sift a scant quart of flour in a pan, put the soda, baking powder, sugar and butter in the flour and work well with the hand till thoroughly mixed, add the milk, flavor to taste, mix well, then add enough flour to roll. Roll out the dough, take a cup of sugar, roll fine, sift over the dough, cut out, and bake in a quick oven. The cookies will be soft and will keep two weeks if put in a closed jar. Let them get cold before putting away.

SISTER BELLE.

DEAR EDITOR:—Being a young housekeeper, I have often been helped by the "Notes," and as I have two very good recipes which have been asked for, I send them in return for favors.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Two teacups of white sugar, two eggs, a piece of butter (melted) the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of flour and a half teacup of cold water. Beat all well together, have on the stove one pint of boiling water, stir into it this mixture, and let boil until it thickens. Flavor to suit the taste with either wine, brandy, or vanilla. This is the best I ever tried.

NUT CAKE.—One tea-cup of butter, two tea-cups of pulverized sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of sifted flour (in which

has been sifted one scant tablespoonful of yeast powder), five eggs, and one pound of English walnuts. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the yolks of eggs (yolks and whites should be beaten separately), then the milk, the nuts, the whites of the eggs, then the flour. Flavor to taste and beat up light. Bake one and one-half hours in a moderate oven.

MRS. S. H. GUEST.

[Do not use "wine or brandy" as a flavor for the sauce, please; a tablespoonful of currant, grape, or other nice jelly beaten in will suit the tastes of our housekeepers far better, we are sure. There should be one pound of the walnuts before the meats are extracted, should there not?]

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—I am a young housekeeper and your useful hints and recipes are of great help to me. Hitty H., I send you my recipe for jelly cake that will roll without breaking all up: One cup each of flour and sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of water. Spread on jelly and roll up immediately upon taken from the oven.

I have also a recipe for lemon pie that I want to send the sisters: Grated rind and juice of one lemon, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, the same of water, two eggs (save white of one for frosting), two tablespoonfuls of flour.

Will some one please tell me how to prepare macaroni? Not for soups nor in the Italian style, but a plain American dish.

Dear "Brownie," you are "a girl after my own heart." I clean my lamps and slight my ironing just as you sensibly advise.

CALLIE DUNLAP.

DEAR "HOME":—Will you try my Indian bread? Stir together one pint of Indian meal, one pint wheat flour, one pint sour milk, one-third pint New Orleans molasses, one teaspoon soda, one-fourth

teaspoon salt; steam one hour, then bake one-half hour in a moderate oven.

MRS. A. E. V. W.

#### NOTELETS.

DEAR EDITOR:—Can any of your many readers give me the directions for crocheting the rose-leaf and the pine-apple patterns of lace?

MRS. S.

[We have sent you tested directions for the pine-apple lace, which we will give in this department, if desired, when space allows. The other pattern we have not, but doubtless some one of our many "HOME" friends will put us in possession of it.]

If "Invalid Housekeeper" will write to me, inclosing self-addressed envelope, also two two-cent stamps, I will write her something about Kensington painting. I teach that branch of fancy-work, also Kensington embroidery, and think I can give her the desired information.

MRS. A. E. VAN WIE.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

DEAR EDITOR:—Many thanks for my corner of the "HOME." Yes, whole spices are used in the pickle recipe in the March number. We also want to thank L. C. McD. for the recipe for harlequin cake. We make it without using the coloring and find it delicious, and we hope all "HOME" housekeepers will try it.

MRS. E. J. B.

DEAR EDITOR:—Will you please tell me which is the correct spelling—"receipt" or "recipe"? Also how to pronounce "Volapuk"?

IGNORAMUS.

[Either spelling is correct. Your second question was recently referred to the editor of a New York daily paper, who answered that the word is pronounced as it is spelled, the first syllable being accented.]



## "HOME" PUZZLES.

**S**OLUTIONS in the August number and solvers' names in the September number. All communications relative to this page should be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 13.

#### VERSIFIED CHARADE.

In every country, on land or sea,  
My *first* a burden is sure to be.

In river or ocean or vale or mound,  
Go where you will, is my *second* found.

My *whole* is a certain magnetic ore,  
Discovered in Nature's wonderful store.

HARRY HAYES.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 14.

#### EASY HALF-SQUARE.

1. A beautiful flowering tree of China. 2. A tree of the forests of Java. 3. To rest. 4. While. 5. A letter.

JULIA HALLEY.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 15.

#### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in lake, but not in river;  
My second in arrow, but not in quiver;  
My third is in captain, but not in chief;  
My fourth is in coral, but not in reef;  
My fifth is in table, but not in stool;  
My sixth is in ocean, but not in pool;  
My seventh is in miner, but not in claim;  
For whole, find a famous astronomer's name.

WILLIE R. ALLEN.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 16.

#### WORD SQUARES.

I. 1. Standard measure of electrical resistance. 2. Color. 3. To molt.

II. 1. Sound. 2. Dry. 3. A fruit. 4. A delightful region.

III. 1. A stump of a tree. 2. A confederation. 3. Eyelashes. 4. To elevate. 5. Growing out.

"KATHARINE TIPTOP."

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 17.

#### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 2, 21, 9, 15, 30, is a habitation.

My 5, 14, 27, 32, is a division of time.

My 23, 1, 35, 30, 15, 20, is unassuming.

My 3, 33, 18, 20, 4, 5, is possessing merit.  
My 29, 32, 8, 1, 23, is a household implement.  
My 13, 34, 10, 28, is part of a ship.  
My 31, 25, 17, 35, 14, is vanity.  
My 16, 17, 12, is a deep excavation.  
My 35, 21, 24, 32, is a means of entrance.  
My 6, 7, 27, 22, 26, is the body of a column.  
My whole is the title of a popular poem.

EDITH M. KELTY.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 18.

#### VOWEL MINERALS.

1. In carbonate of copper find a, a, i, e.  
2. In a variety of feldspar from Labrador find a, a, o, i, e.  
3. In a very hard and refractory metal find a, a, e, e.  
4. In a yellowish-green gem find y, o, e, y.  
5. In a common mineral with long, slender crystals find o, e, e.

"ANCIENT MARINER."

### ANSWERS TO APRIL "HOME" PUZZLES.

No. 1.

Cab-i-net.

No. 2.

"Young man, keep your record clean."

JOHN B. GOUGH.

No. 3.

S  
T I P  
T A B O R  
S I B E R I A  
P O R E D  
R I D  
A

No. 4.

No. 5.

"HOME" Puzzles. Metamorphosis.

No. 6.

P R I D E  
I E A C  
E N A C T L  
N R H A  
J T A I N T  
O O N U  
Y O U N G

## SOLVERS OF MARCH "HOME" PUZZLES.

March "HOME" puzzles were solved (partially) by Mrs. Lettie S. Towne, Hermon Willey, Edith M. Kelty, Nettie M., "A. S. Olver," Ella H. S., Mrs. H. D. S., Mamie B. Carson, Lora and Laila, C. L. S., O. D. C., "Sharley," M. F. Christy, Ida M., "Trusty Tom," Willie R. Allen, Mrs. L. N., "Katharine Tiptop," Lewis Johnson, "Dewdrop," Gitano, "Brilliant," O. W. L., Ripley A. Smith, "Fan C.," "Brownie No. 2," Maggie L., Myra A. S., "Boston Boy," A. L. S., "Merry Mack," and Geordie.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

Complete lists of answers to March "HOME" puzzles have been received from "Brownie," "Mike A. Doe," C. H. S., Kate M. Johnson, "Ancient Mariner," Hepsie D. Adams, Sara, "Biddy Ford," and Mrs. Frank Payne.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

First complete list, Mrs. C. H. S., Baltimore, Md.

Second complete list, Mrs. Frank Payne, Disco, Mich.

First answer to No. 96, M. F. Christy, Chicago, Ill.

First answer to No. 100, Lora and Laila, Cincinnati, O.

## NEW PRIZES.

First complete list: *Twelve Nights in the Hunters' Camp.*

Second complete list: One year's subscription to a family monthly.

Best incomplete list: A linen "splasher," stamped for working.

Second-best incomplete list: A scrap album.

## CHAT.

O. D. C.:—Glad you were pleased with your "special." We shall be happy to examine the puzzles you propose sending.

Gitano:—Yes, we "take distance into consideration in the award of prizes." Send what answers you get out each month on a postal, if preferred.

M. F. C.:—We are glad you enjoy solving the puzzles so well, and hope to hear from you every month.

Edith M. Kelty:—Your puzzles are very acceptable.

## FASHION NOTES.

## WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT.

THE subject of dress, "What shall I wear, and how shall it be made, and how shall I wear it?" is one that is deeply interesting to every feminine heart, and I maintain that it is all right and proper for every woman to care for how she shall look, and, furthermore, it is her duty to look just as well as she possibly can. In order to do this she must think carefully on the subject—first of all, of course, how much she has to spare for it; secondly, what will suit her style as to color, and, lastly, but by no means least, how it must be made. Handsome material made up indifferently will not present half so good an appearance as a plainer fabric made up with due regard to prevailing style, one's figure, and one's size.

A woman that does not care what she wears or how she looks, is, to my mind, positively lacking in a most desirable TRAIT, if not a virtue. If one does not

care for dress and her appearance, it is easy to be seen, for they will neglect the minor details of dress, and these are the all important things to present a pleasing "tout ensemble," as the French say.

It is not those that have the most money that always dress most becomingly and make the most show. I have often heard the remark, "Oh! if I had money I could dress well too." But such is by no means the case. I have often seen those that had but little to spend on their dress make a much better appearance than others that spent three or four times as much, and it was simply because they had taste and judgment.

Even if we have handsome clothes, it is not always in taste for us to wear them. A hostess should never dress so handsomely that any of her guests will be made to feel badly by the contrast with theirs. We generally have a pretty good idea as to how they can dress, and we must be guided accordingly.

It is always in bad taste to have one part of the costume handsome and

another plain, thus drawing a contrast which would otherwise be unnoticed. Let bonnet, dress, and wrap accord in quality and colors. There are two things, though, that may be handsome if the rest of the dress is very simple, and these are gloves and shoes. Nothing adds more to one's appearance and style than a dainty shoe or glove. To be well fitting is the main thing, but being of handsome quality is desirable. There is nothing so expensive as cheap gloves or shoes. I would rather stint somewhere else in my dress and have these of good if not the best quality. Ill-fitting, cheap-looking gloves bursting out at the seams (as they always do), will mar the effect of any toilet. If your feet and hands are small and pretty, a pretty shoe and glove will set them off, and if they are large they will be greatly improved by them. But I did not mean to dwell on these things so much, but to make some suggestions for those of limited means.

In the present system of shopping by sample, even if we are off in the country, we can keep up with the fashions of make and material sufficiently. If we do not know what goods are worn or the names of the new styles, it is best to write to some merchant in whom we have confidence for samples of the newer styles of goods, stating price we are willing to give and color or colors preferred. If we have some friend who has leisure to shop for us, that is so much the better. We must then see exactly what sum we can expend on a suit, and then devote such a part to the dress, and such a part to the bonnet or hat, and so much to the parasol, and so on, but get everything to accord.

It is poor economy to get cheap material. It is better to have one dress of real nice quality than a half dozen cheap ones. If you are going to get a worsted dress, let it be all wool, for then it can easily be dyed when you get tired of its first color, and each time it can come out a new dress. The Diamond Dyes are a great boon to poor people. I know many ladies who dye their own dresses as nicely as they do at the regular dyeing establishments.

There are so many pretty all-wool materials, that it would be hard to say which is best, but I will say that there is none better than cashmere. I heard a lady

say once that the dress she then had on had come out as a new dress three times. First it was cream colored (the material was cashmere), then she had it dyed a delicate shade of pink, then blue (I think), and she expected to have it dyed for the last time some dark shade, so you see the one dress did the service of four. Each time you may have to get something additional in the way of trimmings, buttons, etc., but they cost less than an out-and-out new dress.

If you cannot afford to get nice dresses often, get dark, solid colors, never figured goods, for these latter change style, but solid colors are always worn, are more stylish, I think. Always try and get enough material to make two waists, for if there is but the one it will get shabby looking long before the skirt does, and so make the whole dress look old. Make up both waists at the first and in different styles, so it will produce a different effect. If made up at the same time and worn equally, they will both grow old with the skirt and so avoid the contrast of new and old, as they would if one only was worn and the other put away.

There is no dress more useful than a black silk or black satin, for it seems to be suitable for all occasions. If worn with plain linen collar and cuffs, it is not too dressy for any ordinary occasion, and will present a very handsome appearance if worn with handsome lace at the throat and around the wrists and with whatever style of ribbon or jewelry that is then worn. It is particularly desirable to have two waists to this and let one be made with square neck and elbow sleeves, which is always in style and becoming to nearly all. If the neck is thin, or for any reason it is undesirable to have throat and neck bare, fill in the space with soft white or cream-colored illusion, or lace if you prefer. There is no one to whom illusion is not becoming, and it is cheap enough for any one to get.

For summer wear what is prettier or more appropriate than white? There is such a vast variety of white goods now, both as to quality and price, that rich and poor can be suited. It is pretty made perfectly simple, and pretty trimmed with lace or tuckings, puffings, and almost any way, in fact. If one has leisure to sew there is no prettier trimming for insertion

than this drawn work which is so much done now. It makes lovely trimming done in Persian lawn, and produces a most lacy, cobweb-like appearance. I make it a good deal for my dresses and use the finest thread that comes for the purpose. I generally keep some strips of the lawn all ready to work on, so I can do it at odd times. It is nice work to take when you go visiting, for it takes up so small a compass that you can take enough to employ you for some time in a very small space.

If we cannot dress handsomely we can always dress neatly. To do so it is very necessary to have an abundant supply of collars and cuffs, so that we can change every day. It is no more trouble and takes no more time to put on a clean collar and cuffs when we dress in the morning than those worn the day before. If

you cannot buy enough linen ones ready made, get a variety of patterns of small figured percales, and for a small sum you can have a great variety and pretty collection of collars and cuffs. They are so easily made that any one who has a sewing-machine can quickly make them. A third of a yard is ample for two collars and one pair of cuffs. It is only cheaper to make them yourself if you have no money-making employment. I would not advise the purchase of ruffling, for after it is soiled it is useless, as it cannot be laundered. I will say nothing about the fashion of fabric or style of make of dresses, for the papers are all filled with that subject. Be sure, though, to get your costume to match in quality and coloring—if not the same color, at least let them harmonize.

M.

## PUBLISHERS.

### THE CHINESE BLIND MISSION.

FROM an anonymous correspondent in Stockholm Depot, N. Y., we have received four dollars for the Chinese Blind Mission.

Miss Gordon Cumming, in acknowledging receipt of two pounds sterling (sent by us as the contribution of a lady friend in Cleveland, O.), suggests that it would be well to have agencies established for the collection of small amounts, which, though gladly contributed, would be deemed too trifling by the donors to justify separate remittances. Special agencies are probably not practicable for this purpose, but we have thought that our club-makers would be willing to take the charge of any amounts our readers may wish to contribute and send them in one inclosure to us for public acknowledgment. Any such that are received we will print names or not, as the givers prefer.

It should be borne in mind by our readers that we do not urge them to give money to any one not known by them to be trustworthy, and that we cannot accept responsibility in the matter till money is actually received by us. Our club-mak-

ers are, however, generally well known, and they will doubtless give to the work the care and time necessary, for the sake of extending the beneficent work of this excellent mission.

Miss Gordon Cumming has sent us a very interesting pamphlet relating to the history of the mission, and we shall have pleasure in publishing some extracts from it as soon as we can spare the space.

IMITATION is proverbially the sincerest flattery. Undoubtedly in most cases such flattery is agreeable, but the owners of a popular proprietary article are pardonable if they resent such imitation. Pearlina, an article whose merits have been judiciously advertised and are widely known, has achieved a popularity which makes it the mark of imitators. These latter are being overhauled in various courts throughout the country for peddling a compound put up like Pearlina, which they represent to be the genuine article. As some persons have been deceived by these unscrupulous tricksters, the exposure of their methods will have the effect of stopping a swindling traffic by which many have been victimized.





# FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1888:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing Patterns.  
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

FIGURE NO. 1.—  
MISSSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 1.—  
This illustrates a Misses' costume. The pattern, which is No. 1839 and costs 35 cents, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age.

Brown velveteen, illuminated cloth and white serge are combined in this costume, the skirt being of velvet, the vest of serge and the remainder of cloth. Three gores and a full back-breadth comprise the skirt, and the omission of trimming is a fashionable observance. The drapery is in over-skirt style, and is not included in the side-back seams. It unites an effective tablier front and an ample back-portion, each of which falls low upon the skirt in graceful rounding outline, the tablier falling only a trifle shorter than the back-drapery at the center. Three upturning plaits laid in each back edge of the tablier and three similar plaits correspondingly located in the adjoining edges of the back-drapery render the tablier gracefully cross-wrinkled and assist in producing the bouffant effect of the back, the latter having in addition many small plaits and two deep loopings that come at the top. The edges of both draperies are finished plainly, and near the lower edge of the tablier, directly at the center, is fastened a passementerie ornament of brown braid and silk cord.

A jaunty feature of the basque body is its Breton vest, the



FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSSES' COSTUME.

lower edge of which defines a point at the center, while its neck edge is finished with a standing-collar piece. Soutache buttons are sewed upon the side edges of the vest, and two similar buttons are added to the collar ends, to be used in conjunction with button-holes to attach the vest to the basque fronts. The adjustment of the body is made with single bust darts, narrow under-arm gores, shapely side-bodies and a curving seam at the center of the back. The outlines are pleasingly varied, curving upward over the hips back of the darts to the end of the side-bodies and then deepening in postilion style at the back. Extensions cut at the end of the center seam are folded underneath in a box-plait, the side-back seams disappearing at a similar point, and extra width allowed below each being fastened under a line of soutache buttons upon the skirt of the center-back. A standing-collar section completes the neck, its ends resting upon the collar piece of the vest. The coat sleeves are each ornamented with a gauntlet-shaped cuff-facing, buttons and button-holes apparently closing its lapped edges on the upper side. The decorative items are a passementerie ornament upon each bust, and *hise* frills basted at the neck and wrists.

The *chapeau* has a brim that is inclined to the poke shape and is faced with velvet; a twist of soft silk and a bunch of tips are used for trimming.



1833

## LADIES' MUFF.

No. 1833.—Plain velvet was selected for making the pretty muff represented in this engraving, with lace and ribbon for decoration. The pattern is in one size, and, to make an article like it, requires  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of goods 20 inches wide for the outside, with the same quantity for lining. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



1840

Back View.

1840

Front View.

## LADIES' WRAP.

No. 1840.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure. Garnet plush and olive Surah are united in this wrap, with black passementerie for garniture. For a lady of medium size, it will require  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard 44 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard of silk 20 inches wide for the vest, and  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of quilted satin in the same width for lining. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



1845

Right Side-Front View.



1845

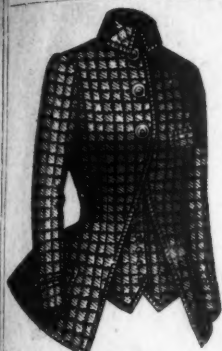
Left Side-Back View.

## LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 1845.—This skirt is pictured made of dark-gray camel's-hair, and the garniture is provided by moutache braid-passementerie about a quarter of a yard deep. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $13\frac{3}{8}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $7\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

## MISSES' JACKET.

No. 1842.—Checked cloth was employed for this jacket, braid and buttons forming the decorations. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be developed in any seasonable coating. The vest may be made of any pretty contrasting goods. If plain cloth is made up, it may be embroidered in fancy design with floss or outlined with braid. To make the jacket for a miss of 12 years, needs  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



1842  
Front View.



1842  
Back View.



1841



1841

Right Side-Front View.

LADIES' WRAP.

Left Side-Back View.

No. 1841.—This wrap is illustrated made of seal-brown plush, with fur bands and passementerie ornaments for garniture. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 8 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide. Of material 54 inches wide,  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards will prove sufficient. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of Ladies' jacket No. 1806, and costume No. 1827. Both patterns are in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure: the jacket costing 30 cents; and the costume, 40 cents. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54 inches wide. The costume needs  $15\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide.



1837

Front View.



1837

Back View.

## MISSSES' BASQUE, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

No. 1837.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the basque for a miss of 12 years, will require  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 3.—CHILD'S DRESS.

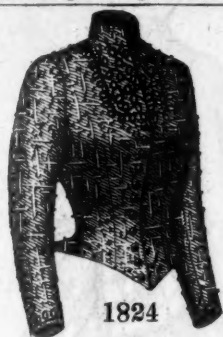
FIGURE NO. 3.—This is Child's dress No. 1830. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. Of one material for a child of 5 yrs., it needs 6 yds. 22 ins. wide, or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 44 ins. wide.





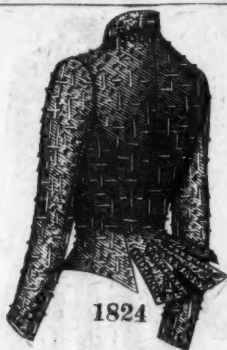
FIGURE NO. 4.—LADIES' COAT.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This illustrates Ladies' coat No. 1828. Seal-brown plush was selected for its development, the shawl collar and the cuff facings being of otter. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, requires 8 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide, or  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 54 inches wide.



1824

Front View.



1824

Back View.

## MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 1824.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is a very simple fashion to develop at home. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 5.—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 5.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 1812. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 6 months to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. For a girl of 5 years, the dress will require  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 44 ins. wide.

1830  
Front View.1830  
Back View.

## CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 1830.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. Of one material for a child of 5 years, it needs 6 yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide. As shown, it requires 4 yards of plain and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plaid goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

1802  
Front View.

CHILD'S  
HOUSE-SACK.  
No. 1802.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard of material 22 inches wide, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

1802  
Back View.

1810

## MISSES' DRESS.

No. 1810.—Mixed suiting and velvet are united in this dress. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it will require  $8\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide, each with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plush 20 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

1823  
Right Side-Front View.MISSES' WALK-  
ING SKIRT.

No. 1823.—Broken-plaid fancy dress goods were selected for making this walking skirt, with braid passementerie for decoration. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be used for any variety of dress goods in vogue. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require  $8\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

1823  
Left Side-Back View.



1831

Front View.



1831

Back View.

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 1831.—Plain dress goods and velvet are associated in this costume, with buttons and velvet facings for garnitures. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age, and may be chosen for any dress goods suitable for girls' wear. The trimming may be simple, or rich garnitures of lace, beads or braids may be added, with good taste. For a girl of 8 years, the costume requires  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide, with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar, etc., and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of Silesia for the under-vest portion. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



1838

Front View.



1838

Back View.

## LADIES' BASQUE, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

No. 1838.—The engravings illustrate a basque made of velvet and dress goods. A third material may be introduced by making the puff of Surah or other fancy goods. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



1811

Front View.



1811

Back View.

## CHILD'S DRAWERS.

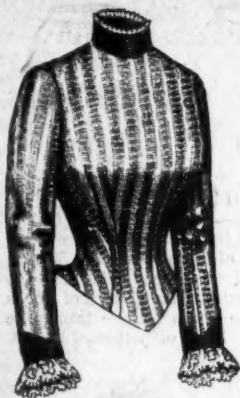
No. 1811.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it needs  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of material 36 inches wide for the drawers portion, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods in the same width for the front-yoke and band. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



1829

## LADIES' POLONAISE COSTUME.

No. 1829.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $15\frac{3}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide. As pictured, it calls for  $9\frac{3}{4}$  yards of watered silk and  $7\frac{3}{4}$  yards of plush, each 20 inches wide. Price, 40 cents.



1835

*Front View.*

**LADIES' BASQUE, BUT-  
No. 1835.**—This style of basque dress goods, and a simple finish made by darts and seams, and the center of the front and back. ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust for a lady of medium size, will inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard of goods of velvet 20 inches wide for the



1835

*Back View.*

**TONED AT THE BACK.**  
is very popular for all sorts of is in best taste. The fitting is lower edge defines a point at the The pattern is in 13 sizes for measure. To make the garment require  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard collar, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cts.



1821

*Front View.*

**FIGURE No. 7.—GIRLS' COS-  
TUME.**

**FIGURE No. 7.**—This illustrates Girls' costume No. 1831. Plain and striped cloth and velvet are united in its development, with edging, ribbon and buttons for trimming. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years, and costs 30 cents. Of one material for a girl of 8 years, it needs  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of Silesia for the under-vest portion, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of velvet for the collar, etc.



1821

*Back View.*

**GIRLS' DRESS.**

**No. 1821.**—This quaint little dress is developed in gray cashmere and garnet velvet. The yokes may be outlined with gilt or silver braid, and the bands upon the skirt may be briar or feather stitched with colored flosses. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of cashmere 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of velvet for the yokes, etc., and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of Silesia for the fronts, back and side-backs. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns, post-paid, on receipt of price.**



# FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1888:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing Patterns.  
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

FIGURE NO. 1.  
LADIES'  
ETON COS-  
TUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Ladies' costume. The pattern, which is No. 1358 and costs 40 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

The style of the costume is decidedly novel, and the materials chosen for it are plain and plaid bison tweed, ivory-white faced cloth and reddish-brown velvet. The foundation of the skirt, and also the attached draperies, are of the plaid goods, the standard shape being employed for the former, and the customary provision being made for these ornaments of reeds and a bustle. The draperies are voluminous in their proportions and entirely conceal the foundation, except for a short depth at the left side of the front. The right side edge of the front drapery or tablier is included without fullness in the right side-back seam. Plaits arranged at the belt so as to turn forward



at each side of the center supply the remainder of the draping, and all the plaits assist in producing the many graceful folds. Both side edges of the back drapery are included with the side-back seams, and its bouffant appearance results from a triple box-plait at the right side and several backward-turning plaits at the left side of the center at the top, together with three upward-turning plaits at the left side edge and several tackings to the skirt. The drapery edges and the foot of the skirt are untrimmed.

The basque is of plain tweed and has a stylish vest of ivory-white faced cloth. Its fronts, which are lined with silk, are loose-fitting and do not meet at any point, but above the bust are turned back to form revers. The close sleeves are completed with cuffs that are ornamented with buttons and stitching.

The hat is of brown beaver trimmed with velvet and glacé ribbon.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' ETON COSTUME.

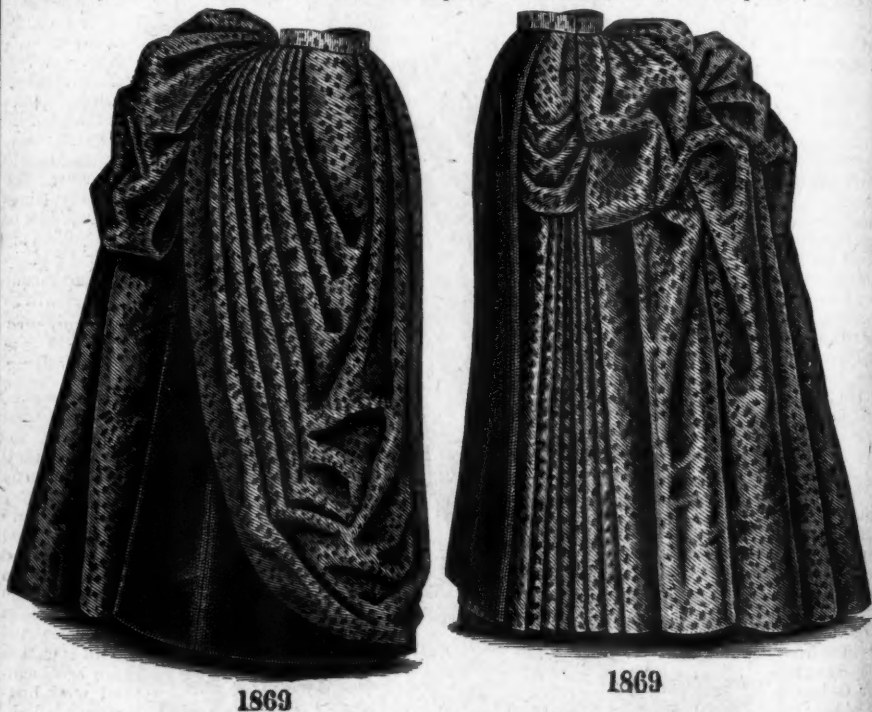


## CHILD'S JACKET.

No. 1850.—The pattern of this jacket is in 5 sizes for children from 3 to 7 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it needs  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 44 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of silk for the collar, etc. Price, 15 cents.

## LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 1851.—This basque is pictured made of fancy dress goods and plain velvet, and the finish is plain. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard of goods 44 inches wide. In each instance 1 yard of velvet 20 inches wide will be required for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



*Right Side-Front View.* LADIES' WALKING SKIRT. *Left Side-Back View.*

No. 1869.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 29 to 36 inches, waist measure. Of one material for a lady of medium size, the skirt requires  $15\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or 8 yards 44 inches wide. In the combination pictured, it needs  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of velvet 20 inches wide, and  $12\frac{7}{8}$  yards of fancy dress goods 22 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{6}$  yard of velvet extra for facing. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



1877

*Front View.*

1882

*Front View.*

1882

*Back View.*

## CHILD'S CAP.

No. 1882.—This cap pattern is in 4 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age. To make the cap for a child of 4 years, needs  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard of goods either 22 or 27 inches wide, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the band, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of silk in the same width for lining. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



1877

*Back View.*

## LADIES' JACKET.

No. 1877.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, the jacket needs  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54 inches wide, each with 1 yard of Astrakhan 27 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cts.



1860

*Front View.*

## LADIES' COAT.

No. 1860.

—Striped coating and velvet are associated in this coat, with a fancy clasp and silk for decoration. All fashionable cloakings will make up well by the mode, with plush, velvet or Surah for the belt sections, etc. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $11\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide, or  $4\frac{7}{8}$  yards 54 inches wide, with 1 yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 40 cts.



1860

*Back View.*Main.  
lady  
each  
cents.s-  
of  
is

## FIGURE NO. 2.—MISSSES' ETON COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates a Misses' collar in notches. The vest is adjusted by a single tume. The pattern, which is No. 1865 and costs 35 cents, is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age.

A reissue of this once popular style of costume, with Fashion's latest fancies appended, has become necessary, and truthfully may it be said that the rivals of the Eton bodice are few. Marine-blue suiting of plain and striped varieties and white corduroy were chosen for its development. The stylish walking-skirt has a round, four-gored foundation, which, as it is entirely hidden by the deep drapery, need only be of Silesia or cambric, with a facing of cloth at the lower edge. Five plaits in each side edge of the tablier or front-drapery produce the graceful cross-folds, and the plaited edges are inserted in the side-back seams. Adjoining these edges, and seamed to them below the plaits, is a waterfall-drapery that is gathered across the top and sewed with the skirt to the belt. Overhanging this straight drapery is a short *pouf*-drapery formed of two sections, one at each side of the center. Plaits at the belt and in the front and back edge of each, together with tackings to the waterfall-drapery and breadth, regulate the pose, the portion on the right side assuming a double *pouf*, while that on the left shows a single *pouf* above a pointed end.

The loose-fitting basque fronts disclose a natty vest between their front edges, and are of the shape mentioned in the title. They are deeply underfaced and are reversed above the bust in lapels, meeting the ends of a shapely rolling col-



FIGURE NO. 2.—MISSSES' ETON COSTUME.

The gray felt turban is faced with marine-blue plush, and a coquettishly poised bow of gray-and-blue striped ribbon provides the dainty trimming.

point at the end of the closing, being included with the shoulder and under-arm seams of the basque. Well curved side-bodies and an arching center seam incline the back of the basque gracefully, and the lower edge shapes a short point at the center seam. A high standing collar completes the neck of the vest, and is also attached to the neck of the back. Braid matching the material in its blue shade is employed for binding all the loose edges of the jacket and rolling collar, and also outlines a stylish cuff at the wrist of the coat sleeve. A frog ornament holds the fronts in position over the bust.

All seasonable suitings are appropriate for the mode, and the choice of rich or inexpensive textures is immaterial. Sometimes the body will be of velvet, velvet, corduroy or plush, the vest of kid, chamois or tapestry-embroidered cloth, and the skirt and drapery of plain camel's-hair. Again the reverse disposition of materials will be made, as the draperies are quite conformable to plushes and similar heavy goods. A stylish skating toilette of this design may be made of bottle-green corduroy, with bands of chinchilla for trimming and piece fur for the vest; or, if preferred, it may be of scarlet eider-down cloth, with black mar ten for the vest and the trimming bands.



FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

## FIGURE NO. 3.

This consists of a Ladies' skirt and basque. The basque pattern, which is No. 1851 and costs 30 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The skirt pattern, which is No. 1869 and costs 35 cents, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

The toilette is pictured made of small-patterned wool goods, moiré silk and moiré velvet. The skirt hangs with the grace characteristic of the four-gored shape, and is beautifully overdraped in the following manner: On the left side-gore is a panel of moiré silk that displays a fan-like arrangement of plaits between two narrow plain spaces. This panel is sewed flatly over the side-front seam at its front edge, inserted in the side-back seam at its back edge and overhung at its top by a hip panier that is draped by plaits in its front and back edges. The front-drapery is a deep tablier that is folded back in a tapering revers at its left edge, and just in front of the revers is draped by a cluster of deeply laid plaits at



FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

the belt. The revers is faced with moiré velvet, and the tablier curves gracefully upward on the right hip and receives its stylish cross-folds from seven plaits at this side, the plaits being also arranged to come at the belt. Upon the breadth, which it completely conceals, hangs an artistic-looking back-drapery that is in this instance composed of three sections of material—one of moiré velvet between two of the wool goods. Its bouffant appearance is due to plaits at its top, loopings at the center and side edges and tackings to the breadth at points indicated in the pattern.

The basque is shaped by double bust darts, narrow under-arm gores and curving center and side-back seams. Its back skirt falls in two jabot-tabs between the shorter tabs of the side-bodies and is very attractive. Upon the fronts of the basque at each side of the closing rests a cascade lapel-ornament that is lined with moiré silk. The collar is of moiré velvet, and so are the

cuff facings that complete the coat sleeves.

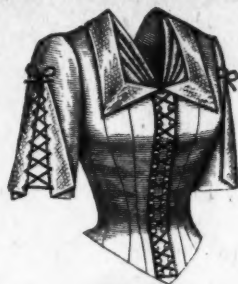


1859

*Front View.*

## GIRLS'

No. 1859.—Cashmere was used for collar and wristbands. The pattern is of age. To make the dress for a girl material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the



1853

*Front View.*

1853

*Back View.*LADIES' EVENING  
WAIST.

No. 1853.—Silk, satin, Surah, velvet, cashmere or any material suitable for evening wear may be made up in this way, and any preferred decoration may be adopted. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the waist for a lady of medium size, requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 44 inches wide. As represented, it needs  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of plain and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of fancy silk 20 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



1859

*Back View.*

## DRESS.

making this dress, with velvet for the in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of 8 years, will require  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{3}{4}$  collar, etc. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



1871

*Front View.*

1871

*Back View.*

## MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 1871.—Fancy dress goods and plain velvet are combined in this costume. The basque has a prettily plaited vest that is mounted on a lining, and the fronts turn back in jaunty revers. The deep tablier reveals the skirt high up at the sides, and the back-drapery is deep and double-pointed. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15

years of age. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, needs  $9\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide, each with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of velvet for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

## GENTLEMEN'S SMOKING-JACKET.

No. 1863.—The engravings show a jacket made of figured cloth, with machine-stitching for a finish. A more fanciful completion, such as facings, pipings, cord bindings or braiding, may be adopted whenever desired. Sometimes the collar and lapels will be faced with velvet, and cuff facings of the same added to the sleeves. The coat may be lined with plain or quilted silk, Silesia or fancy flannel. For heavy materials a Surah lining will usually be preferred. The pattern is in 8 sizes for gentlemen from 30 to 44 inches, breast measure. To make the garment for a gentleman of medium size, requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



1863

*Front View.*

1863

*Back View.*

1875

*Right Side-Front View.*

1875

*Left Side-Back View.*

## LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 1875.—Fancy striped and plain cloth are associated in this costume, with a braid set for decoration. On cloths and suitings machine-stitching and braid bindings are much favored. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In the combination pictured for a lady of medium size, it requires  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards of fancy striped and  $11\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain dress goods 22 inches wide. Of one material, it needs  $17\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $8\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.





1884

*Front View.*

## LADIES'

No. 1884.—This pattern 28 to 46 inches, bust measurement, any preferred material. To of medium size, will require wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of wide for the vest, collar, etc.



1884

*Back View.*

## JACKET.

is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measurement, and may be chosen for any preferred material. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, will require 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54 inches light material 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



1857

## LITTLE GIRLS' COAT.

No. 1857.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 3 to 8 years of age. Of one material for a girl of 5 years, it needs  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide, each with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of striped plush for the collar, etc.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of silk to line the hood, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of Silesia for the sleeves. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



## FIGURE NO. 4.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This illustrates Girls' costume No. 1878. A quadruple combination is developed in the costume—plain and plaid suiting, Surah silk and plush being the choice. The trimming consists of silver soutache and silver stud buttons. A single material will make up satisfactorily by the mode, with any simple trimming. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age, and costs 30 cents. To make the costume of one material for a girl of 8 years, will require 6 yards 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide.



1849

## CHILD'S COAT.

No. 1849.—Astrakhan is the material pictured in this coat, with silk for the hood lining. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, the garment needs  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of silk 20 inches wide for hood lining. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns, post-paid, on receipt of price.



# FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1888:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing Patterns.  
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' WRAP.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Ladies' wrap. standing collar is concealed by a band of fur, which is continued down each side of the closing and along the back edges of the front tabs.

The pattern, which is No. 1893 and costs 30 cents, is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Electric-blue plush was chosen for making this stylish wrap, with blue-fox fur for trimming. The fronts fall in long, narrow tabs and are closed to a little below the waist-line with hooks and loops. Their comfortable, yet by no means loose, adjustment is regulated without dart or seam. The remainder of the wrap is quite short, extending only slightly below the waist-line, and its shapeliness is due to narrow under-arm gores, well curved side-bodies and an arching center seam. The side-back seams are left open just below the line of the waist, causing the center-back skirt to fall in a broad tab, which is bordered across the lower edge with a band of fur. The sleeves are in the shape variously designated as the bell, mandarin and Chinese style. They have seams at the inside and outside of the arms and are banded at the wrists with fur. The high

Wraps of this shape in gray, terra-cotta, royal-blue or cardinal plush, with fur or braid trimmings, are among the elegancies of the season for carriage and promenade wear. When a braid garniture is selected, it will be applied upon the center-backs, down the fronts at each side of the closing and about the wrists; and bands of *coq* feathers or curled cloth will trim the tabs and border the sleeves. The fashion will also prove acceptable for cassimere and cloth. Astrakhan, chenille and frisé cloths are serviceable fabrics for everyday wear, and for them a plain completion is advisable. A fancy clasp or cord ornament, however, may be added at the throat. For cloths and similar materials, machine-stitching or braid binding is the most durable garniture.

The *chapeau* is a Gainsborough in shape and is faced with plush. Ostrich plumage, ribbon and a bird provide the trimming.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' WRAP.

ough in shape and is faced with plush. Ostrich plumage, ribbon and a bird provide the trimming.



1897

*Front View.*

1914

## GENTLEMEN'S HOUSE-CAP.

No. 1914.—Velvet was employed for making the cap here pictured, and an embroidery design done with floss forms the decoration. The pattern is in 5 sizes from  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hat sizes, or from  $20\frac{3}{4}$  to  $23\frac{3}{4}$  inches, head measures. For a gentleman wearing a No. 7 hat, it requires  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of goods 20 inches wide, and the same quantity of silk 20 inches wide for the lining. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



1897

*Back View.*

## LADIES' MOTHER-HUBBARD DRESSING-SACK.

No. 1897.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, the sack needs  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of dotted flannel 22 inches wide. Of one material, it calls for  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



1903

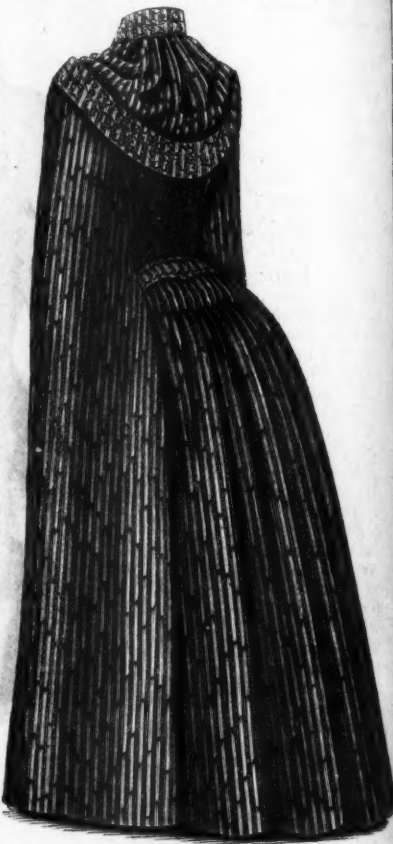
*Front View.*LADIES'  
RUSSIAN  
RAGLAN.

No. 1903.

Striped cloth was chosen for making this garment, with braid for decoration. If desired, facings of velvet, silk or fancy wide braid may be used instead of the trimming pictured.

The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

To make the Raglan for a lady of medium size, will require 10 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide, or  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



1903

*Back View.*

## LADIES' EVENING WAIST.

No. 1901.—This waist is pictured made of cream Surah, with tulle for the festoon-drapery and a monture of roses for garniture. Any variety of evening dress goods may be selected for the mode, and laces, beads, passementerie or jets may provide the garniture. Beaded nets, tinselled illusion or fancy ribbon may be used for the festoon-drapery. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard of material 22 inches wide, or  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



1901

Front View.



1901

Back View.



1888

Right Side-Front View.



1888

Left Side-Back View.

## LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 1888.—Light and dark cloth and velvet are effectively combined in this costume, with velvet facings and braid for trimming. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In the combination represented for a lady of medium size, it will require  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards of light and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of dark goods 22 inches wide, with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the vest, etc. Of one material, it needs  $19\frac{5}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $10\frac{1}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



1923

GENTLEMEN'S STANDING COLLARS  
AND LINK CUFFS.

No. 1923.—These patterns are in 11 sizes from 13 to 18 inches, collar measures; the cuffs varying from 9 to 11½ inches in width. For a gentleman wearing a 15½ inch collar and 10½ inch cuffs, the two collars and two pairs of cuffs need ¾ yard of fine linen 36 ins. wide, and ¾ yard of coarse linen. Price, 10 cts.



FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' DRESS.

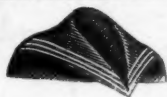
FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 1915. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age, and costs 25 cents. Of one material for a girl of 8 years, it needs 5⅝ yards 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 44 ins. wide, each with ¾ yard of Silesia for the lining, etc.



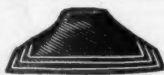
FIGURE NO. 3.—MISSES' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This illustrates Misses' dress No. 1907. Cardinal flannel was selected for the construction of this garment, and cream-white braid in three widths provides the simple but effective garniture. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be developed in cashmere, serge, flannel, camel's-hair or any variety of seasonable suit goods, with any simple trimming. To make the dress for a miss of 12 years, will require 7 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3¾ yards of goods 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 50 cents.





1895

*Front View.*

1895

*Back View.*

## MISSSES' AND GIRLS' SAILOR-COLLAR.

No. 1895.—This pattern is in 4 sizes from 6 to 15 years of age. To make the collar for a miss of 12 years, requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 22 inches wide, or  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cts.



FIGURE NO. 4.—MISSSES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This consists of Misses' waist No. 1916, and walking skirt No. 1922. The waist pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 20 cents; the skirt pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. To make the toilette for a miss of 12 years, will require  $11\frac{5}{8}$  yards of material 22 inches wide; the skirt requiring  $9\frac{3}{4}$  yards; and the waist,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of contrasting goods for the yokes. Of material 44 inches wide, they will require 6 yards, with the quantity of contrasting goods mentioned.



FIGURE NO. 5.—GIRLS' COAT.

FIGURE NO. 5.—This illustrates Girls' coat No. 1910. The pattern is in 10 sizes for girls from 3 to 12 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the coat for a girl of 8 years, needs  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 4 yards 27 inches wide. Of goods 44 inches wide,  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards will suffice.



1911

*Front View.*

1913

MISSES' BASQUE. (ALSO KNOWN AS THE ÉTON JACKET.)

No. 1913.—Blue and écru cloth are associated in this basque. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. To make the garment of one material for a miss of 12 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide. As shown, it needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of blue and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of écru cloth 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



1911

*Back View.*

## MISSES' COAT.

No. 1911.—This coat is pictured made of plaid ulster cloth and velvet, and the garnitures include velvet facings and passementerie ornaments. Plain or fancy braid may take the place of the velvet, with pretty effect. The cape sections will often be of contrasting material. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs 6 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 27 inches wide, or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of velvet for the cuffs, etc. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



1922

*Side-Front View.*MISSES' WALK-  
ING SKIRT.

No. 1922.—Plaid dress goods were chosen for this skirt, and braid in two widths supplies the trimming. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age, and may be developed in any variety of suit goods. If desired, the box-plaits may be ornamented with set designs in braid or cord, and lace may trim the drapery edges. To make the skirt for a miss of 12 years, will require  $9\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 5 yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



1922

*Side-Back View.*

## LADIES' JACKET.

No. 1893.—Striped cloth and Astrakhan were selected for the construction of this jacket, and Astrakhan facings and buttons provide the effective garnitures. A single material may be used throughout, with equally fashionable results. Braids, velvet facings, stitchings, cord ornaments and bindings are tasteful completions for garments of this description. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard 64 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard of Astrakhan 27 inches wide for the vest, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



1893

*Front View.*

1893

*Back View.*

1904

*Side-Front View.* LADIES' WRAPPER.

1904

*Side-Back View.*

No. 1904.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of one material for a lady of medium size, the wrapper requires  $11\frac{1}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide. As pictured, it calls for  $5\frac{5}{8}$  yards of cashmere 40 inches wide, and  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of striped Surah 20 inches wide, with  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards of lining goods 36 inches wide for the front. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE NO. 6.—CHILD'S DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 6.—This illustrates Child's dress No. 1917. The garment is pictured developed in tucked nainsook, and embroidery supplies the trimming. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 6 months to 4 years of age. Of one material for a child of 2 years, it will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



FIGURE NO. 7.—CHILD'S SACK WRAPPER.

FIGURE NO. 7.—This illustrates Child's wrapper No. 1892. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 1 to 7 years of age. To make the wrapper for a child of 5 years, will require  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36 inches wide. If material 44 inches wide be chosen, then 2 yards will be found sufficient. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



1918

Front View.

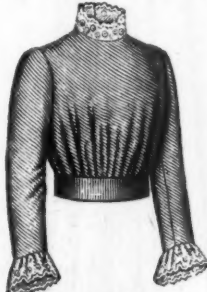


1918

Back View.

## CHILD'S CLOAK.

No. 1918.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 6 months to 4 years of age. For a child of 2 years, the cloak will require  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



1919

Front View.



1919

Back View.

## GIRLS' SPENCER WAIST.

No. 1919.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for girls from 3 to 7 years of age. To make the waist for a girl of 5 years, will require  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 22 inches wide, or  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns, post-paid, on receipt of price.



# FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1888:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing Patterns.  
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE No. 1.—  
This illustrates a  
Ladies' jacket. The  
pattern, which is  
No. 1929 and costs  
30 cents, is in 13  
sizes for ladies from  
28 to 46 inches,  
bust measure.

Truly Fashion  
has forgotten her  
proverbial fickleness  
in her loyalty  
to braid as a trimming.  
The elaborate disposal  
of soutache upon the  
top garment here  
pictured is but a  
single instance of  
its lavish employment.  
The braid is  
black, and the material  
is diagonal  
cloth of a deep  
claret color. The  
garment is of stylish  
depth, extending  
well over the  
hips; and its trim  
adjustment is obtained  
by single  
bust darts, under-  
arm and side-back  
gores and a well  
inclined center  
seam. All the  
seams except the  
last are continued  
to the lower edge  
without fulness,  
but just below the  
waist-line the center-  
seam terminates  
at the top of an  
underfolded box-  
plait, which provides  
for the bouffant  
drapery of the  
costume and lends  
a jaunty air to the  
jacket. The fronts  
close with hooks  
and loops, and back  
of the closing at  
each side is an  
elaborate braid design  
showing scrolls that  
are graduated in size  
so as to emphasize  
the shapely outlines  
of the figure. The  
high standing



collar at the neck  
is covered by braiding,  
and upon the  
sleeves, which  
widen in bell shape  
at the wrists,  
is an effective  
arrangement of  
braid. The jacket  
is lined throughout  
with black satin,  
and all the edges  
are finished with a  
binding of silk braid  
put on an equal  
width at each side.

It is a matter of  
indifference whether  
the embroidery design  
is applied  
flatly or allowed to  
stand up well from  
the background,  
but it is essential  
that the stitches be  
invisible. Silver,  
copper and gold  
braids and braids  
of all imaginable  
colors in silk and  
worsted are suitable  
for the purpose.  
Sometimes an alternate  
distribution of silver  
and gold braid will  
be made. A stylish  
jacket lately inspected  
is of castor-colored cork-  
screw, and upon  
the front at either  
side of the closing  
is a facing of  
terra-cotta velvet  
over-braided with  
parallel lines of  
silver soutache.  
The velvet collar  
shows a similar  
decoration.

The *chapeau* is an  
early Spring style  
favoring the poke  
shape. Its brim  
has a shirred facing  
of *crêpe*, and its  
crown trimming  
consists of ribbon,  
ostrich plumage  
and heron's feathers.  
Ribbon ties  
are bowed under  
the chin.

FIGURE No. 1.—LADIES' JACKET.



1938

*Front View.*

1986

*Front View.*

1986

*Back View.*

1938

*Back View.*

## BOYS' SIDE-PLAITED JACKET.

No. 1986.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. For a boy of 7 years, it needs  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

## LADIES' JACKET.

No. 1938.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard 54 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



1933

*Front View.*

## LADIES' COAT.

No. 1933.—This stylish-looking coat is pictured made of mixed cloth, with braid, buttons and a fancy girdle for garnitures. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be selected for any suitable coating material. For a lady of medium size, the coat will need  $10\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide, or  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54 inches wide, each with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of striped satin 20 inches wide for hood lining. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



1933

*Back View.*



1948

*Front View.*

1926

## GIRLS' NORFOLK JACKET.

No. 1926.—The pattern of this stylish jacket is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, will need  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of silk 20 inches wide to line the hood. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



1948

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' DRESS.

No. 1948.—This dress is pictured developed in plain and figured Jersey cloth, with fancy stitching and picot-edged ribbon for decorations. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Of one material for a girl of 8 years, the dress requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 44 inches wide. As shown, it needs  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of plain and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of figured goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



1975

*Side-Front View.*

1975

*Side-Back View.*

No. 1975.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and may be developed in any variety of dress goods in vogue. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $12\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 9 yards 36 inches wide, or  $7\frac{1}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.





FIGURE NO. 2.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Misses' costume No. 1968. Plain and spotted Surah and velvet were chosen for its development. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 35 cents. To make the costume of one material for a miss of 12 years, will require  $14\frac{3}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $7\frac{5}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of Silesia for the front lining.



1925

Front View.



1925

Back View.

## CHILD'S JACKET.

No. 1925.—

This jacket is pictured made of cashmere, and gilt braid, buttons and facings of the material form the completion. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 3 to 8 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards

of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



FIGURE NO. 3.—BOYS' SUIT.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This consists of Boys' coat No. 1984, and trousers No. 1982. The coat pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 5 to 12 years old, and costs 25 cents. The trousers pattern is in 11 sizes for boys from 5 to 15 years, and costs 15 cents. For a boy of 9 years, the suit requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of goods 27 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of stay linen 33 inches wide.





1962

Front View.



1962

Back View.

### MISSSES' PLAIN WAIST.

No. 1962.—

This waist is pictured made of dress goods and trimmed with braid. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be selected for plain and mixed goods of all kinds. For a miss of 12 years, it needs 2 yards of material 22 in-

ches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36 inches wide, or 1 yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

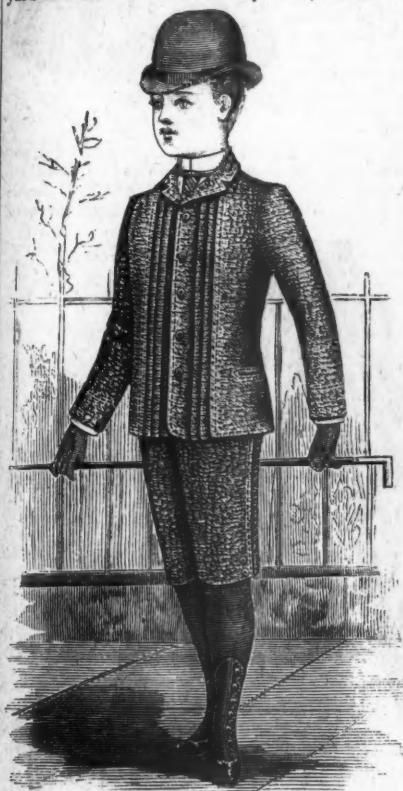


FIGURE No. 4.—BOYS' SUIT.

FIGURE No. 4.—This consists of Boys' jacket No. 1986, and trousers No. 1985. Each pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age: the jacket costing 20 cents; and the trousers, 15 cents. For a boy of 7 years, the suit needs  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 27 inches wide; the jacket calling for  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards, and the trousers for  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of stay linen 33 inches wide.



FIGURE No. 5.—MISSSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 5.—This illustrates Misses' costume No. 1931. Plain cloth and velvet were the materials selected for its construction, and buttons and pinked edges provide the tasteful completion. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age, and costs 35 cents. To make the costume of one material for a miss of 12 years, requires  $10\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide.



1932

*Front View.*

1981

BOYS' FOUR-BUTTON CUT-  
WAY SACK COAT.

No. 1981.—Plain cloth was chosen for making this coat. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 8 to 15 years of age. For a boy of 11 years, it needs  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



1932

*Back View.*

No. 1932.—Mixed cloth is the material pictured in this coat, braid providing the trimming. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, will require  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 23 inches wide, or 4 yards 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plaid silk 20 inches wide to line the hood. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



1947

*Side-Front View.*

1947

*Side-Back View.*

## LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

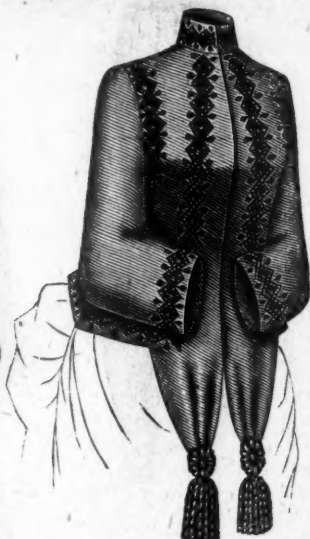
No. 1947.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



1929

*Front View.*

**LADIES' JACKET.**  
No. 1929.—Claret-colored jacket. The pattern is in 13 sizes bust measure. To make the garment will require 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 54 inches



1971



1929

*Back View.*

cloth was chosen for making this for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, ment for a lady of medium size, 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 in-wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 1971.—This wrap is shown made of camel's-hair and trimmed with passementerie. All sorts of pretty materials may be chosen for wraps of this style, lace, passementerie, beads, fringes, jets or cords providing stylish and becoming garnitures. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cts.



1968

*Side-Front View.***MISSES' COSTUME.**

No. 1968.—Cashmere and velvet are combined in this costume, velvet also providing the decoration. Striped, plaid or plain ribbed cloths are favored for the skirt, which will often be the only

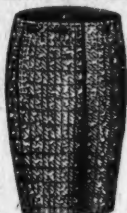


1968

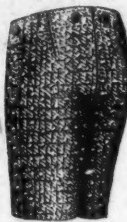
*Side-Back View.*

contrasting portion of the costume. Plain or mixed braid may take the place of the decoration pictured. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it requires  $14\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $7\frac{1}{4}$  yards, 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the collar, etc., and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the front lining. Price of pattern, 35 cents.





1982  
Front View.



1982  
Back View.

**BOYS' TROUSERS,  
EXTENDING BELOW  
THE KNEE.**

No. 1982.—This pattern is in 11 sizes for boys from 5 to 15 years of age. For a boy of 11 years, it will need  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard of material 27 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of stay linen. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



**FIGURE NO. 6.—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS.**

FIGURE No. 6.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 1949. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 2 to 7 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the dress of one material for a girl of 5 years, needs  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide.

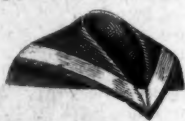
**FIGURE NO. 7.—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS.**

FIGURE No. 7.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 1924. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 3 to 8 years of age. Of one material for a girl of 5 years, the dress needs  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



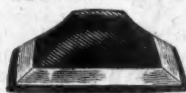
1937

Front View.



1976

Front View.



1976

Back View.

**LADIES' SAILOR COLLAR.**

No. 1976.—This pattern is in one size, and, for a collar like it, calls for  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of goods 22 ins. wide, or  $\frac{3}{8}$  yd. 44 ins. wide. Price, 10 cts.

**LADIES' BLOUSE.**

No. 1937.—This blouse may be developed in plain or fancy cloth or cashmere. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide, with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of Silesia for the yokes. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



1937

Back View.

The Publishers of the **HOME MAGAZINE** will supply any of the foregoing Patterns, post-paid, on receipt of price.



# FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1888:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing Patterns.  
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Misses' costume. The pattern, which is No. 2001 and costs 35 cents, is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age.

The general style of this pretty costume is quite familiar, but the simplicity of its construction will commend it to continued favor. Gray and white flannel were selected for it, and the youthful appearance is enhanced by the choice of cardinal-red lacing-cords. A gracefully hanging four-gored skirt provides the foundation for the tasteful draperies, which are very simply disposed. The flat drapery resembles a drop skirt and conceals the entire foundation. It is arranged in box-plaits at the front and sides, is gathered across its top and hangs in waterfall style upon the breadth. A deep hem completes the lower edge, and just above it is a bias band of white flannel blind-sewed to place, which is the only item of decoration. Over this drapery at the back hangs a full back-drapery that is disposed to outline two rounding points and is raised high at the center by two clusters of overlapping plaits.

Plaits at the belt, loopings at the sides and several buckings to the skirt complete the bouffant pose.

The basque is adjusted by single bust darts, narrow under-arm and side-back gores and a curving center seam, the latter terminating a trifle below the waist-line and the center-backs falling free below.

The closing is made with button-holes and flat buttons under a narrow plastron of white flannel, which extends from the shoulders to the lower edge and is fastened permanently at the right side and adjusted by hooks and loops at the left side. Eyelets are worked along either edge of the plastron, and lacing cords are run through them, with ornamental effect. A tasteful demi-cuff facing of white flannel decorates the wrist of the coat sleeve, and its ends are trimmed with eyelets and lacing cords. A standing collar is at the neck.

For school and general wear costumes of this style may be made of basket or armure flannel, camel's hair or suit goods, with braid or ribbon for trimming. Sometimes the plaits will be stayed upon the outside with lengthwise or crosswise strips of braid, and the plastron be cross-trimmed with successive strips of braid. Scotch zephyr and lace and Roman striped ginghams, seersuckers, lawns, etc., are also available for the mode.



FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

**2011***Front View.***2015***Front View.***2015***Back View.***2011***Back View.***LITTLE BOYS' DRESS.**

No. 2015.—This pattern is in 4 sizes\* for boys from 1 to 4 years of age. For a boy of 4 years, it needs  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 ins. wide, or  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 27 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

**CHILD'S DRESS.**

No. 2011.—The pattern of this little dress is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. In the combination pictured for a child of 5 years, it needs  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard of Surah 20 inches wide, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of wool goods 22 inches wide, with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the front and back linings. Of one material, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**1993***Right Side-Front View.***1993***Left Side-Back View.***LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 1993.—Striped dress goods were chosen for making this skirt, and the drapery edges are neatly pinked. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $13\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



2018

*Front View.*

2026

## CHILD'S DRAWERS.

No. 2026.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 10 cents. For a child of 5 years, the drawers need  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of goods 36 inches wide.

## MISSES' JACKET.

No. 2018.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 yrs. old. For a miss of 12 years, it needs  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 ins. wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 27 ins. wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. each of Surah, velvet and Silesia. Price, 25 cents.



2018

*Back View.*

1995

*Right Side-Front View.*

1995

*Left Side-Back View.*

## LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 1995.—Light and dark dress goods are associated in this costume, with braid passementerie for garniture. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Of one material for a lady of medium size, it needs  $15\frac{1}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $8\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide. As pictured, it calls for  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of light and  $10\frac{1}{8}$  yards of dark dress goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



**FIGURE NO. 2.  
—LADIES'  
MOURNING  
TOILETTE.**

**FIGURE NO. 2.**  
—This consists of a Ladies' basque and walking skirt. The skirt pattern, which is No. 1993 and costs 35 cents, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. The basque pattern, which is No. 1992 and costs 30 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

The toilette is pictured made of jet-black Henrietta cloth and heavy crape. The standard walking-skirt is made of the crape lined with lustreless black silk, and is plainly completed. The drapery for the gores hangs in a straight, unbroken line low upon the skirt at the right side. From this point the drapery curves upward and is given a wavy outline similar to a jabot on the left side by an ingenious arrangement of plaits at the belt, several tackings in the folds perfecting the graceful hanging. Back of this the drapery falls short and panier-like, revealing the skirt below in a tasteful manner, and is prettily cross-wrinkled by plaits in the back edge.



**FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' MOURNING TOILETTE.**

The back-drapery is gathered across the top and made bouffant by loopings at the sides near the top and tackings to the breadth, the lower edge rounding gracefully at the right side below jabot-folds.

The dress-body is a graceful basque, and its adjustment is provided by double bust darts, under-arm and side-back gores and a well curved center seam, the middle three seams being terminated just below the waistline at the top of wide extensions that are underfolded to form a double box-plait at each side of the center upon the outside. A plaited plastron of crape is arranged upon the fronts from the neck to the lower edge between crape-faced revers that taper off symmetrically as they approach the end of the closing, which is performed by hooks and loops. At the neck is a high military collar concealed by several narrow folds of crape. The shapely coat sleeves are trimmed at their wrists with crape folds that slant from the inside to the outside seam and are held at the wrists under a tiny twist of crape.



FIGURE NO. 3.—  
LADIES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—  
This illustrates a  
Ladies' costume.  
The pattern, which  
is No. 1995 and  
costs 40 cents, is in  
13 sizes for ladies  
from 28 to 46 inches  
bust measure.

The costume is  
shown made of  
brown grosgrain  
silk and fancy  
striped challis.  
The four-gored  
skirt is of the silk  
and is plainly finished.  
It is made  
bouffant by steels  
run in casings  
across the back-  
breadth and tied  
into the desired  
curves by tapes  
sewed at the ends.  
The drapery,  
which is of chal-  
lis, is permanently  
disposed in over-  
skirt style and is  
not included with  
the side-back  
seams. It com-  
prises a long tab-  
lier and a full  
back-breadth that  
are joined in seams  
at the sides. The  
tablier is broken  
into graceful folds  
and cross-wrinkles  
by plaits at each  
side of the center  
at the belt and is  
drawn up much  
higher at the right  
side than at the  
left. There are  
plaits and bour-  
nious loopings at  
the top of the  
back, and these,  
together with two  
downward-turn-  
ing plaits in the  
left side seam near  
the top, loopings  
at the center and  
several careful  
tackings to the  
skirt-breadth, pro-  
duce the bouffant  
effect observable.

The basque is  
a jaunty little af-  
fair, and a vest  
of grosgrain is



FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' COSTUME.

coquettishly ex-  
posed above and  
below the bust.  
The vest closes its  
depth with but-  
ton-holes and cro-  
cheted buttons  
and defines a point  
at the end of the  
closing. It is  
shaped by double  
bust darts, which  
are taken up with  
corresponding  
darts in the fronts  
proper. The fronts  
roll back in shape-  
ly revers above  
the bust, and be-  
low this point they  
are closed with  
hooks and loops  
as far down as the  
waist-line, where  
they are cut away  
to expose the vest.  
Three cord frogs  
are ornamentally  
arranged over the  
closing of the  
fronts. Back of  
the fronts the ad-  
justment is per-  
fected by under-  
arm and side-  
back gores and a  
well curved center  
seam, the center  
seam being  
left open below  
the waist-line and  
the lower corners  
of the side-backs  
turned back in  
tapering revers,  
with stylish re-  
sults. The sleeves  
are in the prevail-  
ing coat shape  
with inside and  
outside seams, and  
are each trimmed  
at the wrist with  
a pointed cuff-  
facing of silk. A  
military collar of  
silk is joined to  
the top of the vest  
and back.

The poke-like  
bonnet is of split  
straw woven in  
basket pattern.  
Its brim is faced  
with velvet, and  
ostrich tips are  
placed at the left  
side of the back.  
Ribbon ties adjust  
it under the chin.



**2030**  
*Front View.*

## LADIES'

No. 2030.—This pattern is in 10 bust measure. To make the garment will require  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 54 inches



**2035**  
*Front View.*



**2035**  
*Back View.*

## CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 2035.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 6 months to 4 years of age. For a child of 2 years, it needs  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36 inches wide, with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of embroidered webbing 27 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

## MISSES' BLOUSE COSTUME.

No. 2019.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Of one material for a miss of



**2019**  
*Front View.*

12 years, it requires  $12\frac{1}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide.



**2030**  
*Back View.*

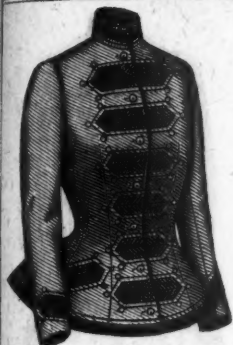
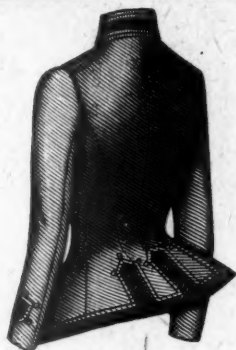
## WRAP.

sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, ment for a lady of medium size, 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard 44 wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



**2019**  
*Back View.*

Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**1989***Front View.***1989***Back View.***MISSSES' JACKET.**

No. 1989.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yds. 27 ins. wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yd. 44 ins. wide. Price, 25 cents.

**1991****LADIES' CHEMISETTE.**

No. 1991.—This pattern is in one size, and, to make a chemisette like it, will require 1 yard of material either 22 or 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

**2023****2023****2023****BUTCHERS' AND FISHMONGERS' OUTFIT. (CONSISTING OF GOWN, APRON AND SLEEVE.)**

No. 2023.—A pattern for this outfit has been issued to meet a special demand, and the garments are of comfortable proportions. The pattern is in 9 sizes for men from 32 to 48 ins., breast measure. For a man of 38 ins., breast measure, the gown needs  $7\frac{3}{8}$  yards of goods 27 inches wide; while the apron requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54 inches wide, and the sleeve  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.





2014

*Front View.*

2007

## GIRLS' SUN-BONNET.

No. 2007.—This bonnet is pictured made of white batiste. The pattern is in 3 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 6 years, it needs 1 yard of material 36 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.



2031

*Front View.*

2014

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' DRESS.

No. 2014.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and may be developed in any soft wool goods, with fancy stitching for decoration. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, will require  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the front lining, etc. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 4.—LITTLE BOYS' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This illustrates Boys' dress No. 2015. The pattern is in 4 sizes for boys from 1 to 4 yrs. old, and costs 20 cts. For a boy of 4 yrs., it needs  $4\frac{5}{8}$  yds. of goods 22 ins. wide, or  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yds. 27 ins. wide.



2031

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' TENNIS COSTUME.

No. 2031.—Striped tennis flannel was selected for making this costume, with worsted braid and buttons for trimming. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires  $5\frac{5}{8}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 44 inches wide, each with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the under-waist. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns, post-paid, on receipt of price.





# FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1888:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' YACHTING COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Ladies' costume. The pattern, which is No. 2058 and costs 40 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measurement.

Though primarily designed for the purpose indicated in the title, the *négligé* outlines of this costume will also commend it for mountaineering, tennis, etc. It is pictured developed in pearl-colored flannel and garnet- and - white checked flannel, and the color effect is delicate and pretty. The skirt foundation is in the four-gored shape and is entirely hidden by the draperies. Upon the gores is a box-plaited drape that reaches almost to the belt and unites checked and plain flannel in its making. Over this drapery descends a short, round tablier that is cross-wrinkled by upturning plaits in its side edges and displays a facing of checked goods in fishwife style at the lower edge. The back-drapery extends to the foot of the breadth and receives its puffiness from plaits at the belt, a short loop in each side edge and a single looping near the top at the center. Below the loop in each side edge the drapery is faced with checked goods to give the effect of a revers.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' YACHTING COSTUME.

about its crown with garnet satin ribbon.

The blouse is genuinely nautical in style, drooping over the belt that confines its lower edge. Gathers in the lower edge both back and front reduce the fullness to the belt, and seams under the arms and upon the shoulders are the only means employed for its shaping. Above the bust the blouse is faced with white flannel and closed with lacing cords crossed upon buttons, while below the bust the closing is invisible. A standing collar is at the neck, and in its joining at the back is included a deep sailor-collar which extends upon the bust in tapering ends that meet under a ribbon bow. The sleeves are in the coat shape and are completed with cuff facings of checked goods.

Tennis flannels are among the most desirable goods for yachting costumes. Being a mixture of cotton and wool, they launder well, and they are obtainable in plaids, stripes, etc. The mode will also be selected for cotton textures, such as chambrays, percales, sateens, and upon any of these cotton fabrics embroidery may be used for decoration.

The sailor hat is of garnet-and-white mixed straw, banded



2068

*Front View.*

## LADIES' GARI-

No. 2068.—This blouse is pic-  
ornamented with honey-combing.  
from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.  
medium size, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards  
yards 36 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards  
Silesia 36 inches wide for the yoke.



2088

*Front View.*

2068

*Back View.*

## BALDI BLOUSE.

tured made of Henrietta cloth and  
The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies  
To make the garment for a lady of  
of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$   
44 inches wide, with  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of  
etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



2050

*Front View.*

2088

*Back View.*LADIES' BLOUSE.  
(ALSO KNOWN AS THE  
GARIBALDI SHIRT.)

No. 2088.—This  
fashionable garment is  
shown made of wash  
goods and plainly fin-  
ished. The pattern is  
in 13 sizes for ladies  
from 28 to 46 inches,  
bust measure. For a  
lady of medium size,  
it will require 4 yards  
of material 22 inches  
wide, or  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36  
inches wide, or 2  
yards 44 inches wide.  
Price of pattern, 30 cts.



2050

*Left Side-Back View.*

## MISSSES' COSTUME.

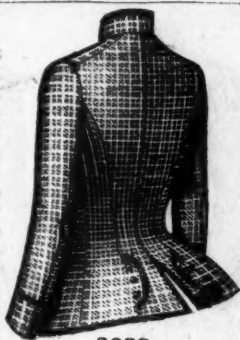
No. 2050.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. To make the costume as  
shown for a miss of 12 years, needs  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plaid and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of plain suit goods 22 inches wide.  
Of one material, it needs  $8\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or 4 yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

## MISSES' JACKET.

No. 2092.—These engravings represent a jaunty jacket made of checked cloth, with braid and buttons for decorations. All sorts of plain, striped and fancy coatings are appropriate for the mode, and passementerie, cord ornaments and fancy applications of braid are effective garnitures. The tailor mode of finish is suitable for all varieties of cloth, and its severity may be lessened by using velvet for the collar and a band of it for the sleeve trimming. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, requires 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



2092

*Front View.*

2092

*Back View.*

2086

*Right Side-Front View.*

2086

*Left Side-Back View.*

## LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 2086.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, the costume requires  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards of satin 20 inches wide, and 8 yards of lace flouncing 40 ins. wide. Of one material, it needs  $19\frac{3}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $9\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



2057

*Front View.*

2057

*Back View.*

## MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 2057.—The pattern of this stylish-looking basque is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 44 ins. wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S SLIP.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Child's slip No. 2054. India muslin is the material pictured in the engraving, with French embroidered edging and feather-stitching for trimming. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 6 months to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. For a child of 5 years, it needs  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide.



FIGURE NO. 3.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This illustrates Misses' costume No. 2045. Plaid gingham and embroidered chambray are combined in its development, and embroidered edging provides the effective trimming. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age, and costs 35 cents. To make the costume of one material for a miss of 12 years, will require 10 yards 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36 inches wide. If goods 44 inches wide be selected, then  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards will be found sufficient.





FIGURE NO. 4.—MISSES' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This illustrates Misses' dress No. 2055. Navy-blue ribbed wool goods and cream-white Surah are associated in this dress, and silk passementerie and lace provide the garnitures. A ribbon girdle will sometimes be used instead of a sash. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. To make the dress of one material for a miss of 12 years, will require  $7\frac{1}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide. If goods 44 inches wide be chosen, then  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards will suffice.



2091

Front View.

2091

Back View.

## MISSES' SPENCER WAIST, WITH SAILOR COLLAR.

No. 2091.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yds, 22 ins. wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 ins. wide, or  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard 44 ins. wide. Price, 20 cents.



FIGURE NO. 5.—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 5.—This illustrates Little Girls' dress No. 2085. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 6 months to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the dress for a girl of 5 years, needs  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 44 inches wide.



2076

*Front View.*

2044

*Front View.*

2076

*Back View.*

**LADIES' TEA-JACKET.**  
No. 2076.—The pattern of this ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust size, it requires 4 yards of material ches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches

(ALSO KNOWN AS THE MATINÉE.) fashionable *négligé* is in 13 sizes for measure. For a lady of medium 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36 in- wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



2055

*Front View.*

2044

*Back View.***LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS.**

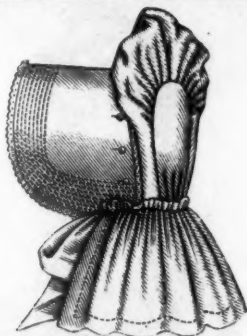
No. 2044.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for girls from 2 to 6 years of age. For a girl of 5 years, the dress needs  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of cambric for the *guimpe*,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of velvet for the belt, etc.,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of insertion for the wristbands, etc., and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of Silesia for the front and back linings. Price, 20 cents.



2055

*Back View.***MISSSES' DRESS.**

No. 2055.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for missses from 8 to 15 years old. As shown for a miss of 12 years, it requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yds. of embroidered webbing 20 ins. wide and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yds. of embroidered flouncing  $27\frac{1}{2}$  ins. wide for the skirt. Of one material, it needs  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 22 ins. wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yds. 36 ins. wide. Price, 30 cents.

**2084***Front View.***2095**MISSES' AND GIRLS'  
SUN-BONNET.

No. 2095.—This pattern is in 4 sizes from 6 to 15 years old. For a girl of 9 years, the bonnet needs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**2084***Back View.*

## CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 2084.—This dainty little dress will develop well in any variety of washable or non-washable fabrics. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it requires  $\frac{4}{8}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of goods 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**2067***Right Side-Front View.***2067***Left Side-Back View.*

## LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 2067.—This walking skirt is pictured developed in plain dress goods and plainly finished. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, needs  $11\frac{3}{8}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $6\frac{1}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



2059

Front View.

## GIRLS'

No. 2059.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 7 years of age. To make the dress  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches



2059

Back View.

## DRESS.

7 sizes for girls from 3 to 7 years of age. To make the dress  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



2090

## GIRLS' DRESS.

No. 2090.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Of one material for a girl of 8 years, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. In the combination pictured, it needs  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of lawn 36 inches wide, 5 yards of embroidered flouncing  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of embroidered insertion. Price, 20 cents.

## FIGURE NO. 6.—CHILD'S DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 6.—This illustrates Child's dress No. 2084. Polka-dotted Turkey-red cotton and sheer white nainsook are the materials pictured, embroidery edging and ribbon providing the decoration. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. Of one material for a child of 5 years, the dress will require  $4\frac{5}{8}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide.



2063

## GIRLS' DRESS.

No. 2063.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it needs  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide. As shown, it requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of nainsook 36 inches wide, with  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of embroidered edging 8 inches wide, and  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of insertion  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns, post-paid, on receipt of price.





from 3 to  
will ne  
36 inch  
4, 20 cent



aria from  
it needs  
wards 44  
wards of  
of em-  
wards of  
5 cents.

apply  
A